



HISTORY
OF THE
BASTILLE

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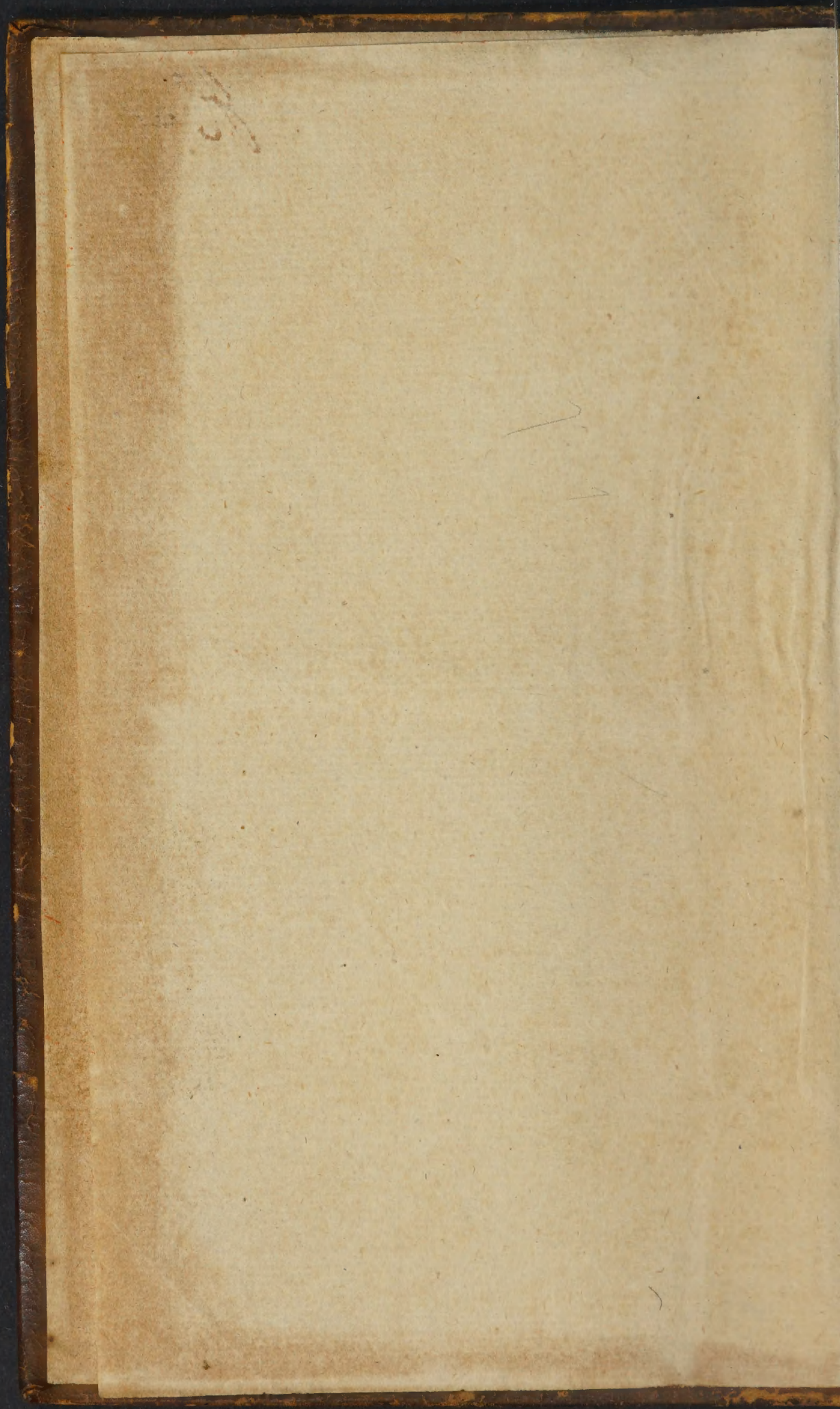
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J. S. J. Watson

July 21st 1910

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THE
French Inquisition:
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF THE
BASTILLE in *Paris*,
THE
State-Prison in *France*:

In which is

An Account of the manner of the Apprehending of Persons sent thither; and of the barbarous Usage they meet with there.

AS ALSO

An Account of the lewd Lives and strange Adventures of several Prisoners, but more particularly of some Priests.

Written by Constantin de Renneville, who was a Prisoner there Eleven Years.

Translated from the Original printed at *Amsterdam*.

London: Printed for A. Bell, in Cornhill; T. Varnham, and J. Osborn, in Lombard-Street; W. Taylor, and J. Baker, in Pater-Noster-Row. 1715.

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THE HISTORY

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By

Translated

London Printed for A. Millar in Strand, 1790

THE PREFACE.

WERE it not a Custom that has long prevail'd, to prefix some short Account of the Performance before all Books, that they may not come into the World with nothing but a bare Title before them, these Lines should have been omitted. It is needless, as is often practis'd in a Preface, to recapitulate the Substance of what is afterwards related at large; and to extoll the Usefulness of the Work is a trivial Way of endeavouring to prepossess the Readers. It is therefore only design'd, in the fewest Words that may be possible, to show what has been perform'd in the Translation.

The main Thing observ'd therein has been to follow the Original exactly, without deviating in the least from the Sense of the Author. This has occasion'd no little Variety in the Stile, and sometimes a sort of Rudeness in it, which may be justly liable to Exceptions, from such as would read nothing but what is Polite. Of this uncooth sort of Language is all that comes from the Abbe Sorel, or de la Motte, which being in the Original deliver'd, not in good French, but in the Norman broken Language, which is as bad, in respect of what is spoken at Court, as the most Western or Northern

A 2 English

The P R E F A C E.

English is to that us'd in Writing, besides many paultry Words coming from that Abbe's Mouth, it was necessary to give them as low a Turn as was suitable to that Jargon, the Intention of the Author being, doubtless, to expose that Person as much in his Way of Discourse, as he does in the Account of his Life. Many others who are introduc'd, are also of several Degrees, and often talk according to their Capacities. The Author himself is not always in a Temper; sometimes he is all Piety and Godliness, and then again flies out into a Poetical Romantick Strain. These and such like Varieties in the French, have occasion'd the same in the English, in regard that Translations, like Copies of Pictures, ought to resemble their Originals as much as possible, and it is much easier to match Colours, and imitate Features, than to find Words in different Languages to answer one another exactly. The main Business is to preserve the Sense, and where Expressions are not exactly the same, to give such as approach the nearest, which is all that can be done, and has been endeavour'd to be perform'd here. Thus much may suffice for the Information of the Readers, and more would be superfluous.

THE



T H E
French Inquisition:
 O R, T H E
History of the Bastille.



May with good Reason say, as Solomon did, *I have seen the Opressions that are done under the Sun, and beheld the Tears of such as were Oppress'd, and they had no Comforter; and on the side of their Oppressors there was Power; but they had no Comforter. Wherefore I praised the*

Dead, which are already dead, more than the Living, which are yet alive. Tea, better is he than both they, which hath not been, who hath not seen the Evil Work that is done under the Sun.

Did not that wise Prince, when he wrote those Passages, seem to look into Futurity, and to discover to us the Inhumanities of the Barbarous Officers of the

B

Bastille,

Bastille, oppressing the Innocent no less than the Guilty?

In short, what have I not seen in that Mansion of Horror, during the space of above Eleven Years that I was there, oblig'd to suffer such Miseries as are beyond all Expression? Without having been once Examined; without having been able to obtain either Judges or Commissioners to try my Cause; and without obtaining so much of the King's Ministers, as to acquaint me with the Occasion of my Confinement. They made me undergo a Punishment of above Ten Years duration, more insupportable than the most cruel Death, without telling me the Cause; without allowing me the Favour, during all that Time, to write to my Wife, to my Kindred, or Friends, nor so much as to the Minister who had caus'd me to be taken into Custody. I found myself bury'd alive, without being able to learn, whether I had still a Wife and Children in the World, notwithstanding all my Intreaties and Submissions to my inexorable Persecutors.

I have seen living Avarice almost starve to Death Prisoners, who the King thinks want for nothing but their Liberty; for, besides a very considerable constant Pension he allows, according to the Degree and Quality of the Persons, and which rises from 50 *Sols* he allows a Day for the Maintenance of Footmen, and the meanest Wretches, to 50 *Livers* for Princes, he generously pays the *Physicians*, *Surgeons*, *Apothecaries*, &c. furnishes the Beds, other Movables, and all the Linnen for the Prisoners; he allows a considerable Sum to maintain them, wash their Linnen, and cloath them decently, which the Officers make use of, to set themselves off like Men of Quality, to raise themselves from their mean Condition, and adorn their Persons, leaving their Sufferers quite Naked.

In above Eleven Years, I had but one coarse Coat; I was above Five Years without Breeches; I wore the same Stockins near Eleven Years; I had the same
Shoes

Shoes I brought in with me, on my Feet a little before I came out of the *Bastille*. One Pigeon is here at the *Hague*, who came out of the *Bastille* with the same Plush Breeches he had when he went into it, after having worn them above Thirteen Years, and patch'd them in above an Hundred Places.

I have seen Guilt triumph over Virtue, and trample upon Innocence; Avarice gorge itself with the Blood of the Unfortunate; the cruel and revengeful Deceiver, suppress all Sense of Piety and Religion, under the Cloak of Hypocrisy, to oppress unhappy Victims, without being call'd to Account for it.

I have seen Lewdness make use of a boundless Authority, to debauch and force the Virtue and Modesty of Illustrious Ladies, of Young Maidens, and of Innocent Lambs, who were sacrific'd to those stinking and infamous Goats.

I have seen Noble and Generous Officers, full of Honourable Scars, of Wounds receiv'd in the King's Service, or that of other Princes, bow their Heads and their Backs under the Yokes of wretched Scoundrels, who would not have dar'd abroad to look those brave outrag'd Persons in the Face.

I have seen dragg'd into dreadful and stinking Dungeons, Persons of Quality God's Ministers, Abbots, Priests, Religious Men, Persons venerable for their Age, virtuous Ladies, young Maidens, and small Children, without any other Cause, than to feed the insatiable Avarice of a barbarous Governour, who, to get to himself all the Money the King allows the Prisoners, upon the least Trifle, thrusts them into those Places of Darkness, Horror, and Despair, where he scarce allows them Bread and Water, and very often no Straw; which makes him call those Dens of Misery, whereof there are enough in the *Bastille*, *His sure Cards*, or *clear Gains*, which he keeps supply'd, as near as he can, and at the Expence of any Person whatsoever; for with a Penny-worth of Bread he fed an unfortunate Creature, for whose Sustenance

the King allow'd a *Pistole* a Day, to some more and to others less. A Penny for the Prisoner, the rest for the poor Governour, that is plain, the Account is soon made, there needs no Counters to cast it up; and if those unhappy Slaves mutter, that inhuman Tyrant loads them with Irons, and causes them to be drubb'd with Bulls Pizzles, without any Distinction of Character, Age, Sex, or Quality: So that the Prisoners may cry out, *We are become the Offcast of all.* Where is this done? By whom is it done? Almost in the Sight of the Greatest and the most August King of the Earth; in the Midst of his Capital City; in a Royal Castle, the Prison for the Princes of the Blood, and the Nobility of the Kingdom, now become the Den of *Polyphemus*, and the Receptacle of the Scum of the World; for I have there seen Cleaners of Shooes, Porters, Water-Carriers, Hermits, Mendicants, Shepherds, Soldiers of the Guards, Beadles, Lawyers Clerks, Ladies of Pleasure, &c. for all serves, so there be any thing to be got; so that, if the *Dauphin*, one of the best Princes that ever was, would have visited that Castle, he might have justly said, as *Jesus Christ* said to the Sellers and Money-Changers in the Temple, *St. John, c. 2. v. 16. Take all this away, and do not make my Father's House a Den of Thieves*; and then making as many Knots of Ropes, as there are Ministers of Iniquity in that dismal Cavern, send them all to the Greve, the Place of Execution at *Paris*, there to pay some part of what they owe to God and the World. What Officers are those? Formerly Men of the first Quality, and even Princes were Governours of the *Bastille*; at present they are the Meanest of People; one *Bernaville*, who wore a Livery under the late Marshal de *Bellefond*. *Servants have Ruled over us; there is none that doth Deliver us out of their Hands. Lam. c. 5. v. 8.* A Wretch, who has never done the King any other Service, than to clean his Masters Boots, or to saddle his Horse, and who never was any otherwise in the Army, than up-
on

on Baggage Paniers or in the Carriages. That Mimick of his Master, who imitating his Gestures, and not his Virtues, with Eyes cast down, and Hypocritical Silence, and a heavy and austere Countenance, attain'd first to be Keeper of the Game in the Wood of *Vincennes*, had afterwards the Care of furnishing Meat for the Prisoners in the Castle of *Vincennes*, the Government whereof the Marshal *de Bellefond* had, being too generous to keep a Cook's Shop, which Employment honour'd *Bernaville*, and was the Foundation, and first Advancement of his Fortune. At last his Master, of his own Authority, made him Lieutenant of the Castle, and of the Woods of *Vincennes*, being in his Disposol at that Time. The Marshal *de Bellefond* dying, and *Bernaville* having none left to be a Check upon his Actions, because Madame *de Bellefond* gave herself up entirely to Devotion; and her Grandson, the Marques *de Bellefond*, who had the Reversion of the Government, being an Infant, *Bernaville*, I say, made the most of the Cook's Shop, and of the Game of *Vincennes*, without any Obstacle, and carrying all with an high Hand. He paid the Allowance of all his Prisoners, with all his Talons, which were as sharp as Razors; he pluck'd their Feathers, without any Cry; and made use of the Wild-Fowl and Rabbits of *Vincennes*, to gain Friends. He regularly sent Rabbits, Partridges, and other Fowl, twice a Week to the King, the *Dauphin*, Monsieur *de Pontchartrain*, the other Ministers, but above all, to Father *de la Chaize*, the King's Confessor, with whom that Baggage-Carrier endeavour'd to pass for a Saint of the first Rank. This succeeded with him to Admiration; for Monsieur *de Joncas*, Lieutenant of the *Bastille*, dying, the Savour of the Wild-Fowl, much more than that of *Bernaville's* Merit, and some Money conveniently scatter'd, wrought upon the Minds of those he had been so long obliging, to obtain him that Employment, to the Wrong of Thousands of brave Men, who had Merited it, at the Expence of

their Blood, the Loss of their Arms, or Legs, and whatsoever else you may imagine. But what is it that Gold will not do? That glittering Metal, the Support of *Father le Chaize*, the Sollicitations of *Madam de Bellefonde*, and the Protection of *Monsieur de Pontchartrain*, perswaded the King, That *Bernaville's* Hypocrisy alone, was beyond the Merit of all the Officers of his Armies; that there was Need of a harsh and severe Man in the *Bastille*, and that there was not one to be found throughout the Kingdom, who had those necessary Virtues in a higher Degree than he; especially considering that the old *St. Mars*, Governour of the *Bastille*, did nothing but doat and swear, and had scarce Sense enough left him to tell over the prodigious Number of Bags of Gold and Silver he had scrap'd together with all imaginable Barbarity, at the Price of the Tears, Cries, Blood, and even the Life of his deplorable Victims.

That good old Servant dy'd loaded with Gold and Age, but above all, with Curses. *Bernaville* had too much Money, Reputation, and extraordinary Talents, for that Government to be given to any other, and 40000 Livres he knew how to place rightly, for he is no Man that spends his Powder in vain, carry'd it from all Competitors at Court; and even prevail'd above his Majesty's good Intention of Rewarding some one of his good and faithful Subjects with it. This is the Man whom I shall describe in proper Time and Place, to whom all Prisoners of State are to be subject, tho' they were the first Princes of the Blood, if they should happen so far to forget their Duty, as to be guilty of High-Treason. A Man who studies nothing Day and Night, but how to squeeze, extract, and draw out the very Quintessence of his profitable Victims. However, did he but show Kindness otherwise, whilst he draws the Blood from their Veins, it might be born with Patience; but there is no sort of Cruelty he does not invent to drive them upon Extremities. It is impossible

able to express his Rage, his Fury, his Barbarity, and all the Innovations he has invented, to pluck those unhappy *Pidgeons*, as he calls them; the Tortures he puts them to, unknown to *Nero* and *Dioclesian*; his Malice, his Wiles, his Severity, his Inhumanity, his Cruelty; with what Fierceness he inspires the Executioners of his Tyrannical Orders; and, in Conclusion, the monstrous Complication of all his infernal Passions.

——— *And Part of which I was,
Not even the hardest of our Foes cou'd bear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell, without a Tear.*

Here we might say, with *Tertullian*, in his *Apology*,
 “ The Design is to destroy Innocent Persons; and to
 “ that purpose, their well known Virtue is conceal'd,
 “ and it is endeavour'd to blacken them with hidden
 “ Crimes, which no Man ever yet could find. Those
 “ whose Behaviour is untainted, are treated like Criminals. Nothing is offer'd them but Violence and
 “ Slander, and they are depriv'd of all Means of opposing them. The Dread of those who are averse
 “ to them, makes all Mouths dumb to their Defence.
 “ Some pity, but all forsake them. They are destitute of all Hope and Assistance from Men. Nothing
 “ is left them but their Tears, which would be accus'd of Pride, or Injustice, and which only serve
 “ the more to incense those that oppress them.

This is the only Cause of Hatred I have given my dreadful Oppressors; I have groan'd before God; I have sigh'd before them; I have complain'd to Men; and I have found, by Experience, that the Height of extream Misfortunes, is to be oblig'd to suppress ones Grief, and not dare freely to shed Tears.

O my God! who did alone support me, under so tedious and so cruel a Martyrdom, assist me to describe it sincerely and in lively manner; and do not

permit Self-love, Hatred, Revenge, or any other Passion, to prevail on me to disguise the least Circumstance of the Truth. You know that the main End I propose to my self, in exposing this History to the Eyes of all the World, is to Glorify You, to make known to a Great King, and his Ministers, what Crimes are committed against your Divine Majesty, under their Authority, that they may apply the proper Remedies, for the Ease of those unfortunate Captives I have left in that Abyss, and those that are daily carry'd in; and to acquaint the King of *Great Britain*, and the States General with what I have suffer'd for their Service, and for having submitted my self to their Dominion, to the End I may encourage them to protect me against the Tyranny of my Enemies, and ease my Calamities.

To come to the Point, I am to declare, That being come to Settle, with my Family, in *Holland*, in the Year 1699. in order to live there in the Fear of God, and the Liberty of his Holy Gospel, which I had attempted ever since the Year 1688, at the Solicitation of my Wife, who ardently desir'd to withdraw herself either into *England* or *Holland*, and not having met with all the Advantages there, which I had propos'd to my self, and for other powerful Reasons, I gave Ear to the pressing Instances made me by Monsieur *Chamillart*, in very obliging Letters, to return into *France*; that I advis'd with my most intimate Friends, and Persons of the greatest Distinction, who advis'd and urg'd me not to hesitate about my Return. The desire of making some Advantage for my Family; the Project of a considerable Settlement; the Love of my Country; perhaps Ambition, and doubtless the Blindness of deceitful Fortune, made me resolve to leave my Family in *Holland*, under the Protection of some powerful Friends, and to return to the Court of *France*, whither I was Recall'd by Monsieur *Chamillart*, who, since my Departure, had, besides his being Comptroller General of the Revenue, been

been honour'd by the King, after the Death of Monsieur *Barbezieux*, with the chief Ministry in Martial Affairs.

Having hir'd a House at the *Hague*, for my Wife, whom I left with so sensible a Sorrow as I cannot sufficiently express, I set out for *Amsterdam*, on Monday the 13th of *January*, 1702. I left *Rotterdam* on Monday the 16th, to take the Boat for *Antwerp*, whence I proceeded to *Brussels*, and from thence to *Paris*, the usual Way, and arriv'd at *Versailles* the 29th of the same Month. I was receiv'd by Monsieur *Chamillart* with greater demonstrations of Friendship than I could have expected. I waited upon the other Ministers, and having been presented to the Marques *de Torcy*, by the Count *Davaux*, had a very favourable Reception. Monsieur *Chamillart* would have given me an Employment either in the Army or in the Revenue; but having declar'd how desirous I was to be with him, besides a Pension of 1000 Livers he procur'd me of the King, he put me in hopes of the first Employment that should fall of a 1000 Crowns a Year Salary. He refus'd me no Favour I ask'd of him. I obtain'd a Company that fell in the Regiment of *Lannois* for the Chevalier *de Digoville*, Brother to the Count *de Lapenti*, both of them my intimate Friends. After the Affair of *Cremona*, I was Solicitor for the poor *Irish*, most of whose Officers can witness for me, that I oblig'd them all, either in Advancing them to better Posts, or obtaining them Gratifications, or Paying them what was due. The Lord *Slane* can testify, that through my Sollicitations with Monsieur *Chamillart*, I procur'd him a new Regiment in Foreign Pay: But upon some particular Motives, and the Death of King *William*, of Glorious Memory, happening, he took the better Side, and return'd to *England*, which did not a little contribute towards my Misfortune, as I shall declare hereafter.

I also made my Court very exactly to the Marques *de Torcy*, who gave me a very favourable Reception; and

and I often saw his Secretary Monsieur *Pequet*, a Person of singular Worth. I always kept fair with the Chancellor, and the Count *de Pontchartrain*, and I particularly cultivated the Friendship of his Secretary, Mr. *de la Chapelle*, my old Friend, of whom it is Encomium enough to say, That he is the worthy Son of Monsieur *de la Chapelle*, of the *French Academy*, Nephew to the Illustrious Monsieur *des Preaux*, and the Favourite of the Count *de Pontchartrain*, and that he is an Honour to them all three.

I was well look'd upon at Court, where I gain'd many Friends by the Favour of Monsieur *Chamillart*, seeking nothing but to oblige all Men of Merit that apply'd to me, when the Jealousy of wretched Evesdroppers, whereof there are but too many in that Place, the Number daily increasing by Impunity and Envy, that mischievous Fury, which corrupts the purest Things, disturb'd my Repose. Envy having infused its blackest Poison into the Heart of an unhappy deprav'd Person, whom I had formerly oblig'd in a peculiar manner, which shows how dangerous it is to sow in an ungrateful Soil, he sent the Marques *de Torcy* two short Pieces of mine in Verse, which I had only made to oblige that unthankful Man; who took upon him to divert the Publick, with abundance of Rapsodies, and Engravings, such as he could lay Hands on, whether good, or bad. He sent them with no other View, than to do me a Prejudice with that Minister, and to make his Court at my Cost; for, by the by, I understood he had a Pension from him. As soon as that Minister had receiv'd them, he sent for me, and having produc'd them in my own Hand Writing, with some Razures; he, in an Air that would shake the most undaunted, ask'd me, *Whether I knew the Author of those Verses*, laying them before me. My Knave's Letter, whose Hand I very well knew, lay by them, so that there was no Occasion for hesitating. I own'd the Matter, and confess'd ingenuously, That I had writ them; but that the Liberty

berty of the Place I was then in, together with the itch that may attend a young Man, of saying something that is Witty, had occasion'd me to write them, without believing that could in the least affect my Zeal towards the King, and the Love I had for my Country.

The Purport was this, some Person had compos'd a Madrigal in Favour of *France*, against the *Allies*, making use of the Words *Quinte* and *Quatorze*, the *Fifth* and *Fourteenth*, that is *Philip* the 5th of *Spain*, and *Lewis* the 14th of *France*, to make an Allusion to the Game of *Picket*, in which those Words are also us'd, and as is known to all that understand that Game, *Quinte* and *Quatorze* in Hand, is commonly pretty secure, and makes 29 in Reckning, which being made 30, before the other Reckons any, is doubled, and consequently makes Threescore. Hereupon these Verses make the *French* and *Spaniards* to have a sure Game, as having always *Quinte* and *Quatorze* in Hand, and therefore carrying on the Allusion, no Councils, or good Play, can be of Force against them.

These Verses being shew'd me by the Person above spoken of, I made an Answer to the same, in favour of the *Allies*, concluding every Line with the same Rhime as the other had done, and only altering the Design of the Verses, declaring, That there might be a good Game against *Quinte* and *Quatorze*, and the Set be won, for that there might be a Repique, and the other Capotted with *Quinte* and *Quatorze* in Hand.

When I had frankly confess'd, the *Marques de Torcy*, in a very obliging manner, said to me, *I am glad to be convinc'd that you have Wit, but I desire you, for the future, to employ it better*: And observing how uneasy I was to have those Originals left in his Hands, he threw them into the Fire before my Face. I was so sensibly touch'd by that Demonstration of Goodness, that being all in a Transport, I would have kiss'd his Hands; but he, to compleat his Favours, affectionately embrac'd me. I made a return

to that excess of Generosity with Tears, more expressive than the most elaborate Discourse could have been.

This Action so thoroughly affected me, and made me look into my self to examine all the Passions that blinded me, that I resolv'd solely to devote my self to so generous a Patron, and so sincere; and to that Effect, to renounce all other Correspondence, and even to prefer that discreet and sharp-sighted Minister before Monsieur Chamillart; I every Moment compar'd them together, as I thought, judiciously, and was thereby confirm'd in my Resolution. Accordingly I redoubled my Attendance upon the Marques de Torcy, and I was every Day very exact in visiting Monsieur Pequit, in whom I continu'd to discover such a solid Probity as charm'd me.

These were my happy Dispositions, when a Letter which came from *Holland* entirely ruin'd me. It was writ by a Person of Distinction, whom I particularly lov'd and honour'd. I will conceal his Name, because of the Esteem I have for him, and charitably believe, he rather writ it through Mistake than out of Malice. However that was, the Letter was directed to Monsieur de Torcy, who sent for me, and with a Mildness I shall never forget, and which supported me, during all my Imprisonment, against all the Sallies of Rebellious Nature, gave it me to Read, fixing his Eyes on my Countenance whilst I read it. When I had done, he said to me, *Well, Sir, what do you say to that?* I answer'd him, without being disorder'd, or surpriz'd, *I say he is a Man that designs to Ruin me, and goes about to make you the Instrument of his Revenge. But what do you think of it yourself, my Lord, should I presume to ask you, if I were so unfortunate as to see you taken in the Snare that is laid for me? If I thought you Guilty, reply'd he, your Head would have been at your Feet already; tho' Monsieur Chamillart has already answer'd for your Innocence to the King, it is requisite to convince me, if you would have me also make it*
out

out to his Majesty. Do not go about to palliate any thing, but answer me truly. Then he examin'd me upon the Contents of that Letter, and I answer'd him with so much Sedateness, Exactness and Temper, that he was fully convinc'd of my Innocence. Go, said he to me, follow your Employment, and when I shall have occasion, I will ask Monsieur Chamillart for you, that you may be Serviceable to me, I will do something for you. No, my Lord, reply'd I, my Enemies have not begun with that, you have had the Goodness to show me, to stop there; they may apply to some other Person of the Court, who is not Master of your Penetration, and will make me fall a Sacrifice to their Revenge. Give me leave to retire from Court. Monsieur Chamillart has offer'd me an Employment either in the King's Armies, or in the Revenues; I will go inform him, how important the Necessity is, which now makes me embrace what at first I refus'd unless you, my Lord, had rather employ me in foreign Countries, and I am ready to go into any Part of the World you shall be pleas'd to order me, to remove all Suspicion that would be insinuated of my Behaviour. No, stay, said he, in a very obliging manner, I am very well pleas'd with your Submission, and will be kind to you. Your Enemies shall have no Power over me, nor over any Minister, among whom I will protect you, as long as you shall proceed uprightly, nothing but the plain Truth made out; of what shall be urg'd against you, shall prevail to hurt you.

I did not fail to lay this whole Scene exactly before Monsieur Chamillart, who dispell'd my Apprehensions, gave me fresh Assurances of his Protection, in very moving Words, and promis'd to speak in my Behalf to Monsieur de Torcy, to remove the least Shadow of Jealousy, and to dispose the King in Favour of me. I earnestly entreated him to remove me far from Court; but in vain, my unlucky Stars conspir'd with their malevolent Influence to oppress me. However, it is certain, that I had withdrawn my self, had it not been for the Copy of a Book I expected from Amsterdam, where it was Printing by Stephen
Roger,

Roger, in seven Volumes, which I had dedicated to Monsieur *Chamillart*, and which unfortunately came but three Days after I had been secur'd, and were lost to me, as well as a considerable Parcel of Cloaths my Wife sent with them. I writ to my Wife, to give her Notice of what had happen'd to me, and desiring her not to write to me, unless upon some extraordinary Case of Necessity, and to ask the same Favour of all my Friends; but above all, to direct her Letters for me at Monsieur *de Torcy's*, to whom I deliver'd mine open, begging he would order his People to send them as directed. But all human Fore-cast is of no use against God's Decrees: He had resolv'd to make me do Pennance for the Extravagancies of my Youth, and he would have me to atone for them in the cruellest Prison in the World, to deliver me from the Horror of an eternal Prison. His holy Name be glorify'd.

My constant Attendance upon Monsieur *Chamillart*, did not hinder me making my Court regularly to Monsieur *de Torcy*, by whom I was always favourably entertain'd. However, on *Sunday* the 14th of *May*, 1702, I met him coming from the Council, and made use of that Opportunity to attend him from the King to his own Apartment; but he gave me a dreadful Look, ask'd haughtily, *What I would have?* and dismiss'd me with such Loftiness as made me quake. This was enough to have made me come to my self, and resolve to depart *Versailles*, if I could have avoided my Misfortune; but I went away that Moment to Monsieur *Chamillart's*, I found him also Coming from the Council, beset by a vast Throng of Officers of all Degrees, for they were then at the Point of entering upon Action on every Side, the War being declar'd the next Day by the Allies: He was hemm'd in by Dukes, Blue-Ribbons, Mareschals of *France*, Lieutenant-Generals, Major-Generals, Brigadiers, Colonels, and a Battalion might have been form'd of Captains, and other Officers, who strove to
come

come near him. I got into his Cloſet, againſt the will of *Ferrant*, a Servant of his, who would perſwade me to go out ; for thoſe who are acquainted with the Court know, that the ſaid Miniſter's Cloſet is a ſort of Sanctuary, into which none are admitted but ſuch as come from the King, or are brought in by that Miniſter's particular order ; for if it were otherwiſe, he would be tir'd to Death, and have no Leiſure to attend Affairs of the greateſt Conſequence. *Monsieur Chamillart* ſeeing me in a Fright, ask'd the Occaſion of it, which I told him as briefly as poſſible. He ſaid, *He could not ſecure me againſt Fear, but that he could againſt the Harm I apprehended ; that he would ſee Monsieur de Torcy the next Day ; that his receiving me in ſuch Manner proceeded from the Multiplicity of Buſineſs he was perplex'd with, and that he bore me no ill Will.*

The next Day I repair'd at the ſame Hour to his Appartment, and as he came from the Council, he ſpy'd me, through the Legions that crowd'd him ; he made a Sign with his Hand, that he would ſpeak to me ; but *Ferrant* would never permit me to go into his Cloſet, as I had done the Day before. I was forc'd to wait at the Cloſet Door, whence I was thruſt by the crowd of Officers, who preſs'd me away, whatſoever Oppoſition I could make. He went in, the Door was ſhut ; when the Multitude was diſpers'd, I ſcratch'd, *Ferrant* came, and tho' he was my very good Friend, he told me, *That tho' my Life lay at Stake, he could not let me in, unleſs I came from the King.*

He advis'd me to wait for his Maſter in a Gallery, through which he was to paſs, to go to Dinner. My ill Fate order'd that he went up a little pair of Back-Stairs. My Nicety in not appearing at his Table, for fear of being look'd upon as an Intruder, it being ſufficiently beſet with General Officers, made me defer it till his coming out ; but he went down the ſame Stairs he came up. I ſtill waited to ſee him, when he ſhould come out to go to the *Council of Diſpatches*, which was to ſit in the Afternoon ; but the King ſent
to

to acquaint the Ministers, that there would be none, because he was going to the *Trianon*, a little private Palace by *Versailles*, so call'd. At my going from his Apartment, I met the Baron *de Corneberg*, so well known, as being the brave Collonel of *Hussars*, who have perform'd so many notable Actions during the former War, and who having had some Difference with Monsieur *Barbesieux*, had not only lost the Fruits of his Labours, but had farthermore been sent to the *Bastille* by that Minister, who kept him there above Three Years; and who, notwithstanding the Application made for him by the Prime Men of the Court, all the Officers of Worth, and my pressing Instances to Monsieur *Chamillart*, for him to be restor'd to Favour, had Orders to withdraw, and to depart the Kingdom immediately. He prevail'd with me, tho' against my Will, to Dine with him, and all the Time of Dinner talk'd of nothing but the *Bastille*, and how he had been us'd there by the late Monsieur *de Besemaux*, who was then Governor. We did not both of us question, but that the next Morning, at Eight of the Clock, I should be put into that Den of *Polyphemus*, which he was describing to me. He told me, he was to set out the next Day for *Holland*, very sensible of the good Service I had endeavour'd to do him. I embrac'd him affectionately, and desir'd he would visit my Wife at the *Hague*, to give her an Account of me, and I have been inform'd that he perform'd it very punctually.

I was busy all the Afternoon, and about Eight at Night, went to Monsieur *Charpentier*, to get a Rout, to be sent to the Chevalier *de Digoville*, for him to carry some Recruits to his Regiment, which was at *Straßburg*. I had that Rout in my Pocket, when I went to the *Bastille*, which the Officers would not be prevail'd upon to send to my Friend. I went next to take the Air upon the Terrasse, where I found Monsieur *du Boullay*, a Captain in the Regiment of *Dauphine*, who would have carry'd me to Sup with him

him, which I refus'd. As I was going home, I saw the King come out of his Coach, at his Return from the *Triannon*, and I observ'd him put himself into a Posture, as if he were going to Fight, as he talk'd to the Noblemen, who waited for him on the Steps of the little Court, by the great Stairs. I drew near to enquire what was the Meaning of it, and was inform'd, That as he came back from the *Triannon*, he had found two Officers in the Wood fighting a Duel; that the King had caus'd them to be parted, disarm'd, and sent to Prison; but that they were so Drunk, that they could give no Account of themselves. I was almost out of the Court, when Monsieur *de Maupertuis*, Monsieur *Chamillart*'s Cousin, ran after me, to ask, Whether I would Sup with him, or he should Sup with me? I chose, with much Satisfaction, to treat him. He told me he was to set out the next Morning for *Brussels*, where he was to undertake some Business, procur'd him by Monsieur *Chamillart*, which was very extraordinary, and he would have me to be concern'd in it; that it was certain we should make our Fortunes, and that Monsieur *Chamillart* would admit me to partake in it as soon as I should give my Consent; and he assur'd me of my Advancement. After Supper, he shew'd me the Plan; and tho' the Affair appear'd to me very good, I thank'd him for his Kindness; but he persisted in perswading me to ingage in it; and said, *He would be the next Morning, by Four of the Clock, at my Door, to carry me to Breakfast with him, and shew me the Consequences of the Affair he propos'd to me.* I shew'd him the Essay towards an Epistle Dedicatory to my Collection of Voyages, which had contributed towards the Establishment and Advancement of the *East India Company*, erected in the United Provinces of the *Netherlands*, with the Compartment under the Epistle, where I had caus'd the Arms of Monsieur *Chamillart* to be engrav'd. When he had Read it, *I will put it in my Pocket*, said he, *to let you know, how much I value it, and I*

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keep

keep one of your Seven Volumes. The Clock struck Twelve, I caus'd a Flambeau to be lighted, to conduct him home, he would not permit me to bear him Company, but made me go back to Bed. I writ a Letter to my Wife first, and then went to rest.

I had never slept so sound, and undisturb'd, as I did that Night. It was my last Farewel to Pleasure; when at Four of the Clock in the Morning I heard knocking at my Chamber Door, I suppos'd it to be my Friend, who came according to his Promise, and therefore I got up in my Gown to let him in. But how was I surpriz'd, when instead of Monsieur de Maupertuis, I saw an Exempt of the Provost of the Househould, with three of his Guards, the first of which held out to me the End of his fatal Rod, and the other presented their Carbines cock'd at my Breast? Had I known what would be the Conclusion of this first Scene, I had certainly made it a Bloody one, and caus'd my self to be kill'd; for certainly Death is more tolerable than what I endur'd. The Exempt said to me, *I Arrest you in the King's Name; do not stir.* To which I answer'd, *Certainly, Sir, you mistake; you take me for another; my Name is Monsieur Constantine de Renneville.* *It is you I look for,* reply'd he. *I submit,* said I, without shewing the least Concern, or altering my Countenance, *Do your Duty.* Then I ask'd him, *Whether I might have Leave to Dress me.* *Yes, Sir,* answer'd he; *but be quick, and deliver me your Arms, and your Papers.*

I went my self for my Arms, which were a Case of Pistols, and two Swords, one of which was extraordinary fine, being Diamont-Cut, of that curious Sort of Work, which is made at Berlin. I had refus'd 200 Livers for it of the Chevalier Mahoni, a little before I was Seiz'd, and design'd it for Monsieur Chamillart's Son, expecting before I presented it, the coming of the Copies of my Books, that I might not do it at twice, but Present him my Book and Sword together, which last had been admir'd by Monsieur Maupertuis the

the Night before. Monsieur l' Affile, my Landlord, in my Presence deliver'd him my Arms and my Cane, which could not be put into my Trunks, into which he made me put up all my Cloaths; and having made me lock my two Trunks and Portmanteau, deliver'd all before me to Monsieur l' Affile, saying, *That tho' he had a right to keep my Arms, it had never been his Practice to make his Advantage of the Spoils of unfortunate Persons,* and made me all the Compliments those Gentlemen are not sparing of upon such Occasions. As for my Papers, they were wrapp'd up in two of my Napkins, which he Seal'd with his own and my Seal, after having sew'd them up, and carry'd them himself to Monsieur de Torcy, as he afterwards told me. I ask'd him, *Whether he and his Men had Breakfasted,* and having told me, *they had not,* I call'd for Bread and Wine, whereof we took each of us two Glasses, whilst my Landlord, his Wife, and Maid wept bitterly, whom I comforted the best I could. The Exempt bid me take some Books, whereof I had a good Number, to divert me, and caus'd one of his Men to take my Gown, my Cloak, and my Night-Cap, which made me ask him, *Whether I was to lye in the Prison, he was going to carry me to; and whether I should not be allow'd to go abroad upon Security given?* To which he return'd no Answer; but smil'd when he heard me order my Landlord to carry my Diet thither. We went down into the Court, where I found a Coach with four Horses, and two Saddle-Horses. Then I ask'd him, *Whither he would carry me?* And he answer'd, *that to the Bastille.* I exclaim'd against that Injustice, and against Monsieur Chamillart, who authoris'd, or at least permitted it. I had still Presence of Mind enough to desire two Favours of him; the one, to permit me to Write to Monsieur Chamillart, Monsieur de Torcy, and my Wife; and the other, to take my Cloaths with me. *As for your Cloaths,* said he, *you will have no need of them, for I know you will not stay long in that Place I am*

carrying you to ; and as for your Letters, you may write them at the Bastille. And I give you my Word, that I will deliver the two into the Hands of those Ministers, and will my self put the other into the Post-Office.

We went into the Coach, the Exempt and I sat Backwards, and two of his Men next the Horses ; and he order'd the third of them aloud, to carry back the two Horses to the Stable ; my Easiness, and the little Concern I had shown, assuring him, that I would not offer any Violence. Hereupon I assur'd him, I thought my self so free from Guilt, that if the King had order'd me to surrender my self a Prisoner, I would have obey'd his Commands, without the Concurrence of any of his Officers. I desir'd him to tell me, which of the Ministers caus'd me to be seiz'd, to which he return'd no Answer. I ask'd his Name, he told me it was *de Bourbon* ; and it appear'd, that his Son and I had serv'd together among the Horse Musketeers. He told me, that Son of his was a Captain of Horse ; but as for himself, tho' he was an Exempt, he did not do Duty, being with the Dutchesse *de Lude*, who had taken him for her Gentleman of the Horse, and that it was much against his Will, he had been oblig'd to take the Order for securing of me, when he happen'd the Day before to be in the Lodgings ; By which I perceiv'd, that the Order had been sign'd in Council on *Monday*, and that the Sign Monsieur *Chamillart* had made me, when he came from Council, was, in all likelihood, to give me Notice of it.

I discours'd him with the same Freedom as if he had been carrying me to some merry Meeting ; and observing on his Men's great Coats, a Club all full of Points, with this Device, *Monstrorum Terror*, the Terror of Monsters, I said to him, smiling, and pointing to his Men, Behold there the Terror, and behold here the Monster, pointing to my self ; if the King had a Million of such, they would be fitter to fright his Majesty's Enemies, than to hurt him. Hereupon, I took

took Occasion to tell him, that I was the youngest, and the only one remaining, of 12 Brothers, who had all shed our Blood in the King's Service; seven of the Number having been kill'd in the same Service: That my Father had been also the youngest of 12 Brothers, who had all serv'd: And that his Father, my Grandfather, had also been the last of 12 Brothers, who had likewise all bore Arms, and spilt their Blood in the Quarrel of their Kings: That such Subjects ought not to be look'd upon as Monsters, at the Time when I had still several Nephews, Cousins, and other near Relations, serving the King in his Armies.

The Exempt, who seem'd to me to be a very worthy Person, very affectionately promis'd, he would do me Service with the Ministers. We arriv'd at *Paris*, he wanted to know what Time of the Day it was, I took out my Watch to compare with the Dial of the *Samaritan*; it was exactly Eight of the Clock. We spy'd Count *Grammont* coming down the Steps of *Pont Neuf*, he would have stopp'd the Coach to speak to him, but the Coachman did not hear, and went on.

At length we arriv'd at the dreadful Place. As we enter'd, as soon as the Sentinels saw us, they held their Hats before their Faces. I have been since inform'd that they perform'd that strange Ceremony, because they are forbid looking a Prisoner in the Face.

Being come to the little Court of the Governor's Appartment, where we alighted, we were receiv'd at the Foot of the Stairs, by a Man of a good Mien, who, as I afterwards heard, was Monsieur *du Joncas*, the King's Lieutenant, and another poor Figure of a Man, who made a very scurvy Appearance, and very meanly clad, whose Name was *de Corbe*, Nephew to the Governor, who conducted the Exempt and me to Monsieur *de St. Mars*'s Appartment. The two Guards were coming up the Stairs after us; but Monsieur *de*
Joncas

Joncas turning about, made them go down, saying to them, in a haughty manner, *When you have put the Gentleman into our Hands, we are able to answer for him; stay at the Bottom of the Stairs.* We went into a Chamber hung with yellow Damask, with a Silver Fringe, which I thought very handsome, as I did the Governor, who was before a great Fire. He was a little old Man, very thin, his Head, Hands, and all his Body shaking, and receiv'd us very courteously. He held out his shaking Hand to me, and put it into mine. It was as cold as Ice, which made me say, within my self, *This is an ill Omen; Death, or its Substitute, enters into Alliance with me.* The Exempt deliver'd to him my seal'd Letter, or the Order for Securing of me, and having taken him aside, to a Corner of the Room, to whisper in his Ear, the Governor being so deaf that he could not hear, made him repeat what he said louder, and I heard these Words distinctly; *Monsieur Chamillart has order'd me to recommend this Gentleman particularly to you, and enjoyns you to treat him more favourably than the other Prisoners:* Whereupon he came and caress'd me very much. Then he sign'd the Duplicate of my *Mittimus*, and writ underneath that the Exempt had deliver'd me into his Hands; and I drawing a little nearer, perceiv'd, that the Letter, or *Mittimus*, was sign'd Colbert, which made me cry out, *It is Monsieur de Torcy then that causes me to be committed.* The very same, answer'd the Exempt, and to him I carry your Papers. I desir'd him to keep his Promise, and to take the three Letters I had mention'd to him in the Morning. He ask'd for Paper of the Governor to write them, who answer'd, *That as soon as a Prisoner was in his Custody, he could not allow him to write, without a special Order from the Court.* The Exempt, to comfort me for that Misfortune, promis'd, as soon as he came to *Versailles*, to go to *Messieurs de Torcy* and *Chamillart*, to ask that Leave of them. The Governor offer'd us all to Breakfast; but the Exempt returning Thanks, told him, I had

had taken Care of that, and given them excellent *Burgundy Wine* to drink. He then took Leave of the Governor and his Company, leaving me with them. The Governor order'd his Nephew to go cause the second Chamber of the Chapel to be made ready for me; whereupon that little Man answer'd, with Surprise, *The second of the Chapel?* Yes, reply'd his Uncle, *the second of the Chapel*; Swearing by the holy Name of God, and looking upon him sternly, tho' his Eyes were sunk, *obey my Orders*, said he, *and make no Reply*. The Nephew went down in great Haste, and being left alone with Monsieur de *Foncas* and him, he ask'd me, *Whether I had been long at Court?* and having told him it was Four Months since I came to it from *Holland*, he fell upon his Atchievements, the Enormity whereof he boasted to me in my Opinion very little to the Purpose.

He told me, he had left *Holland* the Day after King *William*, formerly Prince of *Orange's*, Birth-Day, because the Day before, when all People were rejoicing, he had quarrell'd with seven *Dutchmen*, of whom he had kill'd four, and disarm'd the other three. I look'd earnestly on that Hero, who was setting up for an *Hercules*, and who to me seem'd no better than his Excrement. Thence he imbark'd for *Lisbon*, where he had gain'd the Prize at a solemn Tournament. Next he proceeded to the Court of *Madrid*, where he had been admir'd at a Bull-Feast, having also gain'd the Prize, with the highest Approbation of the Ladies, who had like to have drowned him in a Deluge of perfum'd Eggs, fill'd with sweet Waters; and he did not speak four Words without Swearing, to authorize Rodomontades, which were not suitable to his Bulk. It is likely he was about going on to the *Indies*, to carry off some Princesses, when his Nephew came to give Notice, that I might go down, for all Things were ready. My new Landlord made many Protestations, that he would have all imaginable Regard for me; that I should be well us'd;

and that he would often visit me. We went down into the Governor's Court, where I still found the Exempt, whom I pray'd to wait upon Monsieur *Chamillant* from me, and to conjure him not to leave me long to pine away in that wretched Place ; which he promis'd to do. *Corbe*, the Governor's Nephew, attended by three such ill-look'd Men, that I took them for Executioners, carry'd me thro' a *Corps de Garde*, where were several Soldiers under Arms, who also held their Hats before their Faces. Thence we passed into a great Court, at the End whereof, on the Right Hand, we went in at a square Door, painted green, where there are three Steps leading up to a great Stair-Case, shut up with two Gates, which made a dreadful Noise when they were open'd. Having ascended 25 or 30 Steps up that Stair-Case, we went in at 2 Doors cover'd with Plates of Iron, which made more Noise, when open'd, than the three first had done, and brought us into a large Place, which look'd to me like a Sepulchre, about 60 Foot long, about 15 in Breadth, and 13 or 14 in Height. I began to exclaim, *What Crime have I committed, to be put into such a dreadful Place, and without any Furniture ?* Hereupon, one of those about me, a Man more hideous than the Place, and yet he was the Captain of the Gates, for my Comfort, told me, *It was the best Chamber in the Bastille, and that none but Princes were put into it.* But how was I surpriz'd, when that little Man, who seem'd to command the rest, told me, in an odd Tone, *That I must give him all I had about me ?* and I Answering in an haughty manner, and looking with such an Air as made him turn pale ; *That I would do no such Thing ; that I was in a Royal Prison, where the Officers ought to abhor such Actions as would make the most outrageous Turnkeys blush.* He protested it was not only the Custom of the Place, but the Order of the King and his Ministers ; and he going about to strip me, *Thou Wretch*, said I to him, *if you come near me, I will throttle you with my Hands ; kill me,*

me, if you would have the Spoil of me, for you shall never have it whilst I live. Is it allow'd in such a Castle as this to strip a Man, whom you would not dare to look in the Face out of this Place? His Figure could not make me imagine I was speaking to the Governor's Nephew. He had on a slight Suit of Cloaths of *Nismes* Serge, so Threadbare that it frighted Thieves, putting them in mind of a Halter; a Scurvy Pair of old Blew Breeches, patch'd at the Knees, of such sort of Cloth as the Soldiers wear; a Hat that had been formerly Black, cover'd with a shabby Feather, which look'd as if it had gone through the Service of four *Arriere-Bans*, and which he held awkwardly under his Arm, and a Wig grown so red that it seem'd to blush at it's Age. His poor Mien, much inferior to his low Equipage, made him look more like a Bailifs Follower than an Officer: His three other Companions, all of them worse shap'd and more hideous than himself, stood by him, with Hat in Hand, not offering to stir; when the eldest of them, who look'd like his Father, and was at least 75 Years of Age, and I was afterwards inform'd, was the Captain of the Gates, said, Sir, you may with all Safety put what you have in your Pockets, into the Hands of our Lieutenant, he will not wrong you of a Pin, and all will be punctually restor'd to you, when examin'd by the Governour and the Commissary. No Prisoner is brought hither, tho' he were a Prince, but he does the same. Do it of your own accord, without obliging the Lieutenant to call up the Soldiers, who would compell you by unbecoming violence. The Lieutenant will give you a Note of all your Money, and of all other things, with a Promise to return them. That honest Man's Words pleas'd me, and I became sensible, that my best way was to submit. The Lieutenant hastily took out of his Pocket some Paper and an Inkhorn, and I put into his little Hat all I had in my Pockets, which that old Captain of the Gates afterwards examin'd very nicely, and spying a Ring on the little Finger of my left Hand,

bid

bid me give it them, only for Form's Sake ; I imagin'd it was to secure it. My Sharper made an Inventory of my Trifles and Money, and subscrib'd it, leaving the Paper with me, and made me Sign a Duplicate, which he carry'd away with my Spoils, expressing as much Joy as if all had belong'd to him. The others shut the Door upon me, with a dreadful Noise, leaving me alone in that delightful Place, where I had no other Company, but a consuming Discontent, which set me upon meditating what might be the Cause of my Misfortune. *Am I betray'd?* said I, *doubtless some Fatal Letter, like the first, has occasion'd my disaster. Why did I not see Monsieur Chamillart?* I skipp'd from one Thought to another, without being able to resolve which was the most rational, because not one of them did hit the Mark. Among all my Misfortunes, that which most affected my Imagination, and stuck the nearest to my Heart, was that of my dear Wife, abandon'd to the bitterest Sorrow in a strange Country, without being capable of receiving Assistance or Comfort from any Person ; besides a young Child, whose tender Age was more likely to afflict than comfort her. This only Notion tormented me more, howmuch soever I resign'd my self to God's Mercy, than all the Cruelties exercis'd upon me for above 11 Years.

After having taken several Turns in a hasty manner along that vast Den, I went about to take an Inventory, which was very short ; for all the Moveables in it were, a little Bed, consisting of a Scurvy Bag of Straw, a little Feather Bed, a Quilt of Flocks, a Wretched Blanket, a little Bedsted, all Worm-eaten, with Curtains of Flower'd Stuff, which was the best Piece about the Couch, and three easy Chairs, well stuff'd with Furzes.

The black and smoaky Walls of that Apartment, instead of Hangings, were cover'd with the Names of my unfortunate Predecessors, and whatsoever else they had thought fit to write on them. In the most
visible

visible part, next the Chimney was writ in large Characters, The Widow *Lailly* and her Daughter *Odricot*, an *Irish* Woman, were brought into this Hell on the 27th of *September*, 1701. I mention these here first, because I shall in the Sequel of my Story have Occasion to say much of those Women, and of *Odricot*, Husband to the Widow *Lailly's* Daughter, because terrible Things befell them, for which *Corbe*, and the Chaplain *Giraut*, deserve to be burnt. Over the Chimney was Writ this Verse,

Dat veniam Corvis, vexat censura Columbas.

By Mr. Dryden turn'd thus,

Clip the Dove's Wings, and give the Vulture course.

And under it *Maillefer*, Prior of *Val Secret*, Born at *Rheins*; below that again, *Henry de Montmorency*, Duke of *Luxemburg*, was brought hither. The rest was wip'd out; in short, I understood, that the aforesaid Marshal of *France*, who has since made such a Figure in the World, had been long shut up in that Chamber, as well as the Marshals *de Biron* and *de Bassompierre*. I have been also told, that Mounseur *de Sacy*, made most of his admirable Translation of the Holy Scripture, with his excellent Exposition taken from the Holy Fathers and Ecclesiastical Writers in the same Place. That Mounseur *de la Touanne*, who had been call'd to an Account after such a prodigious manner, had been shut up there. Next to the Window, which was well glaz'd, and had two great Shutters, having only one Iron Gate, but very strong, with a Green Wooden Lettice without, which hinder'd those who walk'd in the Gallery, or Garden from seeing the Prisoners, but not the Prisoners from seeing them, a great part of the Garden, and of the Suburb of *St. Antony*; on the side of that Window, I say, were written the following Names, viz. *Poiret de Vileroy de Vaucouleur*; the Viscount *de la Lanne*, *Lewis Gervais*, *Claude de Launay*, *Magdalen de St. Michel*, and an infinite

nite Number of others, which I cannot remember, with abundance of choice Sentences; but there was also the Advice of an *Italian* Prince, which I thought very singular, but of most pernicious Consequence, it was

Empoisona, ove Strangola,

That is, *Poison, or Strangle*; yet I have been since told, that too many of my wretched Fellow Prisoners have follow'd that abominable Advice. I put it out, as well as the Author's Name, which I conceal for the Respect due to his Family. I am fully perswaded, that the Prince *de Riccia*, who was secur'd on Account of the Troubles at *Naples*, and was in that Apartment, when I came out of the *Bastille*, must have adorn'd it with better Maxims, which his Virtues, and above all, his edifying Piety perswades me. I cannot forbear adding what was also writ behind one of the Window Shutters, after many who had there writ the Cause of their Imprisonment, was this that follows. *And I John Cronier, have been remov'd hither from Vincennes, where I had broken the Head of the Scoundred Bernaville, that little Keeper of a Cook's Shop, or rather Executioner of that Castle of Vincennes, for having caus'd me to be cruelly Bastinado'd in his presence.*

A Prisoner had left this Sentence, *Patientia levius fit Malum*; that is, *Patience makes Hardships easier*; and the same Cronier had writ under it, *Patience is the Virtue of Asses*; and for Fear it should be question'd, whether he was the Author of that venerable Saying, he had set his Name under it. I knew, and was particularly acquainted with the Brother of that same Cronier, so well known in *Holland*, for being the Person that writ the *Burlesk Gazette*, his Brother's Name is *Simeon le Cronier, Sieur du Tecil*, of the Parish of *St. George de Rouellay*, Lieutenant of the Election of *Mortain*, who is a very worthy Man, a good and generous Friend,
and

and has a very amiable and honourable Family. He had brought me into their Society, which is entirely one of the most charming, and compos'd of learned and worthy Persons, and among them Monsieur de Houeffay, Lord and Patron of the Place, his Brothers, most accomplish'd Gentlemen; Monsieur du Pont, Curate of the Place, Doctor of Sorbom. He was of Magelone, in Languedoc, and his knowledge, though very profound, was so far from being uncouth, that it was pleasant, and communicated it self with Ease and Delight.

There was also an Advocate, whose Name was Monsieur de Bizotiere, who in the most coureous manner, excellently perform'd the Honours of the House. It being a great Satisfaction to me to speak well of my Friends, I believe it will not be taken amiss that I make this little Digression, to express the Pleasure I enjoy'd among People that cannot be too much commended. Having spoken the Praises of those, I must not pass over in silence, the Count de l'Apenty, and his Brothers, the Marquis de Bailleul Hersey de Goron, Monsieur de Longueve Lovigny, Monsieur de Champeaux, Martigni, Messieurs de St. Patrice, Benuffon, du Bailleul, Lieutenant General of Mortain, and his Cousins, du Temple, Rufigni, and abundance of other Gentlemen, who honour their Country, and live in a Society that is altogether exemplar, and of whom I have receiv'd a Thousand Tokens of Affection, during Four Years I liv'd among them. I had known most of those Gentlemen a long time, having either been at School, or serv'd the King with them.

I was busy reading the various Subjects that were on that dreadful and immoveable Manuscript, commonly call'd, *The Record of Fools*, when I heard the Bolts of my miserable Apartment make a Noise, there being 5 doors to open to come to it, which made a hideous Noise in opening, the Eccho's in the Stairs, and other Appartments adjoining, answering in a doleful manner. The five Doors being open'd I saw a
Monster

Monster come in, follow'd by a Satyr, for so the two Men that came to visit me may be call'd. The first that enter'd had his Chops puff'd up, his Forehead look'd like the bark of a Tree, on which the small Pox had carv'd the *Alcoran*, his Eyes sunk, as if they had been at the Bottom of two Boxes to throw Dice; under two Ey Brows an Inch Broad, were Red and Frightful; his Nose all carv'd and turning up like the Foot of an Earthen Pot, loaded with 20, or 30 other Noses of all Colours, look'd like a bursten Medler, ovr his Mouth, whose blewish Lips, set with little Rubies and Pearls, stuck out like double Wreaths, that is, the upper level with his Nose, and the lower over'd part of his Chin, which was cover'd with Hair blacker than Jeat. His short truss Carcase could scarce support it self, the great Quantity of Brandy he had drank making it totter. The Satyr was in his Shirt and Drawers, without any other covering on his Head, but a thick Clod of Hair of the Colour of Brass, standing up an End, and looking as if it had not been comb'd in a Year. The same sort of Hair, of a redder Hew, cover'd all his Face up to his very Eyes, which were all edg'd round with Scarlet, yet through that Hair it appear'd, that his hollow Cheeks were as full of Pleats as a set Ruff; and his Mouth sticking out like that of a Black, when it open'd, discover'd a yellow and uneven Row of Teeth: I afterwards understood that the Monster's Name was *James Rosarge*, whom the Governor had constituted Major; and the Satyr, *Anthony Ru*, who was one of the Servants call'd *Turn Keys*, and was to attend me, both of them Provençals; worse I cannot name, King *Henry* the Fourth was wont to say.

The first coming into my Den, with his Hat under his Arm, and very ill clouted, for his Coat, which had been once blue, made of a Cloth every where Threadbare, was grown white with Age, and so decay'd, that it only hung together by the Help of several Patches, no Way agreeable to the Bulk of the Machine.

Machine. That Scoundrel, I say, made me four or five Bows, with such odd Gestures and Contortions as at another Time would have been pleasant enough to me. The other brought a new little Folding-Table in one Hand, and in the other, a great earthen Pitcher, full of Water, which he set down in my Chamber, and whilst the Major discours'd with me, he went to fetch a Water-Pot, or Ewer, and a Chamber-Pot of Earthen Ware also, a Glass, two clean Napkins, a very handsome Walnut-Tree Close-Stool, a Salt, a Spoon, and a Fork, all Pewter, and a little Knife all new, a Loaf of about a Pound Weight, and a thick Glass Bottle of Wine, which held about three half Septiers, that is about three Pints *English*. It was then about half an Hour past Eleven. I ask'd that Man who told me he was the Major, Whether I should not be put into an handsomer Room, and hung, and whether the Governor took me for an Out-law, that he sent me a Pewter Fork and Spoon. He protested they gave no other to Princes; that if the Court would allow it, I might send for them of Silver, and such other Furniture as I should think fit, but that I must have a positive Order from the Minister. He protested I was in the best Chamber in the *Bastille*, which I afterwards understood to be true; that the King allow'd Prisoners nothing but the bare Walls, and that I must pay six Livres a Month for the Hire of my Bed; which I afterwards understood was the Knavery of the Officers, for the King furnishes all Prisoners of State with every Thing that is necessary for Life, and the Preservation of Health. He would have sent for a Faggot, and made a Fire to purge the Air of the Room; but I thank'd him, because it was already too hot. I ask'd him whether they would not return me my Watch, which I had Occasion for, and the other Things they had taken from me in the Morning, but more especially my Books, which might serve to divert me in my Solitude. He answer'd,
That

That as soon as the Minister had examin'd them, they would all be restor'd to me, except the Money and Iron Tools, which I might make an ill Use of. I would have known who the Minister was by whom my Toys must be review'd. He told me, that was the Count de Pontchartrain's Business, who scarce ever came to the Bastille, and had given that Charge to Monsieur des Granges, his Clerk, Father-in-law to Monsieur d' St. Mars's Son, with a Sort of Direction to Monsieur de Argenzon, the Lieutenant of the Civil Government of Paris, who had also under him Monsieur Camuset, Commissary of the Bastille. He ask'd, *How much Money I had about me, when Corbe had taken Possession of it?* I told him, *I had only 52 Livres, and some Bills of Exchange, the rest being in my Trunks.* I show'd him the Inventory of my Goods, with the Subscription of Corbe. *Is it so,* said he, bluntly, *Those are pretty Toys. That should belong to me, I will go make them refund.* These Words made me sensible of what Hands I was fallen into, and gave me to understand, that my Goods were lost, for he being drunk, I argu'd from the Maxim

In Vino Veritas.

That Drunken Men speak what they think. I ask'd him, *What sort of Man that Corbe was, and what Employment he had?* He told me, *He was the Governor's Nephew, who had made him Lieutenant of the Company that guarded the Castle; but that he was under him, he being Major of the Bastille; that he had ascended to that glorious Post gradually; that he had serv'd Monsieur de St. Mars 31 Years; that he had first carry'd a Musket in his Company; and that when he came with him from the Isles of St. Margaret to Paris, he had the Honour of Carrying his Halbard.* There needed no more than that eloquent Declaration to make me acquainted with his Person. However, I desir'd him to excuse me to Corbe, being inform'd that he was the Governor's Nephew,

Nephew, for my having been so rough with him in the Morning; but that the Affront he had offer'd me, together with the Concern for seeing my self seiz'd, contrary to all the Rules of Justice, had prevail'd with me to express my Resentment to him, contrary to the Rules of Decency. He answer'd, *That was a Trifle; that he met with much greater Outrages, which he drew upon himself by his disobliging Behaviour; and his unbounded Avarice.* He was scarce able to stand, and yet he talk'd not amiss for a Man in such a drunken Condition. He went out reeling after a dangerous manner, and I heard he had like to break his Neck upon the Stairs. The Satyr, who stunk worse than the strongest Goat, shut the Door, telling me, *He was going to bring my Dinner that Moment.* I ask'd him, *Whether the King was to maintain me? Or whether I should be allow'd to have my Diet brought, at my own Cost?* But he would not answer me.

I again fell to meditate on my fatal Adventure, calling over all I had said or done; and the more I endeavour'd to discover the Cause of my Misfortune, the more I found my self involv'd in Reflections, which drew me from one Confusion to another, without being able to get out of them. I was altogether wrapp'd in these Thoughts, when the Clock striking One, I was rowz'd by the clattering of the Bolts, which seem'd to penetrate into my very Bones. The last Door being open'd, I saw Corbe come in, who saluted me with a smiling Countenance. He was follow'd by my stinking Turn Key, laden with Dishes; he laid one of my Napkins on the Table, and my Dinner on it, being a Soup of green Pease, garnish'd with Lettuces, well stew'd, and looking well, with a Quarter of a Fowl on it; on a Plate was a Slice of Beef full of Gravy, with some Liquor, and a Garniture of Parsley; on another, a Quarter of a Pye, full of Rice, Veal, Cock's Combs, Asparagus, Mushromes, Truffles, &c. and in another, a Sheep's Tongue in a Ragout, all very well dress'd; and for a Desert, a

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Bisket

Bisket and two Golden Rennets. As soon as the Turn-Key had cover'd the Table, he went away. Corbe sat down by me, and would not take the Right-Hand of me. I ask'd him to eat, but he said, *It was not allow'd him*; and observing that I eat only a little Pottage, he, in a very obliging manner, urg'd me to eat. I excus'd my self for what had happen'd in the Morning; but he answer'd me very courteously, *That it was not fit to take Notice of a Man's Concern, who was in such a disagreeable Condition as my self; that he would cause my Goods to be restor'd to me, as soon as he could.* I insisted on my Books, and he promis'd, that he would bring them himself, as soon as they had been examin'd. He would pour out Wine for me, of the Bottle that had been brought in the Morning, which was very good *Burgundy*, and the Bread was very fine. I intreated him to drink, but he assur'd me, He was not allow'd so to do. I ask'd him, *Whether I should pay for my Diet, or must be beholden to the King for it.* He said, *I need only to ask for whatsoever might naturally be pleasing to me, and they would endeavour to please me, and that his Majesty paid for all.* I enquir'd, *Whether Monsieur de Torcy would not appoint Commissioners to examine me.* He answer'd, *I must expect the Orders, which were usually directed to Monsieur d' Argenzon, whom Monsieur de Pontchartrain had appointed to make the Report to the King.* I desir'd him to tell me, when he thought I might see him. *He will not see you, reply'd he, till he has had a special Order from the Minister who has caus'd you to be secur'd, and therefore be not impatient, but above all do not give Way to Melancholly, banish it as much as possible.* As soon as I had din'd, he took Leave of me very handsomely, telling me, *That if I would have him afford himself the Satisfaction of conversing with me during my Meal, I must eat more heartily, and that was what his Unkle earnestly entreated me to do.* I was surpriz'd to find so much Civility in a Man of so mean an outward Appearance, and who in the Morning had seem'd to be Brutal; but doubtless his Unkle

kle had taught him his Lesson, as I have sufficient Cause to believe. He shut all the 5 Doors upon me, and left me alone to take the Dimensions of my Chamber.

My Reflections assaulted me again ; that which at first Sight seem'd to me the most likely was dissipated, by the next that follow'd. Thus from one Reflection to another, I came at length to that, which brought into my Mind, that I had been invited by an Officer of the Pantry, whose Name was Monsieur *Warmé*, a very pleasant Man, and some other Officers, to partake of an Entertainment they were to have at St. Cyr, a Place they had pitch'd upon for the Convenience of Monsieur *de la Ferte*, Director of St. Cyr, my very good Friend, who was to be at it, and where they were to keep the Festival of St. *Honorius*, which the *Roman Church* has plac'd on the 16th of May. A *Gascon*, if he had been in my Place, would not have forbore saying, St. *Honorius* had much dishonour'd him ; for my Part, I admir'd the Vicissitude of Worldly Affairs: This Day, said I, I was to have feasted with my Friends, and I am shut up in a dreadful Place, where in a doleful Silence, I have no Company but Sorrow and Affliction. My Friends are drinking my Health, and perhaps they are talking of my Imprisonment, well or ill, according as the Wine suggests to them, whilst perhaps reason the Thing worse than they, according as my Fancy dictates. O fatal Day ! cry'd I to my self, the 16th of May, I may well mark you down as unfortunate. Full of these dismal Thoughts, I cast my Eyes along that vast Extent of the Walls of my Chamber, which seem'd to offer me no other than Objects of Horror. At the four Corners of the Room, I spy'd four antique Figures, ill carv'd, and examining them near at Hand, I perceiv'd they were the four Symbols commonly apply'd to the four Evangelists, viz. the Angel, attributed to St. *Matthew* ; the Lion, to St. *Mark*, the Bull, to St. *Luke* ; and the Eagle, to St. *John*. I saw other Tokens besides, which made me believe that Place had formerly serv'd for a Chapel, which was afterwards confirm'd to me by the

Officers, who told me, That therefore it was call'd, the *Chappel Apartment*. In the Afternoon there sprung up a Wind, which beating against my Window, form'd Accents, as it pass'd thro' the Joints of the Squares of Glas, as it were of a Person that complain'd grievously. Tho' I was perfectly acquainted with the Cause from which that Noise proceeded, yet it could not but redouble my Sorrow, and bring into my Mind the dismal and just Complaints my dear Wife and all my desolate Family would make, when she should hear of my cruel Imprisonment. As the Wind grew stronger, those pretended Complaints redoubled with a most moving Variety, and that continu'd Night and Day for a very long Time, which, in spite of all my Philosophy, added to my Melancholly. I should have prevented it, had I been furnish'd with Paper and Paste, but I was destitute of all Things, and when I ask'd it of the Officers, telling them the Occasion of my asking, they said, *They could not grant it me, without an express Order from the Court.*

About Four in the Afternoon, the Turn-Key came to take away, and with him the Captain of the Gates. He brought me four great Candles of four in the Pound, an earthen Candlestick a Bottle of Wine like that in the Morning, and a Pair of very fine clean Sheets. I ask'd them, *Whether any Body would come to make my Bed?* But the Captain of the Gates told me, *That I must get Leave of the Court for my Man to come, whom the King would maintain, and that in the mean Time, till such Favour were granted me, I should be forc'd to make my own Bed.* The Turn-key went out with all his Utensils, and the Dinner, which I had scarce touch'd, nor the Wine, which he also carry'd away, and left me with only the Captain of the Gates. He was a frightful Man, much such as *Rubens* painted his Executioners, when he would leave us a lively Idea of the Passion of our Saviour JESUS CHRIST, in any of his Pieces: His Shoulders were thick

thick and round, like the Bottom of a Kettle-Drum, level with his Head, which seem'd sunk down between them, much like the People *Boyer Petit-Puys* in his Travels describes he saw in the *West-Indies*, above the Fall of the River *Surinam*, whose Faces are a little below their Shoulders, next their Arms, and just above their Stomachs. His Face all in Ups and Downs, and cross-ways, like Musick, look'd more like that of a Lion turning about, than a Man. His Cheeks were so puff'd up, that he resembled the *Cherub* Sounding the Trumpet to the last Judgment, bating that it wanted much of being so beautiful. His Nose was like the End of a great Saucidge, and all his Countenance painted over with a dark red, seem'd to be one of the Masks us'd at the Opera, when Devils just come from Hell are brought upon the Stage. His whole Shape thick, short, and truss, was rather round than square. He wore his own Hair, whereof, notwithstanding his great Age, not one was yet grey. It is true, tho' there had been any of that Colour, they could not have been distinguish'd, they were so steep'd in Greefe; besides that there were only a few about his Ears, and on the back Part of his Head, all the rest being as bare as a Man's Knee.

He told me, *He had serv'd the Governour 32 Years, that is, a Tear before the Major, who had supplanted him in that Employment, which should have belong'd to him, the other being a wretched Chimney Sweeper, who came first to Paris with a Pole upon his Back. That for his part he had the Honour to drive the Governor's Carriage Horses and Mules, That it was true, that Injustice would not have been done him, could he have Read and Writ, but bating that Knowledge he wanted for nothing. That he had been so Fortunate as to Convert many Protestants, and even some of the Statelieft Ministers. If the most Barbarous Torments may pass for legal Motives of Conversion, I am perswaded he spoke Truth, for his Masters had invented some, whereof he had been the Executioner, which would have daunted the Execu-*

tioners to *Nero's* and *Dioclesian's*. However, I afterwards found, that he was the least mischievous of any of the Fleaers of the *Bastile*, and the most Conscientious of the Officers, if there be any Conscience amongst those People, after they have taken an Oath of Fidelity to their Masters, the first and most inviolable part whereof is, never to tell the Truth. He very much condol'd my being fallen into such a dreadful place as that I was in, and after having earnestly pray'd to God to give me Patience to bear my Crosses with Resolution, he left me alone to Meditate on my Misfortune.

I went about to make my Bed, the first time, the best I could, after which I return'd to the Labyrinth of my deep Reflections. I was losing my self in them, when about 7 of the Clock, I again heard the ratling of the Bolts, which might make the most resolute Person quake. The Door open'd, and in came *Corbe*, follow'd by *Ru*, loaded with my Supper, which was a Piece of Roast Veal very fine to look to, with Sauce under it, and two other Plates, in one of which was half a Pullet, and in the other a Ragout of several Sorts, besides a Salat of the Hearts of Lettices, very well dress'd, and for a Desert, *Strawberries* with Wine and Sugar. From the 16th of *May*, when I went into that Room, till the 31st of *July* following, when I went out, I was always treated much after the same manner, but always with Variety; that is, if I had this Day a Quarter of a Fowl upon my Soup, the next Day it was a Piece of a Leg of *Veal*, or a Slice of *Mutton*; every Day something from the Pastry Cook, either Petty Pattees about my Soup, or a Quarter of a Pye, and the two Plates that came with my boil'd Meat were always different from what I had the Day before. The same Method was observ'd at Night; one Day I had *Lamb*, or *Mutton*, and a *Pidgeon*, and the next, *Veal* and half a *Pullet*, or a Quarter of a *Capon*, and always a different Ragout, with a Salat, and a Desert, all very neat and

and good: Every Morning they brought me for the whole Day a Loaf of a Pound Weight, bak'd the Night before, of the best in *Paris*, and a Bottle of Wine holding about three half Septiers, or near three Points *English*, for my Dinner; and in the Afternoon such another for my Supper. On fasting Days I was still better treated than when I had Flesh. I had always and excellent Soup at Dinner, sometimes made with *Crawfish*, *Oysters*, or *Muscles*, with a Dish of very good boil'd Fish, and another broil'd or fry'd, and a Plate of some Garden Stuff, as *Sparagras*, *Artichokes*, *Peas*, *Colliflowers*, &c. according to the Season, and a Desert. As for the Fish, whether it were from the Sea, or fresh Waters, I can affirm it was best then the Fish Market, often fresh *Salmon*, *Soles*, *Perches*, *Pike*, *Trouts*, &c. all well Dress'd. I could not have far'd better at a Crown a Meal in any of the best Eating Houses in *Paris*; but there was enough to abate afterwards, for the Cruel *Corbe*, and the Covetous *Bernaville*, scarce allow'd me the worst Cow Beef that is given to the Soldiers, and Scurvy Pulse, as Pease, Beans, Lupins, Lentilles, &c. boil'd in only Water and Salt, and yet the King allow'd the same to the last Day, as he had done the first, as I was afterwards inform'd, being a Pistole a Day for my Diet.

Corbe shew'd me more Civility at Supper than he had done at Dinner, he serv'd me himself with Meat and Drink, pray'd me to tell him, what I lik'd best, that he might order it to be provided for me, and treated me most courteously, to which I endeavour'd to make the Rest return I was able. When I had sup'd, he took Leave of me, and left me alone, lock'd up in my Chamber to expect the most dismal Night I had ever known, which was follow'd by 4068, most of which appear'd to me more grievous than Death. As soon as he had shut the Doors, and their dreadful Noise had ceas'd, I return'd to my Thoughts, from which God in his Mercy drew me, to restore me to my self, and make me return to him. I cast

my self at his Feet, I implor'd his Assistance, in the deplorable Condition I was reduc'd to. I call'd to mind all my past Life, I detested it's Irregularity, and my ill Behaviour, and the Follies of my Youth caus'd a true Repentance in my Heart, which made me shed a Shower of Tears. I affectionately enter'd into the Wounds of *Jesus Christ*, and I humbly pray'd him to burn and consume in the Fire of his ardent Charity all that he saw in me unworthy his divine Presence. *Why*, said I, *should I seek without my self for the Cause of my Imprisonment, the true Cause whereof I shall never discover any otherwise than in God and in the Source of my Corruption? Ought not I to return him a Million of Thanks for the Favour he grants me of doing Penance here? Is it not manifest, that he designs to save me, and call me back to him by a Chastisement I have so justly deserv'd? Where should I now be, had he punish'd me as I deserv'd every Time I provok'd his Wrath? What Comparison is there between this Prison, where he has done me the Favour to reclaim me, and that eternal Prison where impenitent Sinners will blaspheme his Holy and Dreadful Name during an unhappy Eternity, without the least Hope of ever seeing an end of their Misery. How rigid and unvaluable is the Repentance of the Damned? In these good Thoughts I spent all the Night, taking but very little Rest.*

As soon as the Dawn of the Day began to discover to me the Horror of my Cell, I offer'd up to God my Heart, the first Fruits of the Day and all the Moments of my happy Slavery, which I look'd upon as precious Gifts, God granted me to satisfy his Justice, which I had so heinously offended. I made a judicious Paralel between what I was and what I ought to be; I intreated his Justice to redouble his Punishments in Proportion to my Sins; but at the same Time to grant me the due Measure of his Grace, that I might bear the Burden, without sinking under it; and from that happy Moment I never gave this over, during all the Time of my Imprisonment, howmuch soever I was

was oppress'd. And in this safe Retreat I found the Supports I stood in need of, to bear the continual Assaults the World and Hell made to crush me, during Eleven Years and two Months, without affording me any Respit, or Ease, as will appear in the Sequel.

As soon as I was dress'd, I offer'd up my Prayers from the Bottom of my Heart; then I made my Bed. Whilst I was doing it, I reflected on the Sweetness I found in that Prayer, far different from the Tepidity, not to call it the Uneasiness I us'd to find in that I was oblig'd to make in the World, and I protest, that after several such, or more sensible Reflections, I seldom or never arose from my Prayers without new Strength. I would conceal these particulars, which God is my Witness, I do not insert here out of any Vanity, but for his Glory, if I had not a Prospect of encouraging those by this holy Exercise, who, like me, may happen to be under such Afflictions.

When my Thoughts and Distractions were coming upon me, I apply'd my self to God and implor'd his Assistance, and presently I found Relief. The Officers of the *Bastille* still continu'd coming to see me, and all the while I remain'd in that Room, I never eat without the Company of the Major, the Lieutenant *Corbe*, or the Captain of the Gates; and the Major seldom came thither sober, or fail'd of showing me more & more the extravagant Ridiculousness of the most foolish and silly Person in the World. They always found me in a profound Melancholly, without being able to discover the true Cause, which they ascrib'd to the Severity of my Imprisonment; but which was the Sadness according to God, mention'd by the Apostle that works Salvation.

I ask'd nothing of them but my Books, and more especially my New Testament, and *David's* Psalms of *Conrart's* Translation. At length, after Eight Days, they brought me my New Testament, because by good Fortune it was the Version of *F. D. Amelote*. As for my Psalms they were look'd upon as Apocri-
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sal. They also return'd me a small Prayer Book, a little thicker than my Thumb, in which were several Psalms in *Latin*. Those Books comforted me very much in my Afflictions, for I read no others whilst I was alone. I read my New Testament over and over again, with all the Attention and Respect that so Holy a Book deserves; and the more I read it, the more I found in it that hidden Manna, the more whereon we feed, the more we find our Hunger redouble. I discover'd therein those Lights which are shrouded from the Eyes of the World, and was convinc'd by my own Experience, of that unalterable Truth of the Apostle, 2. Cor. c. 4. v. 3, 4. *But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid from them that are lost. In whom the God of this World hath blinded the Minds of them which believe not, lest the Light of the Glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the Image of God, should shine unto them.* During the Month of *June* of my Imprisonment, I read very attentively all the New Testament nine times over, and the last time I read it, it was with more Eagerness than before.

It was the Major that brought me those two Books, with my Watch, which is very handsome and extraordinary good, made in *London*, by *de Charmes*, one of the best Workmen in that famous City. *Corbe*, to shew an Instance of his juggling Tricks, had put it out of Order, and sent to ask me, in the Governor's Name, with many Excuses for that pretended Accident, whether I would sell it, because he found it went very true. I answer'd, *I was no Dealer in such Things, but that I should be very well pleas'd to present it to the Governor*, and I pray'd the Major to give it him from me. He refus'd it, after such a manner as gave me to understand, that he had a great Mind to it. I press'd to have him take it; however my good Fortune, so cross in all Things, favour'd me upon that Occasion, and ty'd up his Hands, that he might not lay hold of it. I found the next Morning, that the Governor had been no way concern'd in that Piece of Knavery; for on *Wednesday* the 24th of *May*, the
9th

9th Day of my Imprisonment, he made me be brought down into a great Hall, to speak to me, and after having enquir'd about my Health, and whether I was satisfy'd with my Diet, he desir'd me, in a very obliging Manner, not to grieve my self. I answer'd him so courteously, that he seem'd to be well satisfy'd; but he was surpriz'd to see me take out my Watch, which I presented him freely, desiring him to accept of it. He told me, *He was not a Man that would receive any thing of a Prisoner, and that he was much surpriz'd at my Compliment.* To which I reply'd, *That I had rather give him my Watch than sell it.* He made me explain my self; and having discover'd the Knavery of his Nephew and the Major, fell into a terrible Rage. He swore, he stamp'd he rail'd against both the Nephew and the Major, in such abusive Words as he seem'd to invent on Purpose for them; but when I ask'd him for my other Things, and he understood, that they had not been restor'd to me, he was inrag'd to a Madness, and quite transported beyond himself. I us'd all my Endeavours to appease him, he listned to nothing but his Passion; he sent for Corbe and the Major, but they took Care not to be found. His Eyes sparkled like Fire, his natural quivering redoubled with such Violence, that I thought his Bones would be disjointed, and he would fall into Pieces. In short, after terrible Agonies, he was a little appeas'd, and seem'd to return to his Senses, and when he was a little calmer, he told me, *He would that Moment send me all that had been taken from me, the Inventory whereof I shew'd him sign'd by his Nephew.* Then he made me sit down in a great Arm Chair, and sate himself down before me, with the Table between us, on which there was Paper, Pens, and a Standish; and having set himself in a Writing Posture, he told me, *The King desir'd to know, whether I had no other Papers besides those that had been seiz'd.* I told him, *I had above two Mules Loads, but that I had left them in the Country, as being Deeds relating to my Family, and my private Affairs. Those are not the Papers*

I ask for, reply'd he, blaspheming God's Holy Name; but those it is likely you have hid at Versailles, and which relate to your Negotiations, with Foreign Powers, and particularly those which regard your Intelligence with England and Holland. I put on a serious Countenance, and looking upon him in an haughty manner, ask'd him, *Whether he had brought me down to scoff at me?* Adding, *that Monsieur de Torcy had all the Papers I had at Versailles, and that I had no Correspondence with any Person whatsoever, which might cause my disgrace with the King; and therefore I humbly intreated his Majesty to appoint Commissioners to examine me, and if I were found Guilty, I desir'd no Favour; but if I appear'd to be Innocent, I implor'd the King's Justice, to restore my Liberty with his former Affection.* This I spoke in such a lofty Strain, that he, in a milder Tone, ask'd me, *Whether I knew the Lord Slane, and whether I had not advis'd him to return to England?* I told him, *I had the Honour to be intimately acquainted with that Lord; but that I was so far from having perswaded him to return Home, that the Duke of Berwick, all the Court of England, Marshal Boufflers, Monsieur Chamillart, Monsieur Callieres, and above a Hundred other Person of Honour could Witness, as well as all the Irish Officers, that I had procur'd that Lord a new rais'd Irish Regiment in Foreign Pay, which had been granted him, but that it had been afterwards given to the Duke of Berwick, which had been the Occasion of my Lord Slane's returning Home, after the Death of King William; that he was discreet enough to advise himself, and that there was no Likelihood he would consult me about an Affair, which he alone could be Judge of, and that Monsieur Chamillart had at his Request in my Presence, granted him his Pass; that I desir'd no other Witness than that Lord, who was a very upright Person, and of a generally approv'd Probity, and if he would say I had spoke one Word towards engaging him to return to England, I would sign my own Sentence of Death under his Declaration. He is Prisoner here with you, in this same Castle,* reply'd the Governour, and it is he who accuses
you

you. Let him appear, said I, and he will contradict you this Moment. I am sorry for that Lord, who deserves better than the Bastille, after having serv'd France and his King, as he has done. May I not see him? There must be an Order from Court for that, said the Governor, and when that comes, I will bring you to the Speech of him.

He farther ask'd me, Whether I had not been in Conference at the Hague with the late King William, and frequently convers'd with the Lord Portland? I told him, I had made Application to them, by my Friends, for some Employment, designing to settle, either in England or Holland. He told me, The Minister also desir'd to know, what Correspondence I had with the Marques de Bougy, Monsieur de l' Etang, and Monsieur de Colombieres, Captain in the Guards at the Hague. I told him, Those were three Friends of mine, two of them Gentlemen of the Province where I was bred; that one of my Brothers had been a Captain in the Marques de Bougy's Regiment of Horse, who had been an intimate Friend of my Father's; and that having made Acquaintance with Monsieur de Colombieres, at the Time when I was Director at Carenten, I had renew'd it at the Hague, where he had given me a favourable Reception. Yes, said he, we know that Monsieur de l' Etang, and the Captain of the Guards have often carry'd you to the Great Pensioner's House, and that the Lord Portland, together with the Lord Galloway, several Times introduc'd you to the late King William, with whom you had long Conferences. I absolutely deny'd it, and said, I was willing to die, if that could be prov'd, any farther, than their Protection, which I had desir'd, in Order to settle there.

Next he made me some Proposals, which I abhorr'd, and which I will not here insert, because of the Respect I have for the Ministers of France; tho', doubtless, the Gouvernor spoke of his own Head, without any Directions from them. I thought, said I, in a stern manner, *Mon eur Chamillart had known me better. If he will not take me out of the Bastille, unless with the*
Forfeiture

Forfeiture of my Honour, I must be kept here all my Life; tell him so from me, Sir, if you please, and that he does not remember the fair Promises he made, when he recall'd me from Holland.

I am going to write to him, and to Monsieur de Torcy, all that has pass'd between us, Word for Word, said he, and till I receive their Answer, make yourself easy, I will do you Service, or my Interest shall fail me; for I perceive you are wrongfully suspected, and that you are a worthy Person, depend upon it. He caus'd me to be conducted back to my Chamber, after many Compliments had pass'd between us; however, I never saw him after, nor could I prevail to speak with him, whatsoever Instances I made to that Effect.

They did not restore me my Goods, most of which I lost, as well as my Money, and my Bills of Exchange, as I shall shew hereafter. The Major came to bear me Company at Dinner, as usual; I excus'd my self, for the Mistake I had committed in offering the Governor my Watch, and asking him for my Goods. Do you not know that Fox, answer'd the Major, he would have your Watch, if you were one that would sell it him, but you would never be paid; and the Nephew being no better than the Unkle, you are likely enough never to see your Goods again, or your Money or Bills; unless you insist to have all put into my Hands, it will be lost to you. Tho' he was so drunk that he could not stand, I have found he partly spoke Truth.

As for the Watch, I have been since told by Sir—Burnet, Nephew to the Famous Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, and by F. Florent de Brandebourg, a Capucin, with whom I spoke some Time after, that they had been serv'd just as I was. Those Pickpockets, to cheat their Prisoners of their Watches, took out some Wheel, or other Part, and then pretended it had happened accidentally; then they propos'd to the Owner to sell it; if they were so simple as to consent, they kept the Watch, and discounted the Money for Fuel, Candle, Hire of the Bed, &c. if not, they return'd

return'd what they had taken out, and said, *They had paid the Watchmaker a considerable Price for mending of it.*

The Discourse I had with the Governor gave me to understand, That I was suspected, which made me very uneasy; for I reflected on what Covetousness may produce; and how far my Enemies, who had began to persecute me, might carry their Malice.

On the other Hand, I consider'd, what Hands I was fallen into, that is, into the Hands of such as were incapable of any Good, and fit for any Mischief. I think it will not be amiss to mention by whom the *Bastille* was govern'd, when I went into it, and what Figure those Men made who had the Management of it, with their Characters, as I afterwards found as well by my own Experience, as by an exact and faithful Account given me by my Fellow Prisoners.

These are the Names of the Officers; Monsieur *de St. Mars*, Captain of the Castle of the *Bastille*; but whom almost all Men entitle Governor. Monsieur *du Foncas*, the King's Lieutenant; these only are appointed by the King, and put into Possession by his Breviat; those that follow are appointed by the Governor, who may dismiss them when he pleases; *James Rosarge*, Major; *William Formanoir*, call'd *Corbe*, Lieutenant of the Company guarding the Castle, and the Governor's Nephew; — *l'Ecuyer*, Captain of the Gates; *Abraham Reilbe*, Surgeon; *Abbe Giraut*, Chaplain; *Anthony Ru*, one *Boutonniere*, and one *Bourgouin*, three Turn-Keys. There was also *F. Riqueler*, a Jesuit, Confessor in ordinary to the *Bastille*, appointed by the King at the Nomination of his Confessor, *F. de la Chaise*; a Physician, call'd, Monsieur *Fresquier*, of the King's appointing, nominated by Monsieur *Fagan*, his Majesty's first Physician; and an Apothecary, reckoned an Officer. I must not omit a little Knave, call'd, *James la France*, said to be *Corbe's* natural Son, and then his Foot-Boy, who is one of the most wicked and vilest Persons that afterwards appear'd upon the Stage. The Governor had also
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the Sergeants, other Subaltern Officers and Soldiers of the Company that guarded the Castle, but who had no Communication with the Prisoners, any more than his Valets de Chambre, Officers, Cooks, Coachmen, Footmen and others attending him. All the Prisoners, of what Quality soever they are, the Governor, and all the Officers I have nam'd, and all in general, who have any thing to do with the *Bastille*, are under the Direction of Monsieur *de Pontchartrain*, Minister and Secretary of State, but he very rarely coming to the *Bastille*, for during above eleven Years that I was there, I never saw him once, nor any one from him; he has appointed for his Substitute, Monsieur *d' Argenzon*, Lieutenant of the Civil Government of *Paris*, and lately made Councillor of State, who has under him the Commissary of the *Bastille*, whose Name is Monsieur *Camuset*, his Secretaries, Registers, Interpreters, and other Officers; and when any one is to be try'd for his Life, he has an Order from the King's Privy Council, which appoints him Judge above any Appeal, with a certain Number of Councillors of the *Chatelet*, whom *d' Argenzon* always takes at his own Choice; so that he has the sole Disposal as to Life and Death of all, whom he causes to fall into his Snares; and consequently Woe to his Enemies. Besides that Minister, the Count *de Pontchartrain* had settled Monsieur *des Granges*, one of his Clerks there, who had a Sort of Inspection over the Governor and the Government of the *Bastille*, and could do much, either in Favour of, or against the Prisoners; he was a Man very fond of Money, and who did any thing for that admir'd Mettal, which is said to have been very advantageous to many Prisoners.

I will begin my Descriptions with Mr. *d' Argenzon*. He is Son to a Lieutenant of the Court, call'd, *The Presidial of Angouleme*, who becoming Intendant of a Province, was sent by the King upon some Negotiation to *Venice*, where the *Sieur d' Argenzon* was born; and he has all the Wit and Sharpness of the *Venetians*,

Venetians, and all the Dexterity and Activity of the *French*. The Voice of the Publick says, *He has no Soul*; as that is an invisible Being, the Idea whereof has so much puzzl'd *Descartes*, *Malle-Branche*, *Cordemoy*, *Robaut*, *Lamy*, and so many others, only God can decide it. I shall therefore only speak of his Qualities, and his Body. As for the latter, when he is clad like a Magistrate, in his Black Robe, he looks like a Shade come from *Acheron*. It is hard to tell whether his Hat, his Wig, his Eyebrows, his Eyes, his Face, or his Gown is blackest; it does not belong to me to put his Soul to them; the Reason I have given before. His Countenance is hideous, it is requisite to have seen him to believe it. No Man, tho' ever so undaunted, can avoid being seiz'd with Horror at the Sight of it. He has a dreadful Austerity, a frightful Look, a dreadful Malice, and an insatiable Avarice. Lay aside his Magistracy, and in a private Capacity he is a Man of an agreeable Conversation, very learned, very polite, and, bating his Person, altogether charming. Notwithstanding all the Employments, which lye a heavy Burden upon him, and which would furnish Business enough for Twenty of the ablest Men in *France*, he has Leisure for them all, well or ill, and takes Care to make the most of them. He is equally hated in *Paris* and dreaded; and tho' he is not belov'd by any Person whatsoever, nor even by his own Family, he goes on boldly every where, with the same Undauntedness, as if he were belov'd by all Mankind, because he is thoroughly acquainted with the inside of the *Parisians*. If he has done them any Kindness, in ridding them of Pickpockets and Lewd Women, he still does them more Harm; but we may say his Fury fell upon the Prisoners in the *Bastille*. There his Malice is bounded by no Consideration, either human or divine; for his only End being to please the King, he does it to the Cost of all those who fall into his Hands; and under Colour of administering the Justice of one of the Greatest and

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most Judicious Monarchs in the World, he there exercises the most cruel Tyranny in the Universe, without excepting of Hell, for there the *Devils* are only the objects, or the Instruments of God's Wrath and Justice, and only punish Criminals; whereas this Minister equally devours and oppresses the innocent and the guilty, to comply with his Avarice and other Passions. Being I shall have Occasion to speak of him more than once, I will leave him to describe the Governor.

Benigne de St. Mars was a Man of Fortune, whose right Name is not well known. One *Peter Bertrand*, of the Village of *Fuigny*, near *Estampes*, formerly a Solicitor's Clerk, whom I was particularly well acquainted with in the *Bastille*, affirm'd to me upon Oath, that *St. Mars's* right Name was *Benigne d' Auvergne*; that he had a Niece, call'd, *Anne d' Auvergne*, who was a Servant to *Monsieur de Turmeny*, with whom he the said *Bertrand* had been under a Promise of Marriage; but as that *Bertrand* is a faithless Person, and one of the greatest Cheats I ever knew, I cannot be positive in advancing any Thing upon his Word. This is certain, that *Monsieur de St. Mars* rode in the Life-Guards at the Time when *Monsieur Fouquet* was seiz'd, and that he was pitch'd upon to observe that wretched Minister closely in his Confinement; because it was thought a Man more stern and inexorable than he could not be found in the Kingdom, to be shut up with him, at the Time when he was remov'd to and strictly guarded in the Citadel of *Pignerol*. He perform'd his Part so well, that is, with so much Inhumanity, that the Count *de Lauzun*, after his Disgrace, was also committed to his Custody. The brutal Savageness with which that Tyrant treated those illustrious unfortunate Persons, has something in it so dreadful, that it would put the *Dionysij* and the *Nero's* to the Blush. Lest my Pen should be charg'd with Lightness, I will produce one Instance, which I had from his trusty Nephew, and which he related as an Heroick Act of his Unkle, to his unhappy Victims,

ims, to give them some Impression of the Severity of their Goaler, and strike a Terror into the most undaunted, in Order to make them bow under the Iron Rod.

That unfortunate Count designing to make his Escape out of the cruel Hands of his inhuman Tyrant, caus'd Cords, Files, and other Instruments fit for that Purpose to be brought him, by his *Valet de Chambre*. They were surpriz'd in the Execution of their Design; the Count *de Lauzun* was carry'd down into a dismal Dungeon, under the Citadel. His unfortunate *Valet de Chambre* was try'd and hang'd. *St. Mars* would add to the rest of the Count's, now Duke's Misfortunes, that of Hanging the dead Body of his Servant at the Battlements of his Prison, that he might have that horrid Spectacle continually before his Eye, in a Place where that Nobleman lying on Straw, fed with Bread and Water, had no other Comfort but the Ideas of his past Grandeur. Being without Books, without any Employment, and only visited by his barbarous Keeper, when he brought him Bread; the Count not knowing how to divert himself, had taught a little Spider there was in his Dungeon, to come down to his Hand, to receive some Bread he gave it. One Day *St. Mars* happen'd to come in at the Time when the Count was entertaining himself with the Spider; he gave him an Account of that pretty Amusement, and the Brute perceiving that the Count took some Delight in it, crush'd the Spider in his Hand, telling him, *That such Criminals as he, were unworthy of the least Diversion.* The Duke *de Lauzun*, after he was restor'd to Favour, protested to *St. Mars*, *That of all the ill Turns he had done him, that had appear'd to him the most insupportable, not excepting the hanging of his Servant at the Grates of his Dungeon.* So certain it is, that any Trifle discomposes a Man, when he is under Affliction, and that the greatest Souls, when they have withstood the fiercest Assaults of angry Fortune, sometimes

sink under such a Weakness, as would make them blush, if they were in a Condition to examine the Inconsiderableness of the Chimera that offends them.

If *St. Mars* had exercis'd such Cruelties towards a Favourite of the King's, as his Nephew related it, not only to me, but to several other credible Prisoners, some of whom are now actually at the *Hague*, I leave any one to guess what he might do to unfortunate Creatures, who had no Friends to support them.

Monfieur Fouquet being dead, and the late *Mademoiselle* having restor'd the Duke *de Lauzun* to the King's Favour, *St. Mars* had the Government of the Isles of *Hieres*, as a Reward for the Cruelties he had exercis'd on those two unhappy Gentlemen. There, being at a Distance from the Sun, he exercis'd unheard of Cruelties, if I may believe some of my Fellow Prisoners, who had been under the Correction of *St. Mars*, in the Island of *St. Margaret*. They accus'd him of carrying on his Rage so far as to starve to Death, and stifle several of his Prisoners, whose Allowance he nevertheless receiv'd, as if they had been living, long after their Death. At last *Monfieur de Bessieux*, Governor of the *Bastille*, dying, *Monfieur des Granges*, Clerk to the Count *de Pontchartrain*, and Father-in-law to *St. Mars's* Son, procur'd that Government for his Son-in-law's Father, and obtain'd it of the King. *St. Mars* was a very ugly little Man, and ill-shap'd, and look'd to be near 80 Years of Age, when I saw him first, bow'd, shaking, and terrible hasty, swearing and blaspheming continually, and to Appearance always in a Passion, hard-hearted, inexorable, and cruel in the highest Degree.

William de Formanoir, call'd *Corbe*, his Nephew, was still more deform'd, more misshapen, and more wicked than his Uncle. The *Turn-keys*, and particularly *Ru*, who hated him mortally, freely declar'd to the Prisoners, and *Ru* has told me several times, that

Corbe

Corbe was the Son of a Gardiner at *Montfort Lamorny*, in the Province of *Beauvais*. His Unkle *St. Mars*, by his Interest, had brought him from the Hoe and the Rake, to raise him to the Post of Sub-lieutenant in one of those Companies call'd *Salades*, which he had held under his Unkles Protection 17 or 18 Years, and where he would certainly have been cashier'd at last, had not his Unkle ridded the Company of him, to make him a Scourge to us. He was above 50 Years of Age the first time that I saw him. His Forehead, which is not above an Inch broad, looks like a Slip of burnt Parchment, under which are sunk two little Eyes, like those of a roasted Pig, as black as Sloes. He has a Nose as sharp at the end as a Suppositor, the Nostrils gaping like Extinguishers. He can easily hear himself talk, for his Mouth reaches to his Ears; his Mouth takes up two Thirds of his Face; his Teeth are all rotten, and stink intolerably, being dy'd as Black as Ebony, with continual Smoaking of Tobacco. When he laughs, he opens his Mouth, and shuts his Eyes, after a ridiculous manner. His Chin might pass for a *Shooemaker's* Polisher. He goes bent upon a Pair of Trapstick Legs, crooked like a Beagles; and yet his Mind is more mishapen and distorted than his Body.

Monsieur du Joncas, the King's Lieutenant, was a Gentleman of the Country about *Bordeaux*, he was an Exempt of the Guards, when he was made an Officer in the *Bastille*; a Man of a mean Stature, but well shap'd, being above 60 Years of Age, having good and bad Qualities, like all other Men. As for my own particular, having never receiv'd any thing but Kindness from him, I am oblig'd to tell my Opinion sincerely. His good Qualities were far more prevalent than the others. He was friendly, affable, mild, and courteous; he never said one disobliging Word to me; on the contrary, he always endeavour'd to comfort me, and it was none of his Fault that I did not obtain my Liberty. The last Word he said

to me, a little before he dy'd, was, That he would either get me out, or his Interest should be worth nothing. Whilst he liv'd, he lent me several Books, and openly declar'd for me, against the Tyranny of *Corbe*. Being inform'd that *la France*, whom his Master had prefer'd to be a Turn-key, had given me ill Language, he was in such a Passion, that he would have sent him to the Dungeon, and protested, That if he ever durst presume to affront the meanest Prisoner, he would turn him out, like a Rascal as he was, notwithstanding his Master's Protection. Those who complain'd of Monsieur *du Joncas*, accus'd him of being restless, full of Action, turbulent, severe to Extremity, and of never speaking the Truth; and yet I protest he always spoke to me sincerely. He did me many Kindnesses, which he did not other Prisoners, either because he was convinc'd of my Innocence, or because he was particularly acquainted with a near Relation of mine, a Counsellor in the Parliament of *Guienne*, who had oblig'd him, as he told me, several times. It is true it was Monsieur *du Joncas* who first caus'd double Doors to be put to all the Chambers, and outward Grates to several Windows, to deprive the Prisoners of the Prospect of the Streets of *Paris*; and in most of the Chambers he left only one Window open, which has been very prejudicial to the Prisoners Healths, among whom he would allow no Communication; for a Hole made in a Chimney, or on the Floor, to talk to their Neighbours, was with him an heinous Crime, which he punish'd most severely.

I believe it is needless for me to touch over the Description of *James Rosarge*, the Major, the most Brutal of Men. I have said enough of him already, and the Sequel of this Story will show, that the Prisoners could not fall into more unworthy Hands, excepting *la France*, the Turn-Key, and *Bernaville*. I say the same of *l' Ecuyer*, Captain of the Gates, who was

was yet not near so bad as the Major, and he seem'd to retain something of the Fear of God.

Abraham Reilhe, the Surgeon of the *Bastille*, a Native of *Nismes*, which is all that can be said, with the Dexterity and Suppleness of a *Languedocian*, and the Covetousness of a *Gascon*, had Nails upon his Elbows, and as sharp as *Razors*. You may guess he had a mind to make his Fortune, and in order to it, he us'd his Endeavours. He was just newly come to the *Bastille* when I went thither, the *Abbe Giraut* having brought him in, and he was list'd in a Foot Company. He had still his Soldiers Coat on, the first time I saw him, which notwithstanding a scurvy Coffee Colour it had been dipp'd in, seem'd resolv'd to retain it's original Hew to the last, and was not then far from it. This Spark was a little lively bit of a Man, very ignorant at the Bottom, for he scarce knew how to Trim, at his first coming; but to the Prisoners cost, and it cost some of them very dear, as for Instance my self, who came off with the Loss of the Tip of my Nose, and some lost their Lives, as the *Abbes Gonzelles*, of *Franche Comte*, Brothers, the Elder of whom he kill'd; for he gave him a Vomit at two in the Afternoon, when he was well in Health; at three he repeated the Dose; at five he redoubl'd it again; and at 10 that Night he dy'd in a manner distracted, with unspeakable Torments; as for his Brother he escap'd, with being maim'd of an Arm; but he is certainly more unfortunate than his elder Brother, who is dead, for Grief and Despair have distracted him, as will appear in the Sequel of this History; I say, at the Expence of his Patients, this Ignoramus is become a substantial Limb of the Corporation of Surgeons; and that which has compleated the making of him a Man of some Note, is the Death of the Apothecary of the *Bastille*, which Place he has purchas'd, by the Interest of *Bernaville*, whom he has gratify'd for it, nothing being done Gratis among those Tyrants, and in Consideration of the equal Share

he gives him of his Profits of Apothecary, the Prisoners, who before *Reilbe* was Titular Apothecary, had Plenty of all Physical Druggs, and now depriv'd of what is most necessary, sigh, endure, are are very much out of order, to say no more of it. However the Book fills never the slower, at the King's, and at the Expence of the poor sick Prisoners Health. When he first came into that Castle, he was as supple as a Glove, no Man more humble, or more courteous; but when he had cleans'd his Blockhead, every Hair whereof was full of Nits, clap'd on one of the Governors old cast Wigs, and put on an old Coat of his, he became insolent, and treated the Prisoners with insupportable Contempt; and Mr. Shaver set up for a mighty Man.

O Tempora! O Mores!

Ru was one of the Turn-Keys, about 50 Years of Age, whom the Governour had brought out of *Provence*; he had all the ways of that Country, and exceeded in all those which are universally disapprov'd. I think I have hinted something of him, and shall have Occasion to speak of him more than once.

He contributed not a little towards making the other two Turn-Keys appear less wicked than they were; tho' perhaps better Lads to serve the Prisoners than they never came into the *Bastille*. *Boutonniere* was a *Parisian*, a Button Maker, by Profession, a true *Israelite*, without Fraud, or Guile, compassionating the Miseries of the Prisoners, and I can say, the Cruelties us'd to me mov'd him to Tenderness, even to shedding of Tears for my Sufferings.

But *Bourgouin* especially, deserv'd another Fate than that of Turn-Keys, and accordingly he stay'd not long in the *Bastille*. He was a *Burgundian*, had serv'd among the Dragoons, where he was Quarter-Master, when *Abbe Girant*, who was gone to buy Wine of *Bourgouins* Unkle, who was a Curate in *Burgundy*, drew

drew him thence, under Colour of making his Fortune, and when he had him to the *Bastille*, fasten'd him to the Collar of Misery. But he was so far from contracting the Savageness that Employment is apt to communicate, that he was civil, modest, affable, and obliging; and without wronging his Masters, he delighted in doing good to all the Prisoners. I have not seen one but what had a tender Affection for him.

I have reserv'd the Directors of the Consciences of the Male and Female Prisoners, at least of such as had the Misfortune to give ear to them, to conclude my Descriptions. The best at last.

Abbe Giraut, Chaplain in Ordinary to the *Bastille*, a *Provençal* also, whom *St. Mars* brought from the Island of *St. Margaret*. It was said, that his good Master *St. Mars* had no Soul; but it was a great Mistake, for that charitable Priest was the Soul of *St. Mars*; for *St. Mars* was animated only by him; by him he swore; by him he fled, and by him he tyranniz'd. The *Abbe* was *St. Mars*'s Spring, and *St. Mars* was the *Abbe*'s Machine. He was a Clod mov'd by another. He acted nothing but by the *Abbe*, he blew with all the Lungs he had, tho' they were reckon'd to be rotten, upon that old Firebrand, to make it burn the fiercer, and consume all that was about it. He gave him to understand, that it was God's Design, who made Use of his pious Ministry, to punish the wicked. That zealous Chaplain was the Cook of the *Bastille*, when I came into it; but *Corbe* finding him too lavish, slipp'd into his Place to shorten the Allowances, banish'd all Niceties out of the Kitchen, and converted the wholesome Ox Beef into Poor Cow, which *Bernaville*, still improving upon him has turn'd into Carrion. The Chaplain, till the Death of *St. Mars*, kept the Employment of Butler of the *Bastille*, and if CHRIST's Charity prevail'd with him to convert Water into Wine, that detestable Steward to be an *Anti Christ* in all Respects, without any
Miracle,

Miracle, found out the Art of changing Wine into Water. He was so far from going to comfort the Prisoners in their Chambers, as he out ought in Duty to have done, that I never saw him come into ours but once, the Day before the Count *de Pontchartrain* was to have visited the *Bastille*, but did it not, being satisfy'd with causing it to be done by Monsieur *d'Argenson*, to desire me in the Name of his good Master and exhort me in a Christin manner, not to complain of my ill Diet, and more especially not to discover, that we were left all the Winter without any other Fire, besides that of a wretched Candle; promising me in St. *Mars's* Name, and swearing on the Word of a Priest, that I should not only be supply'd with every thing I had occasion for, but that being both of them convinc'd of my Innocence, they would use their utmost Endeavours to procure me my Liberty. I pretended to believe him; I said never a Word, seeing none but *Argenson* make the Visitation; and yet I was worse us'd than before. Tho' he never visited the Prisoners, it was not so with the Women, among whom he was intruding, at least among those that were worth the Trouble. It is an horrid thing to hear the Abominations the Prisoners related, and of which several affirm'd they had been Eye Witnesses.

Young Monsieur *Schrader* of *Pec*, a Gentleman of the Town of *Hame*, in the Country of *Hanover*, a very clever Youth, and of singular Worth, protested to me that he saw through some Holes made in the Floor, a Woman, whose Name was *Fleury*, and a young Wench, call'd *Marton*, stark naked, and that wicked Goat committed such horrid Crimes, that I should be asham'd to defile my Pen with them, and would to God I could as easily blot them out of my Memory; that *Corbe* partook of those infamous Pleasures, and that they had both of them debauch'd a young Damsel, call'd *Bondy*, of a charming Beauty. Monsieur *de Pec's* elder Brother, who was afterwards in the same Chamber, and the *Abbe Papafaredo*, an *Italian* Priest, saw and affirm'd

firm'd the same thing. One *John Alexander vander Bourg*, a *Hollander*, who said he was of *Amsterdam*, protested to me, that it was but too certain, telling me frightful Circumstances, which were attested by many other credible Prisoners. When those infamous Persons had a Woman or Maid they lik'd, at their Disposal; if she did not comply with their Brutalities, they thrust her into some hideous Dungeon, to oblige her to yield and consent, and if she did so, she wanted for nothing. Those upright Managers plentifully supply'd her with all the most delicious Things for this Life; the most exquisite Wild Fowl, the choicest Wine, the best of Sweet-Meats, the finest sort of Pastry; nothing was spar'd, for all things were lavishly given them; so that when their Lovers were gone, they plentifully supply'd all their Neighbours, that were over or under them. Young *Monsieur Schrader de Pec*, who had been alone over several of them, and afterwards in their Company, in the same Place, has sworn to me, that *la Fleury* and *Mar-ton* had resolv'd to get him down into their Room, and that they had desir'd their Gallants to give them a Spit to Roast their Partridges and Quails, under Colour of having them hotter to eat, but in Reality, to lend it *Monsieur Schrader*, for him to make a Hole in his Chimney, which he was going to put in Execution, when they brought him for Companions, the *Abbe Papassaredo*, and one *Nicholas Sandro*, a very good Youth of the Village of *Hayes d' Avesne*, towards *Hainault*, other Eye Witnesses of those Abominations. I had a Conversation with the last of them, which I shall maintain in the Sequel of this History. The same Day that the *Abbe Papassaredo* and *Sandro* were put in with *Monsieur Schrader*, over those Women, they gave them enough to feast so well, that *Papassaredo*, who had been long famish'd, fill'd himself so full, that he had lik'd to have burst; he eat so much Sweet-Meats and drunk so much *Spanish* Wine, that he vomited all the Night, and his Companions had
enough

enough to do to cleanse their Chamber of that Filth, because the Scent of the Wine and the Sweet-Meats could not but have discover'd them the next Day. This Digression is somewhat long, but very necessary, to shew the Integrity of that pious and charitable Chaplain; who, being a Man of indifferent Stature, has a Face like a Vizor, with great rolling Eyes, a long hook'd Nose, like a Parrot's Beak, an out-standing Mouth like a Black's, and a Complexion of a Lead and Olive Colour, continually spitting and complaining of an Oppression in his Chest. In other Respects, as neat as any Finical Priest, his Hat always shining, his Wig very fair, and well powder'd, his curious Band, set in print, with which the nicest Nun could not have found the least Fault, his Bandstrings the sprucest, his Silk Stockings extreamly tight, and his Shooes the most finical. We afterwards discover'd, as shall appear in the Sequel, that he was not satisfy'd with only his Damsels the Prisoners, but that he was also admir'd by certain Nuns, who loaded him with Presents and Billets doux, one of which, Chance, and his Avarice, caus'd to fall into our Hands, as shall appear hereafter.

F. Riquelet. of the venerable Society, by his uncooth and clownish Mien, appears to be one of the dullest of all the *Jesuits*, but in the Bottom is one of the sharpest and most impenetrable. He is all over Subtilty; he is stuff'd with mental Reservation, and crafty in the highest Degree. I know not whether it was his natural Disposition, or the infectious Air of the *Bastille*, that made him lye; but he never spoke Truth to the Prisoners, his spiritual Children, either lawful, or Profelytes, for which Reason, he had got the Nick-Name of the *Spiritual Waterman*, or, the *Charmer of Snakes*. I heard eleven Prisoners distributed into three Chambess, give each other a faithful Account of the Discourse each of them in particular and separately had with that good Father, on one and the same Day, all which differ'd

differ'd and contradicted one another, when compar'd together. He never looks a Man in the Face, his Eyes being always fix'd on the Ground; and it is easy to observe how much he is put to it, to find out Answers suitable to his Designs, or to those of the Persons that employ him. He has one great Fault, which is, that his Memory fails him, which is a great Defect in a considerable Lyar. I shall hereafter relate how dear it cost me for having suffer'd my self to be deluded by that Crafts-master, through the Desire of obtaining my Liberty, and having counterfeited to listen favourably to that Impostor; for he certainly was one of those who contributed most towards my being so long detain'd, and the principal Instrument of my Torments. God have Mercy on, and convert him, and all wicked Men. The first Thing the Prisoners recommended to a new Comer, was to be aware of *F. Riquelet*, who made no Scruple of revealing the Prisoners Confession to the Ministers of the *Bastille*, as many have unfortunately found by Experience, and affirm'd to me, especially what they held most sacred.

I ought also to say something here of him they call *la France*, but I shall defer it till I bring him upon the Stage, where he acted one of the most cruel Parts.

I have already said, that I continu'd in the Chamber call'd, *the second of the Chapel* from the 16th of *May*, the Day I was taken into Custody, till the 31st of *July* following. During that Time, nothing considerable happen'd that could come to my Knowledge, because none were permitted to visit me but the Flies, the Rats, and my Tyrants. I every Night constantly heard a dead Noise, as if Money had been coin'd over again in the *Bastille*. That Noise which seem'd to come from some subterraneous Place under the Garden, began exactly half an Hour after Ten at Night, and continu'd just till One. It was the same Cadence, the same Interval, the same Noise, and all the

the Motions of the Ballance of a Clock, and continu'd every Day, without Intermiffion, except *Sunday*, and I thought they either coin'd falfe Money, or new ftamp'd the good. They were covetous and wicked enough to add that Crime to all the reft they were guilty of. It happen'd alfo that a Sergeant of the Company fell off from the Curtin into the Ditch, and was kill'd. I had Thoughts of giving Notice to the Officers, that the Workmen, who had been fome Days at Work about the Curtin of the Caftle, had laid the Scaffolds fo ill, that thofe who fhould pafs along them, were in Danger of hurting themfelves, but it happen'd unfortunately, that the Major came to be with me at Supper, and he was fo drunk, that I could never make him underftand Reafon. About Eleven at Night I heard the Sergeant ask the Sentinel, *Whether he might pafs over the Plank without Danger?* Yes, answer'd the Soldier, *provided you keep clofe to the Wall.* That was exactly the worft Way, and perhaps the Soldier did it to be reveng'd for fome Strokes he had receiv'd with the Halbard. I having heard that dangerous Advice, got up as foon as I could, to tell him not to follow it; but the very Moment I open'd my Window, crying out to him to go over on the other Side, I heard the Plank give Way under him, and the poor Man fall into the Ditch, from above 36 Foot in Height, where I exhorted him the beft I could to ask Pardon of God for his Sins, and to recommend his Soul to him. It was very long before they came to help him, and with much Difficulty got him up; for there is only a winding Stair-Cafe to go down into the Ditch, down which a Man who is no way incumber'd, has Trouble enough to pafs. Two Days after, he dy'd, being all bruif'd, in violent Pains, as the Major told me. He affur'd me, *That the Governor was very much concern'd, the dead Perfon being a Gentleman of fingular Worth, a brave Officer, and much belov'd by the Soldiers.* Only the laft Article was true; for the unfortunate
Sergeant

Sergeant was a poor Taylor by Profession, who work'd for the Prisoners, who are all cloath'd at the King's Cost, when they have not their Liberty to write to their Friends, and the Governor had given him the Halbard, tho' he had never serv'd, to have his Cloaths made the cheaper. I must observe, by the by, that the Gallery I have spoken of, which is only a Wooden one, and runs quite round the *Bastille*, costs the King more than if he had caus'd it to be made of *Parian* Marble, or Jasper Stone; for there is every Year a considerable Number of Workmen employ'd about it. The King is put upon; but what matters it? The Officers find their Account in it, and so do the Workmen.

I was afterwards inform'd, *That there were Prisoners in the Room over mine*: I endeavour'd to make Signals, and knock'd against the Floor with a Piece of the Bottom of my Bed; but could not prevail with them to make a Hole on their Floor, to talk to me. However, I was since told, *That it was one Bromfield, an English Quaker, who had follow'd King James, who was in that Chamber, with the Curate of Lery, as the latter acquainted me five or six Months after.*

One Night, when I was in Bed, and slept quietly, notwithstanding the Horror of the Place I lay in, and the Hardness of my Couch, I was awak'd by the Noise of the Bolts at Midnight; and on a sudden I saw the Major come, drunk as usual, who, in a Rage, ask'd, *What made me sing in a strange Tongue?* adding, *that the Governor would know the Reason of it; and that the Sentinel had heard me sing in English.* I told him, *That besides that the Posture he found me in, might serve him for an Answer: I did not conceive how a Man could sing in Hell, and that I scarce knew how to ask for Necessaries in English.* However, I have since heard Singing, and by People of a far different Character than the Singers at the Opera, which has not been one of my least Grievances. *Ru*, who bore him Company, tho' not more rational than he, yet not so full of Wine,

Wine, affirm'd, *He was mistaken, as well as the Sentinel, who had taken one Chamber for another, and that he fancy'd it was he that had sung.* In short, I understood afterwards that it was the *Quaker*. They shut the Door again, and left me to meditate on that extravagant Adventure.

All my Employment in that Room, was to reconcile my self sincerely with the Sovereign Lord; to plunge into my nothing; to recollect the Disorders of my Youth, in order to detest them from the Bottom of my Heart; to devote my self entirely to God, and to make firm Resolutions to direct all my Actions for the future by the Rule of his divine Laws; to keep him always present before my Eyes, and to consecrate to him the very least of my Thoughts. I got a Custom not to go about any Action, tho' never so inconsiderable, without first begging his Direction, that I might perform it according to his Will. In the Morning when I awak'd, I quickly anticipated my Thoughts, that I might offer him the first Fruits of them; and this I constantly did afterwards; and I did then, and do still, reap great Advantage by it. I made abundance of Verses during my Confinement. But let us proceed on the History.

I had been just two Months and an half in the second Room of the Chapel, when on the 31st of *July*, about three in the Afternoon, after the usual rumbling of the Keys the Bolts, the Doors, and the Eccho's, I saw the Major, *de Ru*, and another whose Face I knew not, came into my Chamber: *Rosarge*, after his ridiculous Ceremonies, whereof he was not sparing, bid me dress my self. How, Sir, said I to him, *is my Liberty restor'd!* No Sir, reply'd he, *it is only a little Alteration, a little Alteration, by Order of the Governor, who will have your Chamber White-Wash'd.* Whilst I was putting off my Gown, to dress me, the Major's two Assistants laid hold of my Cloaths, and he gave me his Hand with a ridiculous Gravity, to go out of the Room

Room, and down the Stairs. The Door was shut, and I never return'd to that Tower during all the rest of my Confinement. I was carry'd across the Court, where I saw no Creature, without saying, whither they were carrying me. The Major open'd the Door of another Tower, call'd, *Bertaudiere*, as I was afterwards inform'd, and having gone up 25 or 30 Steps, I was carry'd into a Place where there was no Light. I would have ask'd the Major, *What I had done to the Governor, that he should put me into such an horrid Place?* But, without answering one single Word, they threw my Cloaths into a Loop-Hole in the Wall, and shut the Door hastily upon me. I fell to meditate on this Adventure, but without being discompos'd. It was a little eight corner'd Place, about 12 or 13 Foot wide every Way, and much about the same Height. The Dirt was about a Foot thick on the Floor, which hinder'd discovering that it was made of Plaister. All the Loop-Holes were stopp'd up, except two, which were grated. Those Loop-Holes were two Foot wide within next the Room, and went narrowing outwards, like a Cone, in the Thickness of the Wall to the End, which next the Ditch was not half a Foot in Width, and even there was shut up by a very close Iron Lattice: The Light passing through that Lattice, being also check'd by the Thickness of the Wall, which is 10 Foot on that Side, by the Grate, and by a Window which shut to, in the Chamber, being of very thick Glass, and very dirty, that Light was so weak, that when it reach'd the Room, it was scarce sufficient to distinguish Objects, and was but a false Glimmering; so that a Man must lean upon the Loop-Hole to be able to read, when the Sun was directly upon it; and very often in *August* they were fain to burn Candle to light me to dine. The Walls of the Room were very dirty, and spoil'd with Filth. The neatest Part was a Plaister Ceiling, very smooth and white. All the Furniture was a little Folding Table,

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ble, very old and broken, and a little broken Bottom Rush-Chair, so disjointed, that there was scarce any sitting on it. The Room was so full of Fleas, that I was cover'd with them in a *Moment*, and my Cloaths look'd as if they had been black. For my Comfort against that Inconveniency, occasion'd by those Insects, *Ru* afterwards told me, *That the Occasion of it was, that the Prisoner who was just gone out of that Place, us'd to make no Difficulty of pissing against the Walls, which were adorn'd with the Names of several Prisoners.* These are such as I can remember, *Mark Linch*, an *Irish* Captain, taken up the 25th of *June*, 1699, and brought hither without knowing for what; he was a brave and fine Man, as I shall observe in the Sequel, for I shall have Occasion enough to speak of him. *Peter Linck*, of *Lintz*, in *Austria*; *John Castel*, of the *Sevennes*, he had writ on the Door and Wall, *John Castel, of St. Hypolite in the Sevennes, of the pretended Reformed Religion, brought hither without knowing for what.* *Francis Doublet*; *F. Poiret*, Steward to the *Duke de Chevreuse*; and several more I have forgot. About seven of the Clock, *Ru* brought me a little Field Bed of Girts, a little Quilt, or Mattrafs, a Feather Boulster, a scurvy green Rug, full of Holes, and so full of frightful Vermin, that I had enough to do to cleanse it, and a Pair of clean Sheets. I can protest I was attack'd by the four Mendicant Orders, who gave me much Trouble. I would willingly have sent them back to the Monasteries, their proper Habitations. This was the first Time in my Life that I was afflicted with those vile Guests, and, thro' God's Goodness, it was the last, for I was not troubled with one afterwards, during all my Imprisonment. I complain'd grievously to the Turn-key of my Usage; I pray'd him to tell me, *What I had done to the Governour, to be so abus'd; and whether he would put one of his Footmen into such a wretched Bed as he gave me?* All his Answer was, *That I must have Patience, and that it was for my Advantage that I was so serv'd.* He shut

Shut the Door hastily, and left me to reflect at Leisure on the wretched Condition I was reduc'd to. The sovereign Comforter made me bear so fatal an Affliction peaceably, I offer'd him that Cross, and conjur'd him to strengthen me to bear it with Resolution. About Nine at Night, *Ru* brought me a very poor Supper, and lighted my Candle, for I had still two of the four he had brought me at first. No Officer came with *Ru*; it is likely they forbore coming, to save hearing the Reproaches I should certainly have bestow'd on them, on Account of my bad Food, my Chamber, which was call'd, *the light Dungeon*, and the Irregularity of my Furniture.

I supp'd very ill, and lay worse; for besides my troublesome Guests who tormented, and did not permit me to close my Eyes all the Night, the Stench of the Room was intolerable. Every Quarter of an Hour during the Night, the Sentinel rung a Bell, that was so near my Chamber, that I thought it had been at my Ears, besides the Sentinel's crying, *Who comes there?* after a dreadful manner; and during all the Time I continu'd in that Chamber, that is, from the 31st of *July* till the 28th of *September*, I could not get a Broom to clean my Dungeon. Add to this, that from the Day before I was secur'd, I had not chang'd my Shirt, nor did I shift me till the 21st of *November* following. The Shirt I had on, which was very fine, turn'd brown, and yet it was not rotten, and when it had been well wash'd, it serv'd me four Years longer, by means of the Repairs I learn'd to make in it, which is one of the principal Employments among the Prisoners. The best of it was, that they had a good Quantity of very fine Linnen of mine; for the *Saturday* before my Commitment, I had given all my foul Linnen to my Laundress at *Versailles*; and having acquainted *Corbe* that it was very good, with fine *Mecblin*, and other Lace, he took a Note of it, sent to *Versailles*, caus'd my Linnen to be brought, at least what I had deliver'd to

my Laundress, made me sign the Receipt of it about the 8th of *June*, and kept it till the 21st of *November*; when he restor'd it to me half worn out, tho' I had bought it but a little before my Imprisonment. I saw him wear my Linnen ten Times at least; I knew my Shirts and Cravats when he had them on, whilst I was as dirty as a Chimney-Sweeper; and when I threaten'd to knock at the Door, to complain to the Governor, he again threaten'd to throw me into a Dungeon in Irons. In Conclusion, he and *Ru* pillag'd all the best I had, and wore the rest; for I saw it upon *Ru* twenty Times, who laugh'd heartily when I took Notice of it, and said, *He would restore it*. When I gave him any Linnen to wash, the best Piece was always lost by the Laundress; or else he spar'd me the Trouble of asking for it again, by saying, *A Scoundrel had got into his Chamber, and stole it*; and that perhaps was the truest Word he spoke to me. *Ru* affirm'd to me several Times, that my Linnen had done *Corbe* much Credit and Pleasure, because he had none at all, and he several Times told him before me, *That he had but one Shirt when he came into the Bastille, and that he was forc'd to lend him one to shift him*.

I descend to these Particulars, to show how far those People carry'd their Slights, their Knavery, and their Barbarity towards Prisoners; for what can be harder than to leave a Man above 6 Months without Linnen to shift him, having a considerable Quantity belonging to him in their Hands? My whole Business was hunting of Vermin, and I made such a Slaughter of that devouring Game, that I utterly destroy'd them, without leaving so much as one of them.

When the Turn-key brought Meat to our Tower, I listen'd, and heard he went into seven Lodgings, three under, and three over mine; and I have been inform'd, that there are in that, which is a double Tower, two dark Dungeons, one above another, the
lowest

lowest the most dismal. I was put into such a one in the Tower of *Liberty*. The first Room under mine was exactly like that I was in : There are but four such in the *Bastille*, viz. The first and second in the Tower of *Bertaudiere*, and the first and second in the Tower of *Baziniere*. I have describ'd mine, which may give an Idea of the three others. The Room above mine, was call'd, the *Third* ; I have been inform'd, it was handsome and light enough, as well as the fourth, and lastly, the uppermost, call'd there the *Calotte*, because it has a rising Roof like a Cap ; having been in it, I shall describe it by and by. I have been assur'd, that all the *Calottes* are alike ; but the Rooms are all different. On the other Side the Stair-Case, in the same Tower, I was told there were four Rooms, and a *Calotte*, like those I have describ'd, which I could never be perfectly inform'd of.

Since I have given a Plan of the Tower, call'd, *de la Bertaudiere*, I will next give that of the whole *Bastille*, that Place so famous, and so much dreaded, not only by the *French*, but even by Strangers, well deserves to describ'd.

It was formerly the Gate of *Paris*, that led to the Suburb of *St. Antony* ; but *Hugh d' Aubriot*, a *Burgundian*, who, by the Favour of the Duke of *Burgundy* advanc'd considerably at the Court of *France*, where he had the Charge of the Revenue, and was Provost of the Merchants of *Paris*, chang'd it into a *Bastille*, or *Fortress*, the Foundation whereof he laid on the 23d of *April* 1369, according to *du Tillet*, by Order of King *Charles V.* When he had finish'd that enormous Structure, he was the first that was shut up in it ; for at the Suit of the Clergy he was adjudg'd to end his Days between four Walls, for Impiety and Heresy, and for having been a Cruel Enemy to the University. A parcel of Mutiniers, who were call'd *Maillotins*, and made an Insurrection on Account of Taxes, in the beginning of the Reign of *Charles* the 6th, in the Year 1381, under a Ringleader, whose

Name was *Caboche*, an Out-law, broke open the Prisons, and drew out that *Aubriot*, whom they chose for their Captain; but he left them the very Night of the same Day they had set him at Liberty, and fled to his own Country of *Burgundy*, where he dy'd soon after. The Writers of those Days say, this *Hugh d' Aubriot* had once a considerable Post at Court, and that besides the *Bastille*, he erected other fine Structures at *Paris*, as *St. Michael's Bridge*, which was then a Wooden one, the *Petit Pont*, or a little Stone Bridge, the little *Chatelet*, and the Walls of *St. Antony's Gate* along the *Seine*. Those who were disaffected to the House of *Burgundy*, declar'd against him, and occasion'd his Troubles. He was of the same Family as *John d' Aubriot* of *Dijon*, Bishop of *Chalons on Saone*, from the Year 1342 till 1350. Thus much of the Founder, of whom I have thought fit to give an Idea, before I speak of the Structure.

The *Bastille* is seated on the left Hand of the *Seine*, next to the *Arsenal*. The entrance into it from *St. Antony's Street* is at a Gate, which has an advanc'd *Corps de Garde*; within that is a Draw-Bridge, and a great Gate, which leads to the Governor's Apartment, all new, built at the King's charge, within a Year, by *Bernaville*, and it is very fine. It is fit that such a Man as he should distinguish himself, and not lodge in an old Palace, which till his time had only serv'd to shrow'd some wretched Princes, or other Governors of less Note than a Livery Knight. That Apartment is parted from the Bottom of the *Bastille*, which consists of eight large Towers and the Intervals, by a Ditch, over which is also another Draw-Bridge, and a strong great Gate leads to a *Corps de Garde*, where the Officers and Soldiers are to guard the *Bastille*. Besides that, there is a large and strong Barrier, the Points of it set with Iron Spikes, which divides the *Corps de Garde* from the great Court, and makes the Soldiers Masters of it; for if the Prisoners by surprize could find means to get down into the
great

great Court, in order to get out they must force the Barrier, before they made themselves Masters of the *Corps de Garde*, and the Soldiers might easily fire upon them between the Pallisadoes of the Barrier, which has a Gate made of thick Pieces of Wood cross'd, with open Intervals, and to be lock'd, which is the way into the great Court, which is a spacious long Square, as near as I could guess 120 Foot in Length, and 80 in Breadth. This Court leads to all the Towers except two, and their Height, and vast Bulk, set with Iron Grates, make the Court look dreadful. Within the Barrier, on the Right Hand, is an Appartment, in which are the Lodgings of some Subaltern Officers, the Soldier who is Taylor to the *Bastille*, and some Prisoners, who have the Liberty of the Courts, and who may stile themselves *the Governor's Favorites*; but I have been inform'd, that since he who at present has the Post, there are very few of that sort of Prisoners in that Appartment; for *Bernaville* knows no other Favourites but his Fortune. Adjoining to that Appartment, still on the Right, is the Tower call'd *de la Comte*; next that nam'd *du Tresor*, then about the Middle of the Court is an Arch, which was formerly the Gate of *Paris*, and in which at present they have contriv'd several Appartments, and in one of them was the Baron *de Sacinet*, when I came out of the *Bastille*, who was taken during the first Troubles of *Naples*, whither he was gone to serve the Emperor, and brought into *France*, with the Prince *de la Riccia*, about the beginning of the Year 1702. Next follows the Body of the ancient Chappel, whereof several Appartments have been made for Prisoners; and there I was lodg'd at my first coming, as has been said, and the same in which the Prince *de la Riccia* was still, when I came out of the *Bastille*; and then in the Angle is the Tower of the Chappel. This is what composes the Right Wing of the Court, with the strong Walls, which joyn the Towers together, the Sight whereof makes Men quake, in the

Center whereof they have form'd several Towers, to oblige the distress'd Inhabitants to drop their Pistoles for the poor Governor. At the end of the Court is a large Pile of Building, which parts the great Court from the little one, call'd, *the Court of the Well*, because there is a great Well in it, for the Service of the Kitchens; or to speak plainer, those Courts, which were formerly but one, have been separated by that Structure, which, as may be seen by it, has been Built long since the Body of the *Bastille*. That Pile, or House is divided into two, by a great Staircase, leading to the upper Appartments, and by a Passage that goes into the little Court. On the Right Hand, after going up five Steps, which go up from the great Court, is the Appartment, in which, after a Porch, is a great Hall, where Monsieur *d' Argenzon*, and the other Ministers, examine the Prisoners, when they are to try them. At the end of it is a large Closet, in which they lock up all the Goods, and Papers taken from the Prisoners. Behind the Hall, next the Court of the *Well*, are other Rooms, in one of which the Turn-keys and other Subaltern Officers eat, the others being put to other uses. On the left, coming up the same Steps, are the Kitchens and Offices, which have also a way through to the Court of the *Well*. A Wooden Staircase leads up to the Appartments, where they commonly put the Prisoners who have the Liberty of the Courts. And at the Top of that Structure, on the Right Hand, is the King's Lieutenant's Appartments, adjoining to the Kitchens, on the other side of the great Court, which makes the left Wing, coming in at the Barrier, there are Appartments going down on the Right, the Tower of *Liberty*, the Dungeons thereof runs under the Kitchen. Next to the Tower of *Liberty* is an old Appartment, in which they have made a Chapel, with Niches in it, to conceal the Prisoners, from which Niches of *Bernaville's* Contrivance, they hear Mass, in Masquerade; for besides a grated Wall and Glasses, which

which divide them from the Chapel, they draw double Curtains, which are only open'd at the Elevation. Over the Chapel, and on the sides of it, proceeding towards the Barrier, is the Tower *de la Ber-taudiere*, and then follow some old Appartments, where the Major, the Captain of the Gates, the Turnkeys, and other Servants, lodge ; lastly, in the Angle which joins to the Barrier, is the Tower *de la Bastiniere*. Before it is a little Court or Porch, which has a Communication by the Door, that is lock'd, with the *Corps de Garde*.

I have observ'd, that in the House, or Pile, which parts the two Courts, there is a sort of Gallery or Passage, leading to the Court of the *Well*. At the end of that Court, coming in on the Right, is the Tower call'd *du Coin*, or the Angle, which is parted from the Tower call'd *du Puitz*, or of the Well, by old and frightfull Appartments, being the Lodgings of the Cooks, Scullions, Servants of Prisoners, and also some Prisoners, who are shut up there in a cruel manner, as I shall mention in the Sequel of this History. The Day before I came out, I was inform'd, that for certain, Monsieur *John Cardel* of *Tours*, who had been Prisoner above 28 Years, was there still, and had never been out in three Years, when I heard him go up thither.

The Court of the *Well* is broader than it is long, the Length being not above 25 Foot, and the Breadth about 50. It is very much infected with Stink, for there the Cooks throw out their Ordure, dress their Fish, and wash their Dishes ; and there the Governor also keeps the Fowl.

Quite round this Castle was a Ditch, about 26 Foot over ; it is inclos'd with a Wall near 60 Foot high, to which has been fix'd a Wooden Gallery, with it's Parapet, which runs all round the Ditch before the Castle, and on which there is a Sentinal all the Day, to secure the Prisoners ; and at Night there are two, since the Abbe *du Bucquoit* made his Escape.

Two

Two Staircases lead up to it, and are on the Right and Left, before the great *Corps de Garde* of the Castle. In Winter, and sometimes in Summer, the Ditch is full of Water, which comes into it by the overflowing of the *Seine*, and the great Rains. Without the *Bastille*, next the Suburb of *St. Antony*, is a great Bastion, cut off from the Body of the Castle, on which they have planted Trees, and made a Garden; to which they go through a Door made in the Gallery, over against the Appartments of the Chapel. On the left of the *Bastille* is *St. Antony's Gate*, flank'd by another Bastion, which faces that of the *Bastille*, there ends the fine double Row of Trees, which have been of late Years planted round *Paris*, and which reaches from the Gate of *St. Honore* to that of *St. Antony*. Between the two Bastions is the fine Stone-Bridge of *St. Antony's Gate*, and the Town Ditches on both sides. The End of that Bridge comes upon a large Square fronting the *Bastille*, set about with stately Houses, where several handsome Streets end, and particularly that of the Suburb of *St. Antony*.

Having run through all the *Bastille*, and even the outside of it, I must return to my light Dungeon, to give an Account of what happen'd during my dismal Abode there,

The next Morning *Ru* brought me my Bread and Wine, as usual; but would not listen to, or talk to me. When he had shut my Door, and was out of the Tower, I knock'd at my Ceiling, to give Notice to those over me, that I desir'd to have some Communication with them. I knock'd on the Floor, to give the same Notice to those under me; but no Body would answer me. I must have been very idle, had it not been for my Devotions, which I redoubled as much as possible; for I had no Light above two or three Hours in a Day, at most to read, at Noon when the Sun was highest, leaning on the Edge of my Loop-hole Window.

About two of the Clock, *Ru* came alone to bring my

my Dinner; my Ordinary was much retrench'd; yet I had good Soup with toasted Bread, a Bit of tolerable Beef, a Ragout of Sheep's Tongue, and two Wigs for my Desert. I was serv'd much after the same manner, all the time I continu'd in that dismal place, and sometimes they added on my Soup the Wing, or the Leg of a Fowl, or at other times, they would put two Petty-Patees on the sides of my Soup, but I often observ'd that *Ru* had intercepted them, by the Crums that remain'd on the Edge of the Dish. At Night I had either Roast Veal, or Mutton, with a little Ragout, sometimes a Pidgeon, and sometimes, but seldom, half a Pullet, and now and then a Sallad. I return'd three parts of it to the Turn-keys, and those were his Fees, as well as the whole Loaf, the broken Bread was carry'd back to the Kitchen, to be put into the Prisoners Soup. When I was acquainted with it, I was so complaisant as not to return any Pieces; sometimes a Loaf serv'd me a whole Week; when my Stomach was at the best, I seldom eat above three Loaves a Week, so that I always return'd them at least four Loaves, and sometimes six in a Week, and whatsoever Cruelty they exercis'd towards me, when they drew me into dreadful Dungeons, where they treated me most unworthily, I never forbore doing them all the Kindnesses I could. When I had nothing but Bread, having very little Stomach, I always return'd most of it, and never any Pieces. I was well pleas'd to fulfill the Command of JESUS CHRIST, *Love your Enemies; do good to those that hate you, and Pray for those that Persecute and Slander you.* This, by the Grace of God, I always perform'd, from the Bottom of my Heart. I was still visited now and then, but seldom by *Corbe*, the Major, and the Captain of the Gates, who were not Men that could give me any Satisfaction as to my just Complaints.

I was always desirous to converse with some Body. Man is born for Society; and my Curiosity was at least

least pardonable in such dismal Solitude as mine was. The Prisoners that were under me, did not answer me; I was afterwards inform'd, they were the Curate of *Lery*, and Mr. *Bromfield*, the *Quaker*, who had been a little before over me in the third Room of the Apartments of the Chappel. Those that were over my Head, answer'd me by Signals; but there was no Possibility of making a Hole thro' the Floor, for it was very white and smooth, where the least Breach would have been easily perceiv'd. By continual Study, I found out a Method of Communicating my Thoughts to them, which was very extraordinary. I contriv'd an Alphabet in my Head, which I perform'd by striking against the Wall with a Piece of my Chair. For an *A* I struck one Stroke, for a *B* two, for a *C* three, and so on for the rest, still encreasing the Number: For Example, to express the Word *Monsieur*, for the *M* I gave 12 Strokes, and then stopt a little; then gave 14 Strokes for the *o*, and stopt again; for the *n* I gave 13, and stopt; for the *s* I gave 18, and paus'd; for the *i* I gave 9, and again made a Pause; for the *e* I gave 5, and then stop'd a Moment; for the *u* I gave 20, paus'd again; and lastly, for the *r* I gave 17, and forbore a considerable Time. Having practis'd this Contrivance an infinite Number of Times, those who were over my Head, understood it, and I was agreeably surpriz'd at their asking me, after the same Manner, *Who I was?* I told them my Name, and they made me sensible they understood me. They also told me their Names. One of them was the Count *de Brederodes*, who was afterwards brought into my Room; another Mr *Stinkson*, an *English* Banker, who liv'd in the *Turn again Lane*, in the Street call'd, *Quinquempoix*, and an *Italian* Abbe, or Priest, whose Name I could not learn: He made it his Business to conceal it, as many others did, whom I afterwards knew. Much Application and Silence being requisite for that Method of Speaking, we did not go about that Work till just ten at Night.

Night. When I had got a Companion, I gave over that tiresome Way of Talking. I was above four Years without practising of it, and even without Hearing any Discourse: But I was much surpriz'd, that after so long a Time, there came new Prisoners, who talk'd after that manner with wonderful Ease and Celerity. My Art had been brought to Perfection, but to tell by whom, is what puzzles me. It was not certainly by the Count *de Brederodes*; it must then be by Mr. *Stinkson*, by the *Italian*, or by some other one of them had acquainted with it; but in short, soon after there were few Prisoners but what learn'd that Art, and made use of it, and it was call'd, *The Way of Talking by a Stick*. The Officers knew it, and it had a very good Effect; for afterwards Monsieur *du Joncas* being dead, they were not so careful to hinder the Prisoners from conferring together at their Chimneys, through the Floors and by the Windows, after a more commodious manner, as I shall explain in its Place.

At length, on *Friday* the 8th of *September*, I was much surpriz'd to hear the Tower open'd before Four in the Morning, and to see *Ru* coming into my Room, bringing a Girt Bedstead, then he brought a Straw Bed, a Quilt, a Bouldster, a Blanket, and a deep Rush Chair, all quite new. I ask'd him the Meaning of it: *A Companion*, said he, *you are to have, a brave Fellow as ever was*: All this without having ever seen him, as I understood three Days after, for that Companion did not come till *Monday* the 11th of *September*, about Eight in the Morning. At five of the Clock I heard a great Noise in the Tower, going up and down, and the Turn-keys continually in Motion; when at last I heard my Door open, and in came a likely Man enough, but in a very bad Condition, who ran to embrace me, saying, *I was the first Man he had seen in two Years, besides his Turn-keys*. You do the Officers of Vincennes much Honour, in calling them Turnkeys, reply'd the Major,
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very haughtily, he having come along with him and Ru to my Chamber. *I tell you, Friend, reply'd the Person brought in, it is all the Honour they deserve, as well as your self, for under the Copes of Heaven, there are no greater Villains than those who consume Men with Torments, which are only fit for the damn'd, and of which only the Devils ought to be the Executioners. You are all Scoundrels unfit to live.* I was extremely surpriz'd to hear a Prisoner so freely speak such Truths to Executioners, who had an absolute and unlimited Authority over us. The proud Major hearing himself treated with *Thee* and *Thou*, went out, fearing something worse might follow, and caus'd the Door to be shut on the new Comer and me, after having thrown his Cloaths into my Chamber, which were an old Dragoon's Cloak, and a little Bundle of Linnen: The first Thing we did, when left alone, was to ask each other, *Who are you? Whence come you? Who sent you hither?* After having satisfy'd his Curiosity the best I could, he satisfy'd mine fully, for he talk'd much and well. He was but 35 Years of Age, and yet had already spent 20 Years in the King's Service, and was an Officer of Dragoons in the Regiment of *Zaile*. He had a Martial Air, was of a middle Stature, but well made and brawny; his Countenance was Manly, and the Scars on it ought to make his Judges blush, for having shut up his Valour so unjustly during two Years, out of a Motive of Avarice, and for the most hideous Thing in the World. The Matter was thus. *They had begun to enquire into the Gentry, in Order to Tax pretended Gentlemen, and return them to the Degree of Yeomen, whence they had endeavour'd to advance themselves by illegal Means.* This was very just, had not the Partisans, with unheard of Injustice, confounded the true Gentry with the Usurpers of that Title. They had obtain'd an Order of Council, directing, *That all Gentlemen should produce their Original Deeds, Certificates of their Christening, and the Contracts of Marriage of their Fathers and Grandfathers; Copies*
compar'd

compar'd with the Originals, and in due Form, were not sufficient; they must produce the very Originals; which was, in Reality, requiring an Impossibility; for the Partisans had found Means to get into their Hands most of those Originals, and had, consequently, the Power of Degrading most of the Gentry of their Gentility, especially those that are call'd, *Country Gentlemen*. My new Companion was under these Circumstances. His Name is *John Baptist de l' Ormeau*, Lord of *Falourdet*, which is a noble Estate in the Parish of *Pougy*, a Borough four Leagues from *Troy*, in *Champagn*. He prov'd his Gentility by Authentick Deeds of above 400 Years standing. He affirm'd to me, That in the Parish Church of *St. Denis*, and in several others in his Country, there were many Tombs of his Ancestors, of an unquestion'd Antiquity. He had recover'd all the Original Contracts of Marriage of his Ancestors, except that of his Great Grandfather, who had been marry'd at *Anet*, for want of which, they pretended to degrade him of his Gentility, tho' he had a Copy of it on Parchment in due Form. The Intendant of his Province had examin'd his Papers, and perceiving that single Deed was wanting, had remitted him to Monsieur d' *Argenzon*, Sub-Delegate to the Council, to judge of those Affairs. He had been with the Clerks the said *Argenzon* had appointed to examine them, who told him. *That if he would give them a Sum of Money, they would make him easy, and cause his Gentility to be confirm'd by Order of Council*. Having agreed with them for 30 Pistoles, they sent him to *Anet*, to the Heirs of the Notary who had drawn the Contract of Marriage for his Great Grandfather, to seek the Original. They were honest People, who liv'd in the Country, and for a small Matter carry'd him into a Garret, where were all the Papers belonging to the dead Notary, whose Heirs they were, and left him there alone to search those old Scroles as long as he would.

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He was very well set work to look for that which *d^r Argenfon*'s Clerks had themselves surreptitiously taken away, having been there before him. Being return'd to them, he declar'd he had not found it, which they knew very well before. Those wicked Clerks, next directed him to an old Forger, above 80 Years of Age, who liv'd in a little Garret in St. *Antony's* Street, and he for a small Sum, forg'd his Great Grandfathers Contract of Marriage, in the very Words of the Original, and in such a Gothick Hand, which he inserted into an old Register, where that trusty Writer had put many more, at the Instigation of the same Clerks to Monsieur *d^r Argenfon*. They made Monsieur *de Falourdet* wait a considerable time longer, 'till the Register aforesaid was full; after which they sent him back to *Anet*, with the false Register in his Pocket, to the same Heirs, who carry'd him as they had done the first time, into the same Garret. After he had been there two Hours, he pretended he had found the Register he search'd after. The good People were glad of it, they sent for a Notary, who deliver'd him a Copy, with an Attestation, that the Original had remain'd in the Hands of the Notary, who had Registered it. The Affair was brought before Monsieur *de Caumartin*, who could not but give his Judgment for him, tho' he mistrusted there was some Mystery in it, seeing so many Contracts of Marriage drawn at *Anet*, tho' the Parties were of a very distant Province, as *Normandy, Maine, Burgundy, Auvergne* and the like, for Avarice had so blinded those Clerks, that they had at the same time reported several Affairs of Persons disturb'd on Account of their Gentility, whose Contracts had been made at *Anet*. That Minister suspected the Knavery of the Clerks. He sent for Monsieur *Falourdet*, and delivering his Decree, said, *I have found by your Voucher's, Sir, that you are a very Ancient and undoubted Gentleman, and it has been a meer Trick of the Managers to oblige you to produce the Original of your Great Grandfather's Contract of Marriage.*

I am satisfy'd, that the Copy you preserve in your Family is a true one, but I suspect there is some Fraud in the Original; tell me the Truth, and I promise you your Gentility shall not only be secur'd to you, but I will procure you a Reward from the King, whom you have always faithfully serv'd. The Sincerity of Monsieur Caumartin's Words, gave large Scope for Monsieur Falourdet to discover the Truth, and be reveng'd of the Tyranny of d' Argenzon's Clerks, who it is likely us'd all Means in Conjunction with the Managers, to fleece the true and false Gentlemen; the true by making them purchase their Vouchers as dear as they could; and the false by selling them sham Vouchers at the highest Rates. They had extorted from Madame de St. George d' Aunay, of the Generality of Caen, with whom I am particularly acquainted, 6000 Livres, to sell her Vouchers, she lost her Money, was confin'd two Years at Vincennes, where she suffer'd very much, and she and her Children were declar'd of the common Sort. Monsieur Falourdet discover'd all the Mystery to Monsieur Caumartin, who swore to him, he would be as good as his Word, sent him Home to his own Province, and writ to the Intendant not to molest him. He caus'd the Clerks to be secur'd, as also several false Gentlemen, and the old Forger, who would have been hang'd, had not a natural Death anticipated his Shame, taking him off in the Castle of Vincennes. Monsieur de Falourdet fully and peaceably enjoy'd the Privileges of his Gentility in his own Country, where he had lately marry'd an amiable Wife, who was newly brought to Bed, when being abroad a Hunting, with his Servant, he was accosted by four Horsemen, who said, *They came to salute him from the Officers of his Regiment.* He innocently believ'd, and invited them to his Castle, where he would entertain them the best he was able; but when they had come up with him, they seiz'd his Arms, and gave him to understand, That he must go with them to Mr. Caumartin. He urg'd he was much surpris'd

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priz'd at their Behaviour; that if Monsieur *de Caumartin*, from whom he had receiv'd Letters within a Week, had order'd him to come to him, the least Note under his Hand was sufficient to make him set out the very Moment, in Obedience to his Orders, without sending to bring him by Force, against which, if he were guilty, he knew how he could behave himself; and at the Time spurring his Mare, he shook off those that would have secur'd him, and got out of their Hands, whilst his Servant, presenting his Piece at the likeliest of the Company, swore, he would bring him down, if he offer'd to stir. Monsieur *de Falourdet* commanded his Servant to raise his Piece, but not to suffer them to come near him. Then he ask'd those that would have seiz'd him, *Whether they would bear him Company to his House? Where he would take Leave of his Wife, before he went with them.* He had disengag'd himself so dexterously from them, that he had still his Arms, excepting his Pistols, which one of the Horsemen had secur'd; but was so far from making an Advantage of the Disorder he saw them in, that he told them, *That knowing himself innocent, if what he propos'd to them, was the least troublesome, he was ready to go with them, tho' he was in no Condition to take so long a Journey, having but very little Money about him, and no Linnen to shift him.* They protested he should want for nothing, they having Orders to defray his Charges, and they would plentifully supply him with whatsoever he wanted, and that Monsieur *Caumartin* would supply him to return Home. He gave his Gun to his Servant, whom he sent Home, with Orders to charge his Wife not to be uneasy. The Exempt and his Guards were as good as their Words in conducting of him, the Horseman return'd him his Pistol, and they left him his Arms. They treated him well during all the Journey, but instead of conducting him to *Paris* to Monsieur *Caumartin*, they pretended they would pass thro' the Castle of *Vincennes*, when they were come near it, and when they were in the Court, they de-
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clar'd, they were to leave him there, till farther Orders from the Court. They caus'd him to deliver his Arms, which were carefully sent back with his Mare, and all his Equipage, to his House, a Sign he had to do with an honest Exempt, and I believe it was Monsieur *de Bourbon*, the same that seiz'd me. He too late was sensible of the Error he had committed; it was now no Time to brave it in such a Castle as that, where they were, the Draw-Bridge being up, and the Gates shut from the Time they came in. He must alight, and go on to the great Tower where the Prisoners are secur'd. There he remain'd two Years with many Fellow-Prisoners, who were there on the same Account as he, and many more for several Offences; and tho' he was all the while alone, he had some Communication with several of them, and among the rest with the Prince *de Riccia*, confin'd for having sided with the Emperor in the Affair of *Naples*, at the Beginning of the Year 1702; as also with one *Farie*, of *Garlin* in *Bearn*, who had been 11 Years a Prisoner, when he spoke to him, for not abjuring his Religion, which was the Reform'd. That poor Man was naked, without any Shirt or Breeches, and had no other Moveables but a Blanket, in which he wrapp'd himself; he enjoy'd perfect Health, notwithstanding all the Severities us'd towards him; he was fat and fair, and of unshaken Steadiness in his Resignation to the Decrees of Providence. I have seen many of his Writings, which he gave Monsieur *Falourdet*, to be deliver'd to his Wife and Children, and they were very edifying, and tho' it appear'd by them, that he had no Learning, the Piety was maintain'd by a natural and solid Eloquence. The Method they had to converse together was singular: Monsieur *Falourdet* had a Board, on which he writ a Word in large Characters, with a Coal, then he put the Board to his Window, and when *Farie* had read it, the other wip'd it out, and writ another, that follow'd in Course, which *Farie*

rie transcrib'd on brown Paper. they gave them for private Uses, for he had made Pens with Bones, and Ink with Soot. *Farie* answer'd Monsieur *Falourdet* at length on brown Paper, and as I have already observ'd, that *Farie* was in a *Calotte*, that is, an Upper Room like a Garret, I must also take Notice that Monsieur *Falourdet* was in a first Floor, where he had been put, to be the nearer at Hand to be look'd after, because he had been sick and like to dye, and there he had also the Liberty to walk in a little Garden, which was at the Foot of the Tower where *Farie* was shut up, who dropp'd his Paper, having wrapp'd up a Bone in it to give it the more Weight, the other clapp'd it into his Pocket, and read it at Leisure in his Chamber. When Monsieur *Falourdet* was quite recover'd, he had not the Liberty allow'd him of walking in that Garden; but his Window being level with the Garden, he contriv'd to teach a Bitch Monsieur *Bernaville* had, to bring him a Bundle of Paper, which he threw out of his Window into the Garden, which she brought to his Window, and to encourage her, he kept some Part of his Meat, and gave it her. When he had thoroughly taught her that Trick, he gave Notice of it to *Farie*, by Writing on his Board, and they agreed upon a certain Signal, by which *Farie* was to know when the Bitch was in the Garden, because he could not see her from the Place where he was, and then he was to let fall his Paper, with a little Stone wrapp'd up in it: They try'd first with Paper that had nothing writ on it; the Bitch brought it carefully to Monsieur *Falourdet*; the other threw down some written, which succeeded accordingly, and thus the Bitch pass'd as a Messenger between them for a long Time; but at last, tho' not discover'd, they were suspected. It happen'd luckily for them, that there was nothing in the Paper but Raisins, which *Farie* sent to his Friend, without any Writing; just as the Bitch brought them to Monsieur *Falourdet*, *Bernaville* came in, and she gave it to him; he

he found the Raisins, said never a Word: And tho' *Farie* desir'd the Turn-key when he brought his Supper, to bring him his Raisins again, which he said, had dropp'd out of the Window into the Garden, when he laid them there to dry, yet, they plac'd Pallisadoes before Monsieur *Falourdet*'s Window, to hinder the Bitch from coming near it. However, *Farie* held up the Correspondence with him till the very last Day when Monsieur *Falourdet* came away; for he took his Table in Pieces, and writ in large Characters on the Boards, which he show'd his dear Friend to read, and he answer'd in the same Manner.

I have since seen a Letter here at the *Hague*, writ from *Pau*, in *Bearn*, dated the 21st of *December* 1714, by a Friend, to Monsieur *de la Farrade*, Minister of the Gospel, who informs him, that Monsieur *Farie* had been set at Liberty, upon the General Peace, in *November* before, after 24 Years Imprisonment; and that he had seen a Letter from the *Sieur Farie*, which he writ from the *Bastille* to a Friend, dated the same Month of *November*, to acquaint him with his Deliverance, and desire him to acquaint his Wife and Children, that he should soon have the Satisfaction of embracing them. The said *Sieur Farie* had been seiz'd in 1691, at *Paris*, as he was going out of an Apothecaries Shop, and confin'd at *Vincennes*, whence he was remov'd to the *Bastille* in 1707. God give him Grace to make good use of his Liberty and to enjoy it long.

Monsieur *de Falourdet* held also a Correspondence with the *Marques de la Baldonniere*, of the Province of *Poitou*, who was accus'd of having the Secret of making Gold that is, Counterfeiting, and that poor Gentleman had been Ten Years confin'd at *Vincennes*, when the Minister, to rid himself of his Lady's Importunity, who earnestly solicited for her Husband's Liberty, caus'd her to be seiz'd and shut up in the same Castle of *Vincennes*, where she continu'd two

Years, Eating the same Bread, and Drinking the same Wine as her Husband, without being ever able to obtain the Liberty of seeing him. All that *Bernaville* granted them, after having extorted from them, for that Favour, a great Lamp, and six Silver Candlesticks for the Chapel of *Vincennes*, was the Priviledge of Writing one to another now and then. Monsieur *Falourdet*, saw Madam *de la Baldoniere* go out of that fatal Cage, she was richly apparell'd, very well shap'd, and had a Majestick Air, being also reputed a Woman of great Virtue. Monsieur *de la Baldoniere* was a Venerable old Man, of singular Piety.

He also talk'd with a Protestant Minister, who was in a lamentable Condition, and would not tell him his Name. After many Years he was in a dark Hole, where the Light never came, and where the barbarous *Bernaville* had shut him up, to oblige him to abjure his Religion. They carry'd him his Meat by Torch Light, and that wretched affected Creature being positive not to eat, unless they would once more permit him to see the Sun before he dy'd, for Monsieur *Falourdet*, who was only parted from him by a Lath and Plaister Wall, heard every Word he spoke, he also heard him cruelly beaten with Bulls Pizzles by the Soldiers, in the Presence of his merciless *Bernaville*, to oblige him to eat, and who inhumanly said to him, *You shall never see the Sun, you old Firebrand of Hell, unless you become a Catholick*, and the poor Man, tho' mad, pray'd whilst he was inhumanly beaten. He also saw and heard the Confession of Madam *Guyon*, that famous *Quietest*, whose History has made so much Noise in the World, and who was then in our same Tower *de la Bertaudier*, as I shall observe hereafter. He was a venerable old Man, as white as a Swan, above 50 Years of Age. I believe he is of the Order of the *Bernabites*. He was also in a dark Dungeon, where from Morning till Night he never gave over Singing, in a Tone like the Tone of a Bagpipe, Invectives against *Bernaville*, and the Praises of Ma-
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dam de Guyon, his Saint; warning all the Prisoners to be aware of the hypocritical and perfidious *Bernaville*; detesting the *Jesuits*, and a Court Lady, who he said, *was their Protectress*. He was run mad through the Hardships impos'd on him by his execrable Tyrant.

Among the vast Number of Prisoners confin'd at *Vincennes* on the same Account as Monsieur *Falourdet*, I remember the Names of those that follow, whom he nam'd to me. The Major of *St. George*, of whom I have already made Mention; one *Varin* of *Rennes*, in *Britany*, who had been Clerk to Monsieur *Pussart*; Monsieur *Antony Vidal* of *Toulouze*, an extraordinary ingenious Man, and who several times nonpluss'd Monsieur *du Buiffon*, Intendant of the Revenue, who was Attorney in that Affair, as much a *Stoick* as he was; Monsieur *John Felix*; *Gautier d' Heniffort*, and *Margaret Filandrier*, Dealer in Hair, of the Monastery of *St. Oportune*. That poor young Woman, who was a Lover of Monsieur *Vidal*, had been intrusted with 1400 Livres, which he had consign'd to her, with a Bill or Note seal'd up, and which she was to keep so till a time prefix'd, and then to open it, to give that Money to such Persons as it directed, or else to return the whole to Monsieur *Vidal*. That Money was consign'd by a Man, who was in Trouble about his Gentility, and who in that Note consented that the Money should go to d' *Argenson's* Clerks, in Case they did his Business for him; and that poor young Woman knew nothing of that Contract, nor any thing of the Reason why that Money was consign'd to her, yet she was confin'd two Years at *Vincennes*, which was very prejudicial to her Trade, to her Health, and her settling herself in the World. Who will make her amends for all that; d' *Argenson*? He is too conscientious not to indemnify, and even to reward that innocent Creature. Monsieur *Falourdet*, told me, That young Woman was of a very agreeable Temper, they having been long next Neighbours; when the

the Turn-key came to serve her, as soon as he was gone to clean her Pots, she ran out of her Chamber, the Door whereof he had left a-jar, and came with some pleasant Jest to Monsieur *Falourdet*; giving him her Hand through the Grate; and then as speedily ran back into her Den, where she sang from Morning till Night; yet for this Frolick she ran the Hazard of being put into a Dungeon, which she could not have avoided, had she been taken in the Fact. They had given her some Birds, whom she had taught a Thousand Tricks. One Day a Cat happen'd to catch one of them, she immediately call'd to the Officer who was in the Garden, desiring him to deliver the best of his Sparrows out of the Claws of that Robber. *Run quickly Sir*, said she, *it is the Bird that Dances the Rigodon so finely*. She made very comical Songs upon that Adventure, and Madam *Guyon's* Confessor, compos'd a most ridiculous Funeral Oration for the Sparrow.

It is time to give an Account of what happen'd in our Cave, whilst Monsieur *Falourdet* and I continu'd there together. About 10 in the Morning, the Day he came in, *Ru* brought the Bread and Wine; there was a fine chipp'd Loaf, such as I us'd to have, and another Loaf of the same Size, but coarser, and a Bottle of *Burgundy* Wine, as he us'd to bring me, and another little Bottle of half a Septier at most. Monsieur *Falourdet* immediately ask'd him, *Who the great Bottle was for?* And *Ru* answering, *It was for me; and the little one for him*, he flew in a terrible Rage. *Will you have me break your Head*, said he, *with this little Bottle?* *Learn to be acquainted with me*. Go tell your Governor, that unless he sends me such a Bottle of Wine as this Gentleman's I will make a Complaint to the purpose to my Judges, when I shall appear before them; that I will not answer to any Questions they shall put to me, till they have done me Justice in this Affair, and that in the mean time, whilst I am in this Room no such Bottle shall come into it, but what I will dash in Pieces against the Wall.

Wall. *Ru* answer'd him, that there was one half Difference between his Person and mine, for the King allow'd him but an 100 Sols a Day. How do you mean 100 Sols a Day? reply'd he, For that Money your Master is oblig'd to give me a Partridge, or something Equivalent to it at every Meal, and the best Wine in this City, and ought to treat this Gentleman like an Alderman for his Pistole, *Ru* was going out, and about to leave him his little Bottle, when Monsieur *Falourdet* furiously laid hold of him, and was going to break his Head, had not I withheld him. I interpos'd and snatch'd the Bottle out of his Hand, desiring he would accept of mine, and I would keep the little one for my self. *Ru* then, the first time, hearkned to Reason. He took the little Bottle, and said, He would go fetch him a large one, since the Governor got enough by us, and return'd immediately with such another great Bottle as mine. I was strangely surpriz'd to see how passionately Monsieur *Falourdet* ruffled those People who had it in their Power to use him as they pleas'd, without being call'd to an Account for it. He gave me to understand, that if he had not carry'd it so high with *Bernaville*, at *Vincennes*, he should have been treated like those wretched Creatures, whom he had reduc'd to a deplorable Condition, and whom he fed worse than they do the Galley Slaves at *Marseille*. He told me, He should be out of the Bastille in a Fortnight at farthest; and that his Affair being decided, either well or ill, he had no Occasion to stand in Awe of the People, whom he look'd upon as the most barbarous Executioners under Heaven.

The Case was quite alter'd, when our Dinner was brought us, and he saw they gave him a wretched Soup, which seem'd to be no better than boil'd Water, with a Bit of Beef on it, which having been us'd to make Gravy, was dry as a chipp, the Gravy having been all squeez'd out, whilst at the same time, I had a tolerable Ordinary. He flew into his dreadful Passion; the Turnkey slunk away, and having shut the Door, there was no throwing of the Dishes out at the Windows.

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He rail'd at the Governor very loudly; he knock'd violently at the Door, notwithstanding all my Opposition; in fine, the Major came to tell him, through the Door, *That he must have Patience, and he should be better serv'd at Night; but that if he would commit Outrages they knew how to punish him.*

I comforted him the best I could, he grew calm, we made a shift, with my little Portion, and he kept the whole, to throw it at the Turn-key's Head, when he came again. I prevail'd with him farther, not to do so, but to rest satisfy'd with showing him, that he had not touch'd it, and tell him they ought not to use a Man of his Quality so ill. At Night he far'd something better; but all the time he continu'd with me, his haughty Temper was sufficiently try'd, by all the Indignities those People put upon him, for certainly all they gave him was not worth 10 Sols a Day. He told me all the Particulars of his Affair; he appear'd to me very uneasy, and doubtless had things been carry'd to extremity, he had reason to be so. He had given Money to the Forger to forge the Original of his Contract, which he had clandestinely convey'd into the Garret of the Heirs of the Notary of *Anet*. All this could not be any way extenuated, but by the Confession he had made to Monsieur *Caumartin*, upon that Minister's Promise that he should not suffer for it; by the certain and effectual Solidity of his Gentility, on Account of which he was unjustly molested, and by the Gentleman's Integrity, who being unskill'd in such Affairs, had suffer'd himself to be led away, without being sensible of the Consequences.

He farther told me, that Monsieur *du Buisson*, Intendant of the Revenue, before whom his Cause was heard, had express'd much Compassion and Affection for him; that he had always made him sit down and be cover'd, when he examin'd him; that he made no Scruple to tell *Bernaville* before him, that the only thing which could save the Lives of *d'Argenson's* Clerks, was the Master's being so intangled in it; that

that it was impossible to proceed to the utmost Rigour against them, without involving of him; that he farther freely declar'd before him, that nothing was too Hot or too Cold for *d' Argenson*, he being so covetous, that all his most crafty Devices were bent upon getting, without consulting his Conscience or Honour. Monsieur *du Buiffon* never went from my Fellow Prisoner, without recommending him to *Bernaville*, and he in private ask'd of him, *Whether he was well us'd?* In short, *Bernaville* gave him Leave to write to his Wife once a Month, and to receive answers from her. He had very good Diet, when he was sick and in a dangerous Condition, he had a Nurse and special Care was taken of him. All this made me guess that his Affair would end well, and that he would come off with the Loss of an Eye, and part of his Jaw spoil'd by his Sickness, during his Imprisonment, and afterwards I understood I had not been mistaken.

During our joynt Captivity, he told me, the Circumstances of a singular Superstition, which is practis'd in his Country, and having found him a very sincere Person as long as I was with him, I easily believ'd him. He assur'd me that in the Parish of *St. Denis*, where I said before there were several Tombs of his Ancestors, and which is close by his Estate, they communicate mad Dogs, Horses, Oxen, Cows, and other such Beasts, and thus he affirm'd to me the Ceremony was perform'd. The

Owners of the Beasts that are to be cur'd, bring them into *St. Denis's* Church Yard; if it be worth while, they cause a Mass to be said, and the Remedy is more effectual. Then they carry them into the lower end of the Church, where stands a great Vessel full of Holy Water. As soon as the Priest in his Surplice, with a Stole on, has receiv'd the Price appointed for each sort of Beast, for there must be fair dealing in all things, no Man is excus'd, nor do they take more

The Author here uses the Word Communicate most absurdly, as appears by the Relation.

than

than is due, he lays the End of the Stool on the Head of the sick Beast, and as fast as he can says a proper Prayer for the Recovery of the Beast, and makes the Sign of the Cross over it, then he takes a bit of Bread, and a little Image, which is commonly call'd by a Name of JESUS, on which he also makes a Cross, then he dips all in the aforesaid Holy Water, and put it into the Throat of the sick Beast, the Owner, or the Clerk, holding it's Mouth as wide open as he can; next he pours in some Holy Water. This done, if the Beast dies, it is attributed to the Owner's want of Faith; for when the Priest has once done his Duty in Form, he is not oblig'd to answer for the Effect. He swore to me, that some Years before, almost all the Cows in the Country had been sick, and that they had carry'd so great a Number of them to *St. Denis's*, that the Curate and the Priest had made a considerable Profit of it. Now the Distemper is universally among all Cattle throughout a great part of *Europe*, there would be need enough of the Assistance of those good zealous Priests, if we had as much Faith here, as they have in *Champagne*; but that I can scarce believe.

The same Person affirm'd to me, *That at Vitry le Francois, when he was a Young Scholar there, he saw a Woman dragg'd stark-naked on a Hurdle, whose Crime was, that she had dy'd in the Reform'd Religion; and that she was afterwards expos'd to the Birds of Prey, where the Scholars offer'd that poor Carcase many Indignities, burnt all the Hair of its Body with Straw, and practis'd such other Enormities as Modesty forbids me to mention, and which would affect the greatest Barbarians; whilst the unhappy Husband of that wretched Creature wept bitterly, and cast himself at the Feet of the Wives of his Judges, beseeching them to pity the unfortunate Remains of their Sex; and that those Ladies durst return him no other Answer than Tears, Sighs, and Shrugging their Shoulders. My Companion heartily pray'd to God to forgive him*

him, for having been an Actor in that dismal Tragedy, as a Scholar, and one of the most unlucky among them.

When I was assur'd that he would be set at Liberty, I made Use of the good Disposition I found him in to do me Service. By good Fortune he had Paper, on which, in Case of Necessity, something might still be writ; I made Pens of Bones, and Ink of the Black of our Candle. I writ to my Wife, and to my Son, to Monsieur *de Torcy*, Monsieur *de Chamillart*, and my other Friends. I am fully satisfy'd of his good Will, and that he us'd all his Endeavours to oblige me; however, my Wife did not hear of my Imprisonment by his Means, and the Letters I deliver'd him did not come to her Hands. She receiv'd the dismal News of my Misfortune by the *Rotterdam Gazette*, which positively said, *That Monsieur Constantin de Renneville*, Clerk to Monsieur *Chamillart*, had been seiz'd and sent to the *Bastille*, without knowing for what.

At last the Day of his Tryal came, which, if I mistake not, was the 25th of *September*, 1702. At 5 in the Morning, the Major came to bid him prepare for his Tryal. He took his last Farewel of me, as if he had been to die: I held back my Tears, the more to encourage him, and affirm, He would come off with only the Fright. In fine, about 10 in the Morning, the Major, with the Captain of the Gates, and *Ru*, came to take him out of our Den.—I embrac'd him lovingly before we parted. When the Door was shut upon me, I could not forbear giving Vent to my Tears: I shed them from the Bottom of my Heart, for I really lov'd him with all my Soul, and he deserv'd it; and I am of Opinion, I had the like Return from him. I fell upon my Knees, and pray'd to God, in most fervent Manner, to grant him such Aid as he stood in need of, and did not give over till he return'd. In short, he came back

two Hours after, and this is the Account he gave me of what had happen'd since we parted.

When they went out of our Chamber, the Major took hold of a Skirt of his Coat, which he bore with Reluctancy: At the Foot of the Stairs, he found several arm'd Soldiers, some of whom had the Insolence to insult him with unreasonable Raillery: They all joyn'd the Major and his Company to guard him to the Arsenal, which they enter'd at a little Door, that makes a Communication with the *Bastille*. After having gone thro' the great Court, the Barrier, the *Corps de Garde*, and the Court of the Governor of the *Bastille's* Apartment; he was conducted through several Apartments of the Arsenal, and at last made to stay in a great Hall full of Footmen, Messengers, Exempts, and such like Vermin, and having waited there about half an Hour, he was led into another large and stately Hall, all beset with Judges, who look'd as if they had been fix'd to the Wall, sunk in their Arm-Chairs as it were in Niches, with Scarlet Robes and great Wiggs, wherein their Heads seem'd to be bury'd. Monsieur *de la Renie* presided over that August Senate sitting on a Sort of Throne, and Monsieur *du Buiffon*, who was to make the Report of that Affair, sat on his Right Hand, as did all the other Judges in their Order on the Right and Left of that dreadful Tribunal. At Monsieur *de Renie's* Feet sat the Register, with a long Table before him, cover'd with a large Carpet hanging down to the Ground, at the two Ends whereof stood several Sergeants at Arms with their Maces. One of those Sergeants caus'd Monsieur *Falourdet* to sit in the Midst of the Court rail'd in, on a little Wooden Stool, about a Foot high. He swore to me, that the very Moment he was seiz'd with such a terrible Trembling, that he lost his Senses, and had like to drop down. No, said he to me, *I bore Part in the Siege of Namur against the Army of King William and his Allies: All the World knows how vigorously we were attack'd, and yet*

I would rather be in 20 such Sieges, than to sit so again. I represented to my self the last Judgment; and the Fear of Death, with all its Circumstances, seiz'd my Heart so violently, that I was just falling into a Swoon, when Monsieur *de la Renie*, who perceiv'd it, encourag'd me with kind Words, as did also Monsieur *du Buiffon*. Then one of the Serjeants gave each of the Judges a Paper, on which, it is likely, were Copies of his Interrogatories. Then the President examin'd him, on the same Points of his former Interrogatories, which he affirm'd to be true. When he rais'd his Voice a little, they presently made him fall into a lower Tone, and when he spoke too low, another Judge commanded him to raise his Voice. One of them reprov'd him, for that he was too full of Motion, acting on his little Stool. *Alas*, said he, *my Lords, if you command me, I will fall down upon my Knees, nay, I will prostrate my self on the Ground.* When that dreadful Scene was over, all the Assembly declar'd they were satisfy'd with his Answers, and without telling him the Success of his Affair, he was order'd to rise, and a Serjeant led him moving backwards, with his Face still towards the Judges, till he was out of the Room, and in the Anti-Chamber, where the Major and his Company expected him, who carry'd him back to my Den, where he told me the Particulars I have here mention'd, on which we discours'd all the rest of the Day at Random; for the Ups and Downs of Prisoners are very unaccountable: In a Moment they fall from Hopes into a dismal Melancholly, and they are continually Wavering betwixt Hope and Fear.

After two Years of Slavery and Misery, the happy Moment came, which was to put an End to his Sufferings, and restore him to his Liberty, and that was on *Thursday* the 28th of *September*, about 7 in the Morning, when the Major came to bid him dress himself, for his Discharge was come. He earnestly desir'd that Officer to tell him, *what his Sentence was, and whether*

ther he should be sent Home, or to the Greve, that is, the Place of Execution at Paris. He answer'd, *The Governor would tell him News.* I took Leave of him, with Tears in my Eyes, not knowing what his Sentence was. Our parting was full of Tenderness, as if we had been bred together in our Infancy, in perfect Amity. A quarter of an Hour after he was gone, *Ru* came for his Cloak, and assur'd me, *That Monsieur Falourdet was at Liberty to go Home, and live in Peace,* which was a great Satisfaction to me.

I return'd Thanks to God for it, when at 8 in the Morning, the Major came to bid me put up all my Baggage, for he was going to conduct me to a Chamber in the *Bastille*. He had no Occasion to repeat his Words, *Ru*, who came with him, and another Turn-key, laid hold of my Equipage. I went up to the Top of the Tower; but how was I surpriz'd, when instead of a fine Room, I found my self in a *Calotte*, or Garret. It is an Octogon, or eight corner'd Room, the 8 Arches which meet at the Top like a Cap, taking up most of it, so that there is no walking, but in the middle of it, and there is scarce Room to place a Field Bed in the Intervals: There is a Grate before the Window, within the Room, as high as the Room it self, which obstructs coming near the other Grate, that is on the outside by 10 Foot, being the Thickness of the Wall, and is a great Hinderance to the Prospect, which would otherwise extend a vast way; for notwithstanding that Obstacle, a great part of *Paris* appears, and a Man may see far into *St. Antony's Street*, as also the Towers of our Ladies Church, and far beyond it. The greatest Inconveniency is, it's being excessive Hot in Summer, and intolerable Cold in Winter. All the *Calottes*, or upper Rooms of the Tower, are much after the same manner. I have been in that of the Corner Tower, which is the same in all Respects, bating the Prospect, this looks to the East, and the other to the West.

In this *Calotte* I found a young Man, sitting on his Bed,

Bed, wrapp'd up in a strip'd Satin Night Gown, lin'd with green Taffaty. He was very Pale, and did not stir when we came into the Room. I ask'd the Major, *Whether that was the finest Chamber in the Bastille, as he had told me.* *Yes Sir,* said he, *and all those who could wish it, are not in it. And all those that are,* reply'd I, *would rather be out of it.* I was not surpriz'd to find that he had not inform'd me right, as to the Beauty of the Room; for it would have been the first time that he had spoke Truth, and I was already thoroughly us'd to hear him lye. All the Officers practis'd that abominable Vice, that they might the more resemble the Father of Lyes.

When they had shut me in there, with my new Comrade, and I found my self alone with him, I went to imbrace him on his Bed, whence he had not as yet stir'd the least. He got up, and I beheld a tall young Man, well shap'd, about 19, or 20 Years of Age; but very Melancholly, and fallen away. I perceiv'd he was a Forreigner, and ask'd him, *What Coutry Man he was?* but he only answer'd, *Ich can niet verstaan,* which made me guess he was a *German.* I ask'd him in bad *Dutch*, which I understood a little, *of what Part of Germany he was?* and he told me, *of Leipfick in Saxony.* I spoke *Latin* to him, and he answer'd me in the same; and I found he understood a little *Italian* as well as my self. It was not long before I became sensible that he was a very fine Person, and of singular Worth. His Name was *Christian Henry Linck*, Son to a very considerable and rich Physician of *Leipfick.* He told me what Mishap had brought him into that fatal and wretched Condition. His Father, who tenderly lov'd him, had, after his Studies, sent him to all the Courts of *Germany*, and he had been so acceptable in that of *Wirtemberg*, that he had been kept about her Highness the Dutchess Regent, as her Physician, his knowledge surpassing his Years. The Beauty of a Young Woman of *Languedoc*, who was with that Princess, to teach her the *French Tongue*,

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made the first Impression on his tender Heart. She was the Dutcheſs's Favourite, and the two Youthful Fellow Servants ſoon took a liking to one another. The Lover writ to his Father to obtain his Conſent to marry that aimable Maid, whoſe Name was *Margaret de Veigne*, of *Montpelier*, whom the Troubles about Religion had occaſion'd to leave *France*. She is Niece and Heireſs to the Famous *Monſieur Trouillon*, Doctör of Phyſick, who is retir'd to *Baſil* on the ſame Account, from whom ſhe expects a conſiderable Eſtate, he being very old, rich and childleſs. *Monſieur Linck's* Father thought, him too young to marry, and tho' he highly approv'd of his Son's judicious Choice, he advis'd him to ſee *France*, or *Italy*, at his own Election, and rather both thoſe charming Parts of *Europe*, before he ſettled. The Deſire of Learning the *French* Tongue, that he might the better expreſs himſelf to his Miſtreſs, made him begin with *France*. He took up his Lodgings at *Paris*, in the Houſe of *Monſieur Charas*, an Apothecary, Son to the late fam'd *Moſes Charas*, Doctör of Phyſick, in the *Butchery* Street, in the Suburb of *St. Germain*, who had formerly lain at *Mr. Linck's* Father's Houſe, at *Leipſick*, for he is both Phyſician and Apothecary, thoſe two Professions being often united in *Germany*. This young *Saxon* went to the Schools of Phyſick in *Paris*, to perfect himſelf, as alſo to the Hospitals, to the Royal Phyſical Garden, and to other Aſſemblies relating to that Science, and perform'd his Exerciſes in that ſtately City, when he had Notice given him to depart the Kingdom, where he was not ſafe, on account of the Diſcord the Death the King of *Spain* occaſion'd between the Houſe of *Auſtria* and *France*. Hereupon *Mr. Linck*, and the other *Germans* of his Acquaintance, at their Return from the Fair of *Befons*, where they had been to divert themſelves, reſolv'd to go to *Verſailles* to *Madam*, the King's Siſter in Law, and the generous Protectreſs of thoſe of their Nation, to beg of her to let them know, whether they might
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continue at *Paris* in Safety. She gave them to understand, that they had nothing to fear, but that for the more certainty, she would ask it of the King herself, and went to him immediately for that purpose. Soon after she return'd, and protested to them, *That they might freely stay there without any Danger, and that she would send them Word, in the King's Name, when they were to withdraw themselves.* However, the very next Day, without farther Delay, most of them were secur'd in *Paris*. Mr. *Anchitz*, another *Saxon*, and some other *Germans*, had been a Week before committed; but these others thought it had been for Debt, and were no ways concern'd at it.

On the 5th of *September*, being the King of *France's* Birth-Day, about four in the Morning, somebody knock'd at Mr. *Linck's* Door. He open'd it, and was surpriz'd to see three or four unknown Faces come in, besides, that their presence was very disagreeable. They ask'd him, *Whether his Name was not Mr. Linck, and whether he was not acquainted with Mr. Anchits.* He signify'd to them by Monsieur *Charas*, whom he call'd up, what acquaintance he had with Mr. *Anchits*. They told him, *They came from him, to propose, that in regard Mr. Anchits ow'd him Money, which he had lent him, and for which he had given him no Receipt, he was willing to give him some Security, that he might be Paid by his Relations, and therefore ask'd, whether he would go in a Coach with them to him for that purpose?* They had been told those particulars by Mr. *Anchits*, who was of late Prisoner in the *Bastille*, which occasion'd Mr. *Linck's* Misfortune. He not dreaming of the Snare laid for him by those Thieves, said, *He was ready to go with them.* He was amaz'd to see them begin by taking an Inventory of his Goods, and Possession of them at the same Time, after which they made him go down and get into the Coach. Monsieur *Charas* beheld that Injustice, without daring to oppose it. As soon as he was in the Coach, they shut it up on all sides, leaving Room

for very little Light to come in. The Exempt was on his Right, on the Back Seat, and two of his Followers next the Horses, the others behind, and by the Coachman; for several of them had stay'd in the Street, before Monsieur *Charas's* House. As soon as they had got their Prey, they made haste to the fatal Cage, where at alighting they observ'd the Ceremony of putting their Hats before his Face. Thus was he led Groping, without knowing whither he went, to the Room where we both were, and which I have already describ'd. It was about 6 in the Morning, when he came into that dreadful Den, in which there were no Moveables at all, not so much as a Stone to sit on, and he was left there shut up till 11 at Night, after having taken all his Money, being 66 Pistoles, 30 Crowns, and a Letter of Credit upon Monsieur *Tourton*, a Banker, as also several Jewels he had about him, all his Cloaths, and turn'd out his Pockets.

He had Leisure all that Time to make his Reflections, none of which came near the Point, for he knew not where he was. At last, being spent with Weariness, Hunger, and Want of Sleep, he with his Hands and Feet scrap'd together all the Dirt in his Chamber, and made a sort of Bed of it. He took off his Coat and laid upon it, made a Pillow of his Hat and Wig, ty'd his Handkerchief about his Head, and lay down in his Waistcoat on that hard Couch. He had begun to slumber, when about 11 of the Clock, he heard the Bolts make a Noise, the dreadful Clatters whereof, made him fancy all the Devils were coming into his Den; but recover'd himself a little, seeing none appear but only *Ru*, who was not much less Frightful, bringing a Table and a Chair, with a lighted Candle, follow'd by two other Men, loaded with Moveables, being a Bedstead of Girts, a Straw Bed, a Quilt, a Boulster, two Blankets, a Pair of Sheets, and two Napkins, all new; and the Captain of the Gates bringing his Supper, which was a Piece of cold Roast Mutton,

Mutton, and a white Loaf of a Pound Weight. *Ru* having laid down what he brought, as also the two Men that came with him, they went out again to fetch a Bottle of Wine, holding a half Septier, near an *English* Pint, a Pitcher full of Water, a Spoon, a Fork, some Salt, a little Knife, a Glass Candlestick, and an earthen Chamber Pot, all new. These spoke to him, and he to them, but not understanding one another, it made *Ru* laugh heartily. They shut the Doors upon him, after having lighted his Candle.

Having neither eaten nor drank all the Day, the first Thing he did, was to lay his Cloth, sit down, and devour his Provision, which was soon done; then he made his Bed, went into it, and slept soundly. He was in a profound Sleep, when about Three in the Morning, he was awak'd by a dreadful Noise. There were some Rejoycings in the Country, which occasion'd the firing of the Guns of the *Bastille*, and the Chambers, which at that Time, and long after, were rang'd on the Platform, whence they have been since carry'd down into the Garden, because they tore the Arches, as they did that Morning, when poor Mr. *Linch* thought he should have been kill'd. The Cannon roar'd over his Head, and there was only the Thickness of the Vault, or Arch, between him and it. The Chambers by their Violence crack'd the Arch over his Head, so that Abundance of Stones fell in, within a Foot of his Bed. I leave any Man to consider what a Fright this put a Youth into, who knew not where he was, who heard the Noise of the Chambers and the Cannon, and thought he should be bury'd in the Ruins of his Den. He swore to me, he thought they had been going to blow him up, because he was a *Saxon*, whose Duke had been declar'd King of *Poland*, preferably to the Prince of *Conti*. About Seven, they brought him Bread, and half a Septier of Wine; he show'd *Ru* the Stones that had fallen in, and endanger'd battering his Bed in Pieces; but *Ru* return'd no other Answer than

laughing. In short, he continu'd without knowing where he was, nor what was design'd him, till the 11th of *December*, when one *Varin*, of *Rennes* in *Britany*, was brought to bear him Company. This was a lusty handsome Man, and one of *d'Argenzon's* Clerks, who was prosecuted on Account of the Knavery in the Enquiry after Gentility abovemention'd, and who would have swung for it, had Justice been done him. He had been Clerk to Monsieur *Puffort*. He speaking *Latin*, inform'd Mr. *Linck*, that he was in the *Bastille*; that the Cannon fir'd on the 6th of the Month, had been, in all Likelihood, for some Victory gain'd by the *French*, and that he had, doubtless, been secur'd because he was a Foreigner, and the War was declar'd between the Empire and *France*. In their Discourse, Mr. *Linck* gave *Varin* to understand, that the Thing which troubled him most was, a Mistress he had left at *Stutgard*, with whom he was passionately in Love. He shew'd him a Ring she had given him. with her Name engrav'd on it, which had escap'd the Avarice of his Searchers, because he always wore it next his Heart. *Varin* coveted the Ring, which according to his good Principles deserv'd it, and finding him very desirous to send some Account of himself to his Mistress at *Stutgard*, and to his Father at *Leipsick*, having a most profound Respect for him, he promis'd to write to them both, as soon as he should be at Liberty, and would put them in the Way to procure his Liberty; but fearing he might forget Mademoiselle *de Vicque's* Name, which was engrav'd on the Ring, it was requisite he should lend it him, in Order to put the Direction on the Letter he was to write to her; and that as soon as he should be discharg'd, which he would procure immediately, he would restore him his Ring, which he had so great a Value for, on Account of the Person that gave it him. Mr. *Linck*, who would have given his Skin to make his Condition known to his Father and Mistress, and get out of the horrid Abyss he was

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in, gave *Varin* his Ring; but I much question whether he executed his Commission, and much more his Restoring of the Ring to Mr. *Linck*, when he had got his Liberty.

Varin was try'd the same Day as Monsieur *Falourdet*, but instead of confessing ingenuously to his Comrade, that he had been set upon the little Stool, he told Mr. *Linck*, that his Judges had call'd him before them, on no other Account than to excuse themselves very formally for having caus'd him to be kept so long a Prisoner. However, the Major afterwards told us, *That he came off with Banishment*. This is remarkable, that during all the Time that *Varin* was in the *Bastille*, they had very extraordinary Regard for him. He was daintily fed, they allow'd him the best of Wild-Fowl, the most delicate Dishes, the choicest Wines, they took him out to walk every Day on the Terras, and in the Garden, and why? Because that Criminal belong'd to *d' Argenzon*; when at the same Time, they gave my innocent Comrade Monsieur *Falourdet*, Beef, that had the Gravy squeez'd out of it. In Conclusion, that *Varin* went out of the *Bastille* the 27th, and Monsieur *Falourdet* on the 28th, on which Day I was put to Mr. *Linck*.

The first Piece of Service Mr. *Linck* did me, was to clip my Beard with a Pair of old rusty Scissars he had found among the Dirt of his Room, which had not certainly been swept in two or three Years. I had not been trimm'd since my being put into the *Bastille*, so that my Beard serv'd me instead of a Cravat. He cut it so neatly, that it would have been hard for an able Barber to do it better with a good Razor. I have already observ'd that the poor young Gentleman had been put to the Allowance of a little Bottle, and his Portion being accordingly small, I taught him the Secret how to get the large; for tho' it was a Satisfaction to me to give him Part of my Wine, and of the best they allow'd me, as for Instance, when they brought me little Pasties, or any Thing he lik'd,

which I found the Way to make him accept of ; yet it was of the greatest Consequence to oblige them to allow him the greater Ordinary. He might have staid long in the *Bastille* ; in short, he very well knows, that had it not been for me, he would be there still like most of the other *Germans* ; we might come to be parted, and therefore it was a friendly Part to deliver him from Misery that might last long. He had signify'd to me, that he was very rich, and it was true. I therefore advis'd him to give *Ru* five Crowns, which he did very readily, and *Ru* embrac'd the Motion with Joy, and to show his Gratitude, he inform'd us, that we must make a Friend of *Corbe* ; that he being extremely covetous, and Mr. *Linck* having very fine Rings, he must present him with one of them, and then they would not only grant him the great Portion and Bottle immediately, but that *Corbe* would also put us into the best Room in the *Bastille*, and would procure us the Liberty of his Unkle, to have whatsoever we pleas'd brought us from the City, for our Money. Mr. *Linck* readily agreed to it ; *Ru* was order'd to get *Corbe* to come up to our *Calotte*, and he needed not much courting, being inform'd it was to receive a Present of Value. He came immediately ; he receiv'd the Present, making such Cringes as if he would have dislocated all his Joints, but by ill Fortune he did not. The Present was a most beautiful Saphir, set round with six Brilliant Diamonds. He promis'd the great Portion and Bottle, which Mr. *Linck* had that very Day, as also Leave to send for what he would out of the City for his Money. As for me, they told me, *I must have an Order from Court*. And I having given no Rings, tho' afterwards *Corbe* squeez'd a very pretty one out of me, that Privilege was never granted me. He desir'd some more Time to put us into one of the best Rooms in the *Bastille* ; For, said he to us, *I must wait my Opportunity to pick a Quarrel with those who are in them, that I may get them*
out,

out, and that my Unkle may approve of it. If I were absolute Master here, all Things should go extraordinary well; but I cannot do all I would, by much. In the mean Time, ask whatsoever you will of me, as long as I have any Money of yours, nothing shall be refus'd you, and you shall be honourably serv'd.

In short, we far'd well, at the Expence of Mr. Linck's Purse; we wanted not for Pigeons, Capons, Wild-Fowl, Entremets, Pastry, Deserts, Burgundy and Champagne Wine, Ratafiat, nor any Thing else. We scarce meddled with the Allowance of the *Bastille*: Ru made up his Mouth with us as he could wish; but he fretted Mr. Linck when we saw him, through our Door, devour the best we could get, but particularly our Pastry, which he and Ru were very fond of. Ru did not take Notice, that there was a great Hole in our Door, through which we easily observ'd him. As soon as he had open'd the first Door, having set down our Dishes on the second Step, we saw him take a View of all, and in a Moment swallow all that was most agreeable to his Palate, and to comfort Mr. Linck, took one of our Bottles, and very often at one Draught, without Cup or Glass, drank above half of it, and then told us, *It had been spilt coming up the Stairs*. As soon as Ru had Orders to buy Mr. Linck all he shall ask for, which was without any Stint, when Monsieur Tourton, a famous Banker of Paris, by Order from Mr. Linck's Father, told the Officers of the *Bastille*, *That he would be accountable for whatsoever he had*, without Limitation, as Corbe affirm'd to us; then, I say, did Ru sharp upon him at an exorbitant Rate. He would impose upon him Wine of 6 Sols the Bottle at most, for Champagne Wine of 20 Sols a Bottle; scurvy Apples, which nice Pigs would scarce have eaten for Raunetings; little rotten Chestnuts for the fine ones of Mars; old tough Hens, for the choicest young Pullets; and so in all other Things, which oblig'd us to come to a necessary Regulation with him, which answering his

Avarice,

Avarice, might have eas'd his Conscience, if he had any; accordingly Mr. *Linck* told him, in the Presence of *Corbe*, *That he would allow him to reckon double the Price for every Thing, upon Condition, that he had the best.* *Corbe* found the Proposal too advantageous and reasonable, not to approve of it; he signify'd, he would buy Things better than *Ru*, who had too much Business to do it well; that he would leave it to *Ru* to look to the smaller Provisions, and he would take upon him the greater. It is reasonable that all Men should live. He promis'd he would that very Night send us a Dozen Bottles of *Champagne*, a Turkey Pout, and a Dish of Wild-Fowl of his own choosing, and that he would leave it to *Ru* to buy the Desert, which should be of the best Sort. He perform'd his Promise exactly; we had 12 Bottles of delicious Wine, as it grows on the best Ground, the Wild Fowl was answerable to the good Wine; and for that Time *Ru* provided a very good Desert, tho' vex'd to the Heart to see that *Corbe* had supplanted him in the best of his Trade; flattering himself, no doubt, that he should make amends for that Loss, upon the first Opportunity.

We being allow'd very good Fish and Gardenage on Fasting-Days, Mr. *Linck* on those Days bought nothing but Wine and the Desert; but there was one Inconveniency, which vex'd Mr. *Linck*; which was, that *Ru* had a Friend shut up in a Room under ours, to whom we could plainly hear he gave all the best of our Provision. At last, being quite weary of that Practice, he told him how much he dislik'd it, and desir'd him not to be so generous at our Cost; but *Ru* told us very plainly, *It was a Prisoner that could paint, and that having made him several small Pictures, it was reasonable he should make him some amends.*

At that time we discover'd, that the famous Madam *Guyon*, so renowned for being a zealous *Quietist*, was in the third Room of our Tower, whence her Relations, who were very considerable, at length got her out

out, and obtain'd her Liberty, upon Condition, *that they should not permit her to talk to any Body, as Ru* affirm'd to us. We had found the Way to make him civil, by adding to our frequent Presents, some Doses of Wine and Ratafiat, and then he conceal'd nothing from us, for *In Vino Veritas*.

This Mr. *Linck* knew perfectly well how to put in Execution; for, by the Help of Wine, he drew any Thing from our Keeper, whom sometimes we so far mollify'd, that he would hug us both lovingly, which we had cause to repent for a Quarter of an Hour after, because of the Infection that attended his Kisses. Mr. *Linck*, whom I taught to speak *French*, which he did with wonderful Vivacity, examin'd him, and when he found any Difficulty in extorting a Confession, a Glass of Wine, or of Ratafiat, given in due Season, oblig'd *Ru* to break Silence, by which means, we afterwards made great Discoveries, as may be observ'd in the Sequel of this History.

At length, on the 21st of *November*, being *Tuesday* Morning, *Corbe*, attended by *Rheilbe*, our Surgeon, came to bring us the agreeable News, that we were to quit our *Calotte*, or Garret, to remove into one of the best Rooms in the *Bastille*. We return'd him Thanks in the most courteous Words, and about eleven of the Clock, *Ru*, and two other Turn-keys, came to carry our Furniture to our Appartment, whither *Corbe* conducted, and left us very well pleas'd with our Exchange; besides that they gave me my Linnen, which *Corbe* had six Month before brought from *Versailles*, and was an unspeakable Satisfaction to me, for I had not shifted Linnen since my Imprisonment. *Corbe* and *Ru* had their Reasons for it, for they constantly wore my Linnen, which did them Credit, and they restor'd it me half worn out.

The Chamber we were in is one of the finest in the *Bastille*, if there can be any Thing fine in a Prison. It is the third of the Tower, call'd, of the Corner, or Angle; being an Octagon, or eight Corner'd, as are most

most of the Rooms in the Towers, above 13 Foot high, with a handsome Roof, very smooth and white, about 20 Foot over every Way, and has a great Chimney, which seldom smoaks. It had formerly two very handsome barr'd Windows; but Monsieur du Foncas, as Ru told us, had caus'd that which look'd towards the City to be stopt up. Three Steps lead up to that which is left open, from the End of which it rises up to the Roof, the Top of it is shut in by a standing Chasse, and the Bottom by a sliding one, six Foot high, to be mov'd at Will, without which there are three Iron Grates, in the Thickness of the Wall, the Bars of them being as thick as a Man's Arm. Through those Bars is a curious Prospect over the Gate and Bulwark of St. Antony, a great Way into the Suburb, and extends on the Right and Left far beyond the *Jesuits* House, which is the usual Pleasure-House of the King's Confessor, and which those Reverend Fathers have christen'd by the Name of *Mont-Louis*; either because the King has built them that delightful House, as they would perswade us, or else through the Policy of that Society, which knows how to make the most of every Thing. We had also at that Window the Opportunity of seeing all Persons that came into the Garden of the *Bastille*, made on one of the Bulwarks of the Gate.

As soon as we were left alone, we began, as all Prisoners generally do, to examine our Chamber, and found in the Ashes some Papers sign'd by Monsieur *Vidal*, relating to his Affairs, and which, by their Energy, gave us to understand, that he was a Man of much Sense, and that he had been in the Room.

I have already observ'd, that he was concern'd in the Affair of the Enquiry into Gentility, and I know not yet how he got off. We read all that was writ about upon the Walls of our Chamber; and among the Names of many other Prisoners, which I cannot now remember; we found these that follow, viz. Mr.

Amonet,

Amonet, Calvinist, this Epithet was cut after his Name; *Poirel Villeroy de Vanboulour*, came in *Anno* 1689; *Beauchene*, Gentleman of the Horse to the Prince of Conde; *John Sieur de St. Lo*; *Potier Bressant*; *William du Bois*; *Lugni des Conteres*; *Cabanel de St. Lo*; the *Marques de Cagin*, &c.

When we had order'd our Household Stuff, which was soon done, and made our Beds, they brought us our Dinner, and it was indifferent good. No sooner were we set down to Table, than we heard our Door open, and saw a Man brought in by *Ru*, in a lamentable Condition. We could not look upon him without Compassion, he was all over Rags; his Hat was full of Holes, and scarce appear'd to have been black. He afterwards told us, *It had been for two Years past his Hat and Night-Cap*; there were only a few Hairs left hanging about the Caul of his Wig, which was so greasy, that we could scarce discern Network; he affirm'd to us, *That had it not been comb'd in two Years*. An old Sleeve of a Shirt, serv'd him instead of a Cravat, and was as White as the Back of a Chimney. His Coat was all Tatters, tho' held together by above 100 Patches; his Shirt, as black as his Cravat, appear'd through an Hundred Holes in his Breeches, which did not look like any such thing, the biggest piece in his Stocking was not an Inch broad; the Soles of his Shoes all full of Holes, held only to the upper part by Pack-thread, and afterwards, having had more Leisure to view those upper parts nearer, we perceiv'd, there was not one bit left of the Original Leather, and that the whole was made up of Scraps of old Gloves. All the several Pieces which made up the Body of the Machine were sew'd with Thread of all sorts of Colours. His Face, tho' full and swollen with Hardships, was tann'd and disfigur'd, and cover'd with a Thick greasy Beard, much like that with which *St. Peter* is generally painted. As soon as we espy'd that frightful Figure, we cry'd out with Astonishment asking *Ru*, *What that Man would have with us?* Gentlemen, said he, *It is a Companion*

nion the Governor desires you to admit into your Company, who will not trouble you long; and he, being sensible that the deplorable Condition he was in, might oblige us to reject him, spoke for himself, and said, *Gentlemen, tho' my Cloaths look like those of an Out-law, yet I am an Honest Man, and if you will permit me to be in your Company, I am fully perswaded you will not repent it; besides, that I shall not trouble, you long, for I am to depart this dreadful Place very soon.* Hearing him talk so courteously, I got up to show him Civility, I embrac'd him, and so did Mr. Linck, and I offer'd him a Chair, for we had found four in our new Appartment. *Ru* protested that the Governor would be pleas'd with our Courtesy, took leave of us, and shut the Door again.

We would have had our Fellow Prisoner sit down at the Table; but he told us, *He had Din'd*; we made him sit by the Fire, for they had lighted us a great one, an Hour after we were brought into our Chamber. He swore to us, he had not seen any Fire for two Years past, at which we were much surpriz'd, for I could not believe I should be Seven Years without coming near any other Fire then that of a Candle; and accordingly all the Skin of his Hands was like the Peels of rotten Onions. I offer'd him two *Pettit Patez*, which he swallow'd without Chewing, telling us, *They were good Cakes*, as not having tasted the Meat in them. I presented him with the Wing of a Pullet, of which the poor Man made but one Mouthful, and drank three or four Glasses of Wine, with extraordinary Greediness. He gaz'd upon our Table with such Astonishment, as made me guess at the Occasion of it; and therefore to ask him, *What he had for his Dinner.* *Alas, Sir,* reply'd he, *A little boil'd Water Soup, and about two Ounces of worse Meat than they give the Soldiers; these Gentlemen here, have been starving me these two Years; but I come out of a Room, where there are Prisoners worse us'd than my self, and one an Hundred times more miserable, for he has lost his Senses; he has been above Seven Years Stark Naked, without a Shirt,*
and

and without a Cap to his Head; and had not I reliev'd a poor Wretch they had given him for a Comrade, he would have had the same Fate, and fallen into a terrible Frenzy, for when I came into their Chamber, he had some dangerous Symptoms of it.

When we had warm'd him well, and made him eat and drink more than enough, for his Greediness made us apprehensive lest it might do him Harm, and having in a few words told him, who we were, we ask'd his Name, his Country, and the Occasion of his being reduc'd to the miserable Condition we saw him in, the Answer he gave to gratify our Curiosity was very near as follows.

My Name is Jacob le Berthon; I am a Native of the Town of Chatelleraut, in the Province of Poitou, Son to a famous Physician, who left us a considerable Estate to live creditably. My Father sent me to Study at Geneva, hoping to advance me in the Ministry; for we were of the Reform'd Religion, but the Persecution against our Churches having oblig'd most of us to go away into Foreign Countries, I went to Holland. I repair'd to the Hague, where I had an Unkle a Minister, whose Name is Monsieur Orillac, and abundance of Relations, easy enough in their Fortunes. I thought I should only need present my self to the Church, to be receiv'd as an Assistant; or to my Relations, to get some Employment; but I found Charity was grown very cold; and that Holland was nothing of what I had imagin'd. Having in vain try'd all Ways, I was oblig'd to carry a Musket. My Kindred's Kindnesses extended so far, as to recommend me to the Heer Overkerke, into whose Regiment I was admitted a private Sentinel, by their means, and where I continu'd till the Battle of Fleurus. Our Colonel had thrown himself into the Castle of St. Amand, which he bravely defended; but the Enemy having levell'd 12 Pieces of Cannon against that poor Place, which they had surrounded on all Sides, and where we were not reliev'd, they oblig'd us to surrender our selves Prisoners of War. We were conducted to Troye, in Champagne, where, by unheard of Inhumanities, they compell'd

pell'd us to list in the Troops of France. I was put into Surlaube's Regiment, and into Winter Quarters at Alen-zon. The first time we were muster'd, my good Fortune order'd it so, that the Commissary was my Cousin, who knowing me, caus'd me to be taken out of the Ranks and discharg'd.

Being resolv'd not to turn Roman Catholick, I agreed with my Brother for a very small Annuity, and withdrew to Paris, thinking I might be better conceal'd there, than in any other part of the Kingdom; but an Hostess with whom I had liv'd several Tears, having found that I was of the Reform'd Religion, suspecting that I had acquainted her Husband with some amorous Intrigue she had, went and discover'd me to Monsieur d' Argenzon, who caus'd me to be taken up, a little above two Tears since, and to be brought into this cruel Den. Soon after I was brought in, I was perswaded to change my Religion, with a Promise of being restor'd to my Liberty, and having a good Employment given me; but neither F. Riquelet, nor the Officers prevailing on me, that R. Father, having caus'd me to be brought before him and the Governor, to know my final Resolution, and finding me unchangable, they grew inrag'd against me in the highest degree; they sent me away, protesting, That I should not be admitted to make my Abjuration, when I had a mind to it; and caus'd me to be conducted by the Major and Ru, to a Room from whence I now came, being the first of the Tower de la Comte, where, had not I been particularly favour'd by God, and had a strong Constitution of Body, I must have perish'd a Thousand times. When they open'd the Door, and I saw a tall Man stark Naked, without any Shirt, walking about the Room, and another who sat up, being likewise stark Naked, in a Heap of Straw he was bury'd in, I thought I should have dropp'd down. I had not time to exclaim against the Injustice done me. The Major and Ru with barbarous Fury, thrust me into the Den of these poor Wretches, and immediately shut the Door upon me, without listening to what I would have said. I have not Words emphatical enough to tell the Grief and Trembling

bling I was seiz'd with ; I lost my Senses, and fell in a Swoon on the same Heap of Straw, where my poor Comrade was still half bury'd.

They brought me to my self, and told me, I had been senseless near half an Hour, without any Symptoms of Life. They had pour'd a great Pitcher of Water on my Face, so that I found my self dropping wet from Head to Foot, between two Men, one of whom was still quite naked, and the other had cover'd his Privities, with such Rags as a Beggar would not have taken up in the Street. Observe, if you please, that this was during the Christmas Holidays, in the Year 1700. I quak'd every Limb of me with Cold and Fright, and was ready to faint away again, when my poor ragged Comrade, endeavour'd to comfort me the best he could ; and gave me to understand, that I stood in need of a great Stock of Patience not to sink in that Place of Despair, where he had groan'd three Years, without having been able to find means to acquaint his Wife that he was in the Bastille, who would, doubtless, had she known it, have us'd all her Endeavours to get him out.

When I had a little recover'd my self, I ask'd him, who he was ? And why he was in the Bastille in that Condition ? I must not forget to tell you, That during all that had hapned since my coming into that pleasant Place, my other Companion in Puris Naturalibus, had never ceas'd laughing out aloud, and frisking about, showing that which Shame, if he had been capable of it, ought to have made him hide, and saying, He was the God of Heaven, the King of the Earth, and the Universal Lord of all things. My Poor Comforter, fetching a deep Sigh, said to me, my Name is Charles Farcy. I am a Soldier of the Guards, but the Son of a Substantial Citizen of Paris ; for my Father was a Master Slater in this City, and very rich ; he gave 40000 Livres with my only Sister, to a Messenger of the King's Closet. Libertinism made me despise my Father's Profession, more than the Dangers of that hazadous Employment, tho' I one Day fell from the Top of St. Paul's Steeple, which is not

far from our Hell; and had it not been for his Hammer, which I struck into the Slate, and which sav'd me from falling so heavily as I must otherwise have done, I should never have been dragg'd to the *Bastille*; and would to God I had dy'd then, I should have sav'd an infinite Multitude of Crosses; for my Life has been a continu'd Series of Misfortunes, which I shall have Leisure enough to relate to you. I betook my self to Arms, the Refuge of all Debauchees, where I met with Adventures altogether out of the common Course, and extraordinary. After several Campaigns, I was list'd in the Regiment of Guards. A Grocer's Widow, very handsome and young, to whose Shop I often resorted, to drink Brandy, lik'd me so well as to marry me, against the Approbation of her Relations. She got me discharg'd, and procur'd me my Freedom of the City; but neither the Love she bore me, nor all her Favours, could draw me from my Libertinism, which, I may say, was become natural to me. I follow'd my old Comrades, and to be the nearer at Hand to continue my Debauches with them, I list'd my self again in the same Company, from which my Wife had purchas'd my discharge with a good Sum of Money, and with an Affection that ought to have made me wiser; but I wanted three Years lying in the *Bastille*, to have time to reflect on my Follies. However, she was upon the Point of getting my Discharge a second time, upon Promise made by me, of living more regularly for the Future; nay, she had agreed with my Captain, when one Morning, in the Depth of Winter, as I lay in Bed by my Wife, at break of Day, I heard knocking at my Shop Door, which is at the Corner of the new Street of our Lady's Church. Thinking they had been some Workmen that wanted Brandy, I had not time to put on any more than my Breeches, and the Coarse Frock they gave the Soldiers to save their Cloaths, and thus, in Slippers, without Stockings, I hastily open'd the Shop, whence I was in a Moment dragg'd by six Men, who

who stopp'd my Mouth with a Handkerchief, to hinder my crying out; and naked as I was, thrust me into a Coach, and brought me to this cursed Place; where, just as I was, they put me to this poor Mad Man, who has been like since, by his Extravagancies, to crack my Brains. Tho' it was then the Depth of Winter, I could get no Cloaths; all the Answer the Officers gave me, being, *That my Companion did well enough without, and I ought not to be tenderer than he.* All the Favour they granted me, was, to allow me three Trusses of Straw to lye in, which they would never change for three Years, and this scurvy Piece of coarse Canvas full of Holes, to serve me for a Blanket.

I have in vain intreated the Officers, and conjur'd them with Tears, that might have mollify'd Tigers, to tell me the Cause of my Imprisonment; but they have rejected me with such Harshness, as would provoke all the Saints in Heaven. I have had Leisure to call my self to Account; at first I thought it might be my Wife's Brother, who being one of the Sheriffs of *Paris*, and asham'd of having a Soldier of the Foot Guards for his Brother in Law, might have caus'd me to be secur'd, but I have since understood, that it was a Mistake, and doubtless, this was the certain Occasion of it.

One Day, when I went to mount the Guard at *Versailles*, I was drinking in a Tavern with some other Soldiers, and my Wife having given me Money, we carry'd on our Debauch very far. We sang lewd Songs, and, in Heat of Wine, I sang one, in which *Madam de Maintenon* was not spar'd, and yet it was a Song freely sung about the Streets of *Paris* by the very Children. A Footman of that Lady's, who was drinking in another Room, next to ours, came and look'd upon me, and charg'd the Master of the House to learn my Name, and what Company I belong'd to. The Host came to give me Notice of it, where-

upon I went out as fast as I could, and 8 Days after I was taken.

I could not forbear interrupting Monsieur le Berthon's Relation, to tell him, *I believ'd that Lady could not be guilty of a Piece of Revenge, so unworthy her high Station, and her excellent Qualifications. We read in our History, said I, that one Day Catherine de Medicis, Wife to Henry the Second, and Mother to three of our Kings, hearing some Soldiers, who were roasting a Goose under her Window, speak the most abominable and provoking Things of her, was satisfy'd with opening a Window, and saying to those Scoundrels, Why do you talk so ill of your poor Queen Catherine, who does you no Wrong? It is she that pays you so well, and is the Occasion of your roasting the Goose. Whereupon the King of Navarre, who was with her, and had heard the foul Language of those Rakes, offering to go out to cause them to be punish'd, she withheld him, and said, Brother, let alone those Wretches, our Anger is not to stoop so low as them: And yet one of the greatest Men of that Queen's Reign, call'd her, The Fury of France, which she rent without Mercy; and shall any Man perswade me, That a Lady of a sublime Genius, would stoop down from the Height of Grandeur, to which Fortune has rais'd her, to a Soldier of the Foot-Guards, and cause him to be punish'd for a Song, sung even in the Height of Debauchery, and inflict on him a Penalty a Thousand Times more cruel than Death? That is incredible.*

However nothing is more certain, reply'd Monsieur le Berthon, for whilst we were together, Monsieur d'Argenson sent for him down, and ask'd him, *Whether he would again think fit to sing Songs against Persons of Quality.* And his Wife, after four Years fruitless Enquiry, being inform'd by a Prisoner, who came out of the Bastille, and with whom we had a private Communication, *That her Husband was shut up there, tho' the Officers had protested to her 20 Times, That he was not.* she went and cast herself at the Feet of the Dutchess of Orleans, Widow to the King's only Brother,

Brother, to beseech her to procure her Husband's Liberty. Tho' the Dutchess, with such Goodness as can never be sufficiently commended, obtain'd the same of the King, who order'd the Chancellor to set *Farcy* at Liberty, the Officers detain'd him a whole Year longer. His Wife had Leave to come to see him three Times a Week, I saw her above 30 Times; for *Ru*, who conducted her to the Stairs before our Room to see her Husband, whom he carry'd out from among us to that Purpose, fell asleep on the Steps, whilst they were talking together, and whilst he slept, *Farcy* open'd our Door a little, that I might see her. She is a very fine lovely Woman, who seems to be very virtuous, and can never be sufficiently commended for what she has done for her Husband. Having found him naked, she brought him a very handsome Suit of Cloaths, Linnen, and a good Bed. She never came to see us without bringing something, either a roasted Capon, or Turkey Pout, or a Basket of Fruit, or a Cake, and always some Bottles of the best Wine. She never ceas'd going to St. *Clou*, to solicit the Dutchess of *Orleans*, who spoke to the King three Times, and at last told the Chancellor, *The King would have that unfortunate Man set at Liberty, whom she had taken into her Protection, and that if he did not cause him to be discharg'd, her Royal Highness would lay the Blame on him, and require Satisfaction of the King.* This Madame *Farcy* told her Husband on Friday Morning, when she brought him an excellent Eel-Pie, and two Bottles of *Burgundy* Wine. She also told him, That Monsieur d' *Argenson* had sent for her to his House the Day before, and after having treated her with an Haughtiness unbecoming a Magistrate, and the Royal Protection, with which she was honour'd, he talk'd to her in this manner; *Then you will have your Husband again, in spite of me; you shall have him, but tell him, that the first false Step he takes, I will cause him to be hang'd; see whether you will have him*

upon those Terms ; and so dismis'd her with Indignation.

On Saturday Night, Monsieur d' Argenzon sent for Farcy down, and spoke to him much to the same Effect, and after having made him lift up his Hand, and swear, *He would say nothing of what is done in the Bastille*, and oblig'd him to sign the Protestation, and that he had been treated according to the King's Intention, he sent him back to our Room, where he still was when I came away ; but it is likely he is now at Liberty. He is a Man very well shap'd, six Foot high, extraordinary open and good-natur'd ; and tho' he has been very lewd, he has no evil Disposition, nor has ever committed reproveable Crimes ; but the poor Man was much out of Order when I was put to him, and was, doubtless, in a Way to lose his Senses, having fretted himself beyond Measure, had not I comforted him, and were it not for the Joy of seeing his Wife again, who entirely recover'd him, and me also ; for had she come three Months later, we had been both dead ; we had nothing but the Skin, broken in several Places, stretch'd upon our fleshless Bones ; and were not able to stand. The Relief she gave us, restor'd me to the Condition you see me in. God bless her for it.

The Mad-man, who was with us, is very well shap'd, and proportionable ; his Body very white and nervous, he is near about as tall as Farcy ; his Hair is of a dark Chesnut Colour curling, which he plats together with his Beard, and that is long, and of the same Colour. He has been stark-naked above seven Years, without enduring the least Rag of Cloaths on his Body, a Cap on his Head, or Shoes or Stocking on his Legs or Feet. His Name is *Nicodemus Dizemberg*, of *Grenoble*.

When he had serv'd long in the King's Troops, one Battalion of the Regiment of *Picardy*, which he commanded as eldest Captain, was detach'd for the Siege of *Namur* ; his Company was there quite ruin'd, and he

he dangerously wounded. He came to make Application to the Minister for some Supply to make up his Company again ; but instead of being rewarded as he deserv'd, he was cashier'd. He, in vain, got all the General Officers to speak in his Behalf ; attesting, *That he was a very brave Man, having always done his Duty exactly.* He had been originally re-form'd, and it was found that he did not exercise the *Roman Catholick* Religion, which was enough to cause him to be unworthily treated, instead of doing him Justice. At last, in Despair, he went over into *England*, and by the Means of Friends and Officers, who knew his Worth, he obtain'd an Audience of King *William*, of glorious Memory.

He made his Majesty such a dreadful Proposal against the King of *France*, that the very Thoughts of it strike a Horror, and which I will bury in Silence, and shall only say, for the Honour of that Great Prince, that tho' it was propos'd to him to be reveng'd of his greatest Enemy, at a Time when he daily discover'd Conspiracies carry'd on against his precious Life, and even *Charnock* and *Granvil* had been lately executed, together with their Accomplices, as impeach'd and convicted of the highest Treason, and the Authors of those abominable Contrivances had been discover'd, as has been known to all the World, yet he caus'd that Wretch to be carry'd out of his Presence, order'd him to be secur'd, and sent him bound Hands and Feet to *Lewis* the XIVth, with an Account of the Villain's Proposal. I leave all those whose Souls are rightly dispos'd, and who love brave Actions, to make such Reflections as are fit upon this noble Subject.

Deximberg finding himself put aboard, in Order to be carry'd into *France*, was so struck with the Terror of the cruel Death the Enormity of his Crime deserv'd, that he became quite distracted. When first he was put into the Hands of the Ministers of *France*, they thought he had acted the Madman, to
save

save his Life ; but they no longer question'd the Truth of the Matter, when they understood, that the Criminal had not only torn all his Cloaths in Pieces, but his Body also, from which Streams of Blood ran on all Sides ; that they had been oblig'd to chain him, to prevent his Dashing out his Brains against the Walls ; that he tore himself miserably with his Teeth and Nails, without enduring any Cloaths, or lying on a Bed, which he tore to Shivers when given him. He became so outrageous, that for above a Year no Man durst go into the Place where he was shut up, and they were oblig'd to make a Hole in the Door, through which they threw Bread in, and that he devour'd in so furious a manner as made the very Turn-keys quake, most of whom have little of Humanity. Nevertheless the Officers of the *Bastille* were so cruel, as to venture to put Companion in to him. *Farcy* was not the first. If I remember right, it was one *F. Damasus*, a *Franciscan*, who had been Chaplain to Monsieur *de St. Ruth*, General of his Majesty's Forces in *Ireland*. That venerable Friar had kill'd a Turn-key, and for his Punishment, after having kept him in Chains two Years in a Closet, he was expos'd to the Fury of that *Dezimberg*, who grew tamer in Favour of the sanctify'd Character of his Associate. They grew so well acquainted together, that when the Governor had any Prisoner they design'd cruelly to chastise, some *harden'd reform'd Person*, as he calls them, whom he would oblige to profess the *Roman Catholick* Religion, he shut him up with *Dezimberg* ; who, besides his being of the Religion of the *Adamites*, being stark naked, never allow'd his Comrades to take any Rest. He every Night ran over all his Adventures confusely, and sometimes fell into raging Fits, when he utter'd the Name of *Lewis*, of *Louvois*, or of *Barbezieux*, with dreadful Blasphemies, and what is prodigious, he never utter'd the Name of King *William*, but he did it with Respect, and when his Comrades extoll'd the brave Actions

tions of that Great Prince before him, instead of being disturb'd, he listened to them attentively. He never permitted the Turn-keys to abuse his Companions, whom he defended with as much Fury as a Lion.

With those two Men I have describ'd, was I shut up two Years; and with them I endur'd more than ever was known to the Ministers of *Nero* and *Domitian*. I have been near two Years desiring to be admitted to profess the *Roman Catholick* Religion, without being able to obtain it.

Upon our dissuading him from it, he wept bitterly, and said, *I know I wrong my Conscience, to get out of this Hell; but I hope God will pity my Weakness, and show Mercy to me; for he knows what I have promis'd him, as soon as I get my Liberty, and I take him to Witness to my good Intentions.* We exhorted and comforted him the best we could, and by our good usage he soon recover'd. Alas! Had the poor Man eaten nothing but what the Turn-keys brought him for his Ordinary, he must certainly have sunk under it; for excepting the Bread, and a little Bottle of very bad Wine, which did not hold above a Glass and a Half, all his Food was not worth a Penny. At Noon they brought him a little Bread, steep'd in boil'd Water, which they call'd Soup, with an Ounce or two of Beef, from which the Gravy had been squeez'd for the Officers Table, as dry as a Chip, and which a Dog would scarce have eaten; and at Night they commonly brought him half a Bone of Mutton, wrapp'd up in a bit of skin. I protest the whole was not sufficient to fill a Rat; but we made him sufficiently amends for the Wretchedness of his Covetous Cooks. Mr. *Linck*, who had the Liberty of sending into the City for what he would, did not let us want for the most delicious Provisions, the best Wines, and all sorts of Ratifiat, which he knew himself how to make to Perfection; and he bestow'd Plenty of all those sorts, not only in our Room, but
in

in all the other Rooms of the Tower, whither he sent abundantly, with such Generosity as I can never sufficiently commend, at least that was his Intention; but that Scoundrel *Ru*, the Turn key, made a very ill use of it; for soon after Mr. *Linck's* Departure, I had some Communication with the Prisoners in the same Tower, who protested to me, *That the Villain had never given them the least Part of what Mr. Linck had sent them profusely*, of which that wicked Man made his Advantage, notwithstanding that Mr. *Linck*, to oblige him, to serve him zealously and diligently, daily loaded him with Presents, and allow'd him, without complaining, to steal his best Linnen. A Fortnight before he was discharg'd, Mr. *Linck* gave him a very fine new Scarlet Cloak, with no other Prospect, than to oblige him to be kind to us, as having no more need for himself, being assur'd of his Liberty. Nor did he miss any Day making that Monster drink plentifully, stuffing him with all sorts of good Wild Fowl, and drenching him with Wine, and the choicest Ratafiat, as also our ridiculous Major, who never came into our Room but he reel'd, tho' it were at four of the Clock in the Morning, which made me believe he was never sober.

One *Saturday* Night, as we were going to sit down at Table, they call'd down Monsieur *Jacob le Bertlou*, and brought him back an Hour after, pale and trembling. When the Turn-key had shut the Door again upon us, and we had recover'd our stupify'd Companion, we ask'd of him, the Reason of his Fear and Disturbance. *As for my Fear*, said he, *there is good Cause, for I have seen the Devil; and I have no less Reason to be disturb'd, for I have been just now inform'd that I am to be deliver'd out of Hell*. Upon hearing this agreeable Piece of News, we redoubled the Dose of Comfort, and then he gave us the following Account of his Adventure.

When I came to the Bottom of the Stairs, I met the Major, who gave me his Hand, as if it had been to

to a Bride. Having saluted him, I ask'd what they wanted with me, but without returning any Answer, he led me to a great Hall, where I found Monsieur d' Argenfon, sitting with his Back to the Fire, before a great Table, about which stood before him several Persons, most of them unknown to me. That Minister was in his Magistrate's Robe, which made me say, *I had seen the Devil*; for if he be not worse than the Devil, he is at least as black and ugly. He writ for some time, without lifting up his Eyes to look at me, whilst another Man, who had also a Black Robe on, and who I have been inform'd was Monsieur Camuset, Commissary of the Bastille, stood before him, without moving any more than a Statute. In one Corner of the Room, was another little Man writing on a Table, and I was told it was Monsieur de Argenfon's Secretary, and at a little distance, another Man Writing on a Desk, and I was afterwards inform'd it was the Register. Corbe stood bare Headed, looking down, as did the Captain of the Gates and some others. On a sudden the Magistrate stood up, and gazing on me with such a Countenance, as was sufficient at least to give a Man a Fit of the Cholick, said hoarsly to me, *What do you here?* Alas, my Lord, said I, *I endure, and I Fast much. Are you resolv'd to persist in the Errors of Calvinism, reply'd he? Have you not been told, My Lord, answer'd I, That I have been two Years desiring to abjure them? Yes, said he, but you was not yet thoroughly converted. Alas! My Lord, said I, The Bastille alone is sufficient to convert all the Devils in Hell. There is another Matter in Question, continu'd he, breaking loose and talking in a higher Tone. I will cause you to be hang'd, for you have deserv'd a Halter.* At the hearing of these Words, I thought all my Bones would have been dislocated, to creep into one another. *Have you not serv'd his Majesty's Enemies, and were not you taken in Arms against your King, at the Battle of Fleures? It is true, my Lord, That having withdrawn my self into Holland, on Account of my Religion, and*
finding

finding no Employment there, I was oblig'd to list my self in the Dutch Troops; but they were not then in War against the King; and when it was declar'd between his Majesty and their High Mightinesses. I would have got my Discharge, but was forc'd to serve against my Will; for I should have been punish'd as a Deserter, but I have since serv'd in France, and I am included in the Amnesty the King has granted to all Frenchmen, who have bore Arms against him. That Mercy of the King's, said he, does not extend to you, and therefore you deserve Death, and accordingly must prepare to receive Sentence. The threatening Tone with which he utter'd those Words, made me believe he had spoke the Truth, and you may think what a Fright I was in. I fell on my Knees weeping, and telling him, The King might do as he pleas'd, but that I begg'd Mercy. He pardons you, answer'd he, but upon Condition that you shall embrace the Roman Catholick Religion. Can you give me Security for the Performance of your Promise? There is a rich Banker, said I, in this City, in the Street des Lombards, of my own Name, who, perhaps, will not refuse me the Favour of being bound for me; if not, my Brother, who lives at Chatelleraut, I believe will be willing to do it; and if the Interest of his Family should hinder him, I am fully perswaded, that my Brother-in-law, who is one of the most famous Advocates in Poitiers, will do it with all his Heart. He took Directions to all those Persons, and then said to me, Go back to your Room, and there pray heartily for his Majesty, the most merciful of all Kings, who pardons you, and take Care for the future to live as becomes a good and loyal Subject.

We had much to do to recover him from his Quaking Fit. Mr. Linck thought of nothing but making him Drink plentifully, congratulating his approaching Liberty, whilst I contriv'd to make my Advantage of his being discharg'd, to send an Account of my self to my dearest Wife, and to procure Mr. Linck's Liberty, and thus I went about it.

Mr. Linck had a great Quantity of white Paper in

a Book, which was not Printed. I made use of it to Write to my Wife, to my Son, to Monsieur *Chamillart*, Monsieur *de Torcy*, and to several other Friends, but those Letters were never deliver'd as directed; in all likelihood through the Fear of Monsieur *le Bertbon*, whom the Officers did not forget to warn, as they do all other Prisoners that get out of their Clutches, that if he gave any Advice of us abroad, he would not fail being put into the *Bastille* for the rest of his Days; and they make them take an Oath not to reveal what is done in the *Bastille*, with dreadful Threats in Case they transgress. This it was perhaps that deterr'd my first Companion, Monsieur *Falourdet*, from putting the Letters I gave him for the same Persons into the Post Office. Mr. *Linck* had the Fortune that the Letters I writ for him to the *Danish* Residents Chaplain, at *Paris*, with whom he was particularly acquainted, and to *Mademoiselle Skingre*, a *German* young Gentlewoman, to whom the *Dutchess* of *Orleans* allow'd a Pension, and her Protection, were receiv'd. Mr. *Linck* promis'd that Gentlewoman 200 Pistoles, if she could procure his Release out of Prison, which she might easily do, by going to wait on the *Dutchess* at *Versailles*, and acquainting her with the Injustice done in seizing him and the other *Germans*, the very next Morning after that Great Princess had given them the King her Brother's Word, *That no Harm should be done them, and that they might stay in Paris till his Majesty should send them Orders to depart the Kingdom.*

We sew'd up all those Letters in Monsieur *le Bertbon*'s Rags, between the Lining and the out-side of his Coat, and took all Precautions that he might at least save some of them.

At length the happy Hour of Monsieur *le Bertbon*'s Deliverance came, at half an Hour past Nine, on *Saturday* the 30th of *December*, 1702. Our Ordinary was not brought us till he was gone, that they might have the barbarous Satisfaction of turning him out without a Supper; nay, our cruel Executioners found
Fault

Fault, that we should give that poor Man some Wine, they treating him with the utmost Inhumanity, and particularly *Ru*, who in our Presence search'd him every where, even in the privatest Parts, with brutal Fury, giving him the most gross and outrageous Language, which that good old Man, who was near Sixty Six Years of Age, bore with such Patience as might have mov'd Tigers to Compassion. They turn'd him away without Shooes, and without permitting Mr. *Linck* to get him a Pair at his own Cost, who would also have cloath'd him, which those inhuman Fellows would not allow him to do. He presented him with a Note to Monsieur *Tourton*, the Banker aforesaid, to receive as much Money as he had Occasion for, to put him into a Condition to return Home, and defray his Expences to *Chatellerant*. That good Man was so transported, and trembling, such was his Joy for having obtain'd his Liberty, that he could never utter one Word to us; bating, that after we had lovingly imbrac'd him, he turn'd to us when out of the Room, to say, *Adieu my dear Gentlemen, Pray for me.*

We made a Festival on Account of his going out, which lasted at least a whole *Octave*, and certainly Mr. *Linck* had sufficient Cause to rejoice, for had it not been for that, he ran great Danger of continuing till the Peace in that cursed Den of Thieves, and Monsieur *le Berthon's* going out, and my Industry procur'd not only his Liberty; but also that of Mr. *Neisvitz*, and several other *Germans*, for whom Mr. *Linck* earnestly sollicitated the *Dratchefs*, when he was set at Liberty.

The next Morning *Corbe* came to see us, and directing his Discourse to Mr. *Linck*, *Thank me*, said he, *for having sav'd you the Money it would have cost you to cloath that Scoundrel that went from you last Night, it would have been all lost to you. Do you rather beg Pardon of God for it,* answer'd Mr. *Linck*, *I would willingly have paid double the Value of the Things he stood in need of,*

of, than that he should have gone away in that miserable Condition you turn'd him out of your Hands. You will answer for it before God, for my intention was good. He went out very ill satisfy'd with Mr. Linck's Answer to his Compliment.

Our Friendship increas'd daily, I cherish'd Mr. Linck as if he had been my Son, and he lov'd me as a Father. At Night, as we were warming ourselves at Leisure, with the Wood he caus'd to be plentifully bought, we hear'd at our Chimney confuse Voices of Prisoners that were under us. We ventur'd to make a Hole in the Chimney, and with some Packthread we made of the Stopples of the Bottles of *Champagne* Wine, they brought us from the Tavern close stopp'd, we let down a Note to our Neighbours; they snatch'd both the note and packthread so violently, that we could not guess at the Cause of it. We writ another, which had no better Success. We acquainted them who we were, and desir'd they would be pleas'd that we might comfort one another; but they would not return us any Answer. We enlarg'd our Hole, by which means we could distinctly hear all they said. I distinguish'd the Voice of one *Monsieur le Pouilloux*, a Gentleman of *Poitou*, the others were *John Bonneau*, a Physician, Son to a Minister of *Ambusson*, in *Auvergne*; *Matthias du Val*, an *Irish* Pilot; and *John Gesmin*, a Locksmith of *Paris*. We easily perceiv'd, That *Monsieur le Pouilloux*, who was of a very mild Temper, had enough to endure with the other three, two of which were mad, and the third look'd like an insupportable Man-Eater. My earnest Desire to talk to *Monsieur le Pouilloux*, made me venture to speak to him through our Hole; but I was much surpriz'd to hear *Monsieur Pouilloux* conjure me to stop up our Hole very close, which would cause us all to be sent to the Dungeon, if it were discover'd; that he was as desirous to talk to me as I could be, but that he had invincible Reasons that obstructed it. We took
his

his Advice, and concluded, that there was some one among them so Treacherous and Base as to discover us.

On the 18th of *January* 1703, when we had almost din'd by a good Fire, we heard our Door open, and saw the Major and *Ru* come in, follow'd by a Priest of an indifferent Stature, but truss made, and his Countenance Manly enough, yet of a very bad Aspect. His Eyes were Red, like those of an Asp. In other respects he was a good thick clumsy round Fellow, fresh Colour'd, and in the Vigour of his Age, for he did not seem to be above 34, or 35 Years of Age. By his squareness, Arms and Legs, he look'd as if Nature had design'd him for a Chair-man, or Porter, but it will appear by the Sequel, that she had very pernicious Reasons for making of him a common Curate. That Man coming in Saluted us in a Haughty manner, then he hastily clap'd his Hat on his Head, to take up a Lap of his Cloak, which he threw over his Shoulder, covering half his Face, and letting the other hang down, on the lower part of his audacious Figure. The Major, after his grotesk Bows, told us, *That was a Companion the Governor sent us, whom he desir'd we would admit among us.* *Ru* also open'd, to tell us, *That he was one of the best Lads in the Bastille, and that we should be pleas'd with him.* We stood up to pay our Respects to him, and offer'd Wine to our New-Comer and his Introducers, who, after having drank of four Glasses a piece, told us, *They could not stay any longer with us; that they were very sorry for it, especially the Major, who knowing that our Stores were full, was loth to depart, but that they had Business of the greatest Consequence, and having shut the Doors again. they left us alone, with our new Comrade. He gaz'd upon the Fragments of our Dinner, which were still good enough to have been coveted by others besides one as sharp set as if he had not eaten in three Days; which made ask him, Whether he had din'd? And whether he would not do us the Favour to sit down at the Table with us, by the Fire. I will not stay to be twice intreated,*

intreated, said he, for, besides that I perceive you are Persons that live well, I have fed but very poorly ever since I have been in the Bastille. The Dinner I had this Day would not spoil my Stomach for a Wedding, and I have seen no Fire since I came into this Devilish Pit, tho' I am in Hell. I brought him the Carcase of a Turkey Pout, over and above our Scraps; I set him a Chair at the upper-end, and desir'd him to lay aside his Cloak, that he might be less incumber'd; but how was I surpriz'd, when after he had taken it off, I perceiv'd he was an *Abbe Party per Pale*, Linsey Woolsey. Before I set him at the Fire, where I will make him chatter like a Starling, it is very proper that I should, if possible, describe his extravagant Figure. He had a *Cau-debec* Hat turn'd up in Quils like a Ruff, it had so many Cocks; there were as many Stays as would have serv'd to tuck up the Hats of a dozen Soldiers of the Guards; and he afterwards told me, That the sparkish Abbees, like himself, call'd that Sort of Hats, *nice falvala Beavers*. His Wig was the best Piece about him, it was very fair, and we were afterwards inform'd, that it was made of the Hair of one of his Mistresses; his Band, which had been formerly White as well as his Ristbands, were of the finest Cambrick, he swore to us it had cost him 10 Livers an Ell at *Cambray*. To make amends, his Shirt was of a coarser Linnen, than that Sacks are made of. However, he was bound to make much of it, being the only one he had, as we were afterwards inform'd; For, said he, *I do not care to encumber my self with any thing but what is necessary, and trouble my self very little with what is not seen*. Next to his Cloak, he had on a Waistcoat, the fore part, and part of the Sleeves, next the Hands, were of fine Cloth, and all the rest of the hardest Hair-cloth. The fore part of his Breeches was of Purple Velvet, and the back part of coarse blew Cloth, which made me say, *He was an Abbe, party per pale*. His Stockins, which he garter'd below his Knees with Cords, made a very Comical Figure; he had drawn

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down

down the Calves to the Ankles ; for as they were out at the Feet, he, without any other Ceremony, cut off as much as was ragged, and drew the rest down, so that at first the Heels became Soles, then the small of the Legs, and when he came to us the Calves, and thus his Legs, which were naturally very thick, look'd monstrous. He represented a Y turn'd upside down. There were no Soles left to his Shoes, which only hung to his Feet by Cords, and without magnifying, his Foot was about two Royal Feet in length, it was so prodigious flat and big. He blush'd when he had laid aside his Cloak, as well perceiving we could hardly forbear laughing, at so extravagant a Dress as his was. *Gentlemen*, said he to us, *had the Major allow'd me time to put on my Coat, you had seen me as nice as a Rabbit, for it is of the same Cloth as the Cloak, and entire, which I bought in Holland; but among us Abbes, who are not very Rich, and yet would make a Figure in the World, nothing is regarded but what is seen, and we trouble not ourselves much about what is not seen, provided the outside be Gay and Gaudy, the inside may go as it can.* He talk'd such coarse *Norman* Language, that I knew by it he was of the Country about *Roan*, His Speech discover'd him. He sat down without any Ceremony at the upper end of the Table, he was *Aesop's* Man, and fell to devouring; he had not leisure to chew, but swallow'd whole Morsels; which made *Mr. Linck* pleasantly enough, whisper me in the Ear, that he drank his Meat; an Expression I have found very expressive, tho' plain.

No sooner had he drank half a Bottle of Wine, than his Face grew inflam'd. I thought at first it had been the Effect of the Fire, on which we had laid 5 or 6 Billets extraordinary; but his Extravagancies soon undeceiv'd us: Without asking, he gave us a particular Account of his Life, the most deprav'd and irregular, as we shall soon see, that the vilest Scoundrel could be Guilty of. *The Church perverted, will show the Face of the Devil.* A Truth, whereof we have an execrable Instance before us, he had told us, his
Name

Name was Monsieur *de la Motte*, Abbe of *St. Antony*.
 Gentlemen, said he, I perceive you are too good
 Lads to conceal any thing from you, my true Name
 is *Anthony Sorel* Curate of *Lery*, 4 leagues from *Roan*,
 which is the 3d Benefice I have left for my devilish
 Gallantries, our good King was much in the wrong
 in not sending me to *America*, I should have help'd
 to People the Country there as much as four of the
 bravest Fellows. In the Space of 13 Months, Seven
 young Wenches of my Parish, whom I had got
 with Child, were brought to Bed, and among them
 there was one as beautiful as the Sun, whose Name
 was *Elizabeth de la Feuillee*, Sister to a Master Hatter
 of *Roan*, who was my Cousin German; without
 reckoning marry'd Women; for I behav'd my self
 so, that they had no cause any of them to find
 Fault; except three of them, whom I could never
 bring to hear reason; and besides, I had Mistresses
 at *Roan*, and all about. By're Lady there's a
 mettlesome Curate. Having made this fine Con-
 fession, he rose up and took me by the Hand, to make
 me dance with him; and perceiving that I was not
 in a Humour, he fell a dancing by himself; after
 the most antick manner that ever I saw, skipping so
 heavily and with such force, that he would have broke
 down the Floor, had it not been so strong as it was;
 singing such a scandalous Song, as would have made
 the most impudent Varlet in the Army blush. And
 yet he said to us, I have made the Women of my
 Parish dance it several times, in my Parsonage
 House, before and after Evensong, when we had a
 Thousand Frolicks, and were ready to burst with
 laughing till we tore our Throats. Poor Mr. *Linck*
 was so far from laughing at that barbarous Dance,
 and ridiculous Fellow, that he threw himself on the
 Bed, in a Melancholly Fit, where he began to lament
 his Misfortune, in being shut up with that extrava-
 gant Person. I ran to him, whilst our venerable
 Curate, turn'd over the Scraps of our Dinner, to
 K 2 recruit

recruit himself after his Fatigue; for, in Reality, the Sweat ran down him. Mr. Linck, squeezing my Hand, said to me. *What Man is this they have brought us? He is more like a Devil than a Priest. Had one of our Ministers in my Country been Guilty of the tenth Part of the Crimes this Villain boasts of, he would have been burnt alive. If the Officers leave this Scoundrel with us, I shall certainly dye with Vexation.* I comforted him the best I could, assuring him it would be in our Power to turn him out of our Company; but we were not yet acquainted with the *Bastille*. Our charitable Curate ask'd me, *What Mr. Linck ail'd*, and having told him, *He was somewhat indispos'd but that a few Hours Rest might recover him.* 'Odd's blews, said he, let him
 ' eat and drink as I do; let him Caper and make a
 ' Jest of the Turns of this World; a merry Life and
 ' a short. I desir'd he would let him rest a little, and having pour'd out a Brimmer of *Champagne*, which quite turn'd his Brain, made him sit down by the Fire, and desir'd he would give me a Relation of his Life, which I did not question was full of extraordinary Adventures. 'The *Spanish Rogue*, answer'd
 ' he, nor *Lazarillo de Tormes* are nothing to it; I will
 ' tell you every particular, at least very near it. One
 ' good turn deserves another; you shall acquaint me
 ' with yours next. Thus it was that he began, talking
 ' loud enough for Mr. Linck to hear every Word.

' I was born at *Lery*, near *Pont de l' Arche*, in *Normandy*, being Son to a good Farmer, belonging to the Cardinal de *Bouillon*. My Father is of one of the best Families in the Village, and had a genteel Estate, but there being many Children of us, all whom he was to bring up handsomely, he spent what little he had; only my elder Brother had a good Provision, having taken the Farm of the Cardinal after my Father, and a younger Brother, whom a lucky Match has made easy in the World. I have also a Sister, who is marry'd to one of the topping Vintners of *Louviers*, whose Name is Monsieur

* *sieur Bras—dor.* You may see I have good Re-
 lations, and that I am not of the Mob, so I am not.
 ' My Father in my Infancy design'd me for a Priest;
 ' for being the Cardinal *de Bouillon's* Farmer, he did
 ' not believe I could miss of a Parsonage, any more
 ' than of Water in a River. To that purpose I
 ' study'd at *Roan*, and being a handsome Fellow, a
 ' Chandlerwoman fell in Love with me. I inter-
 rupted him, to ask, *What a Chandlerwoman was.* ' How
 ' now, answer'd he, very pertly; are you the only
 ' one in *Israel* who knows not that; It is a Woman
 ' that sells Tallow, Oil to burn, by Retail, Butter,
 ' Beacon, Candles, &c. All Mankind calls such a one
 ' a Chandler-Woman, and *Vaugelas* calls her so in his
 ' Dictionary of Polite Language. I begg'd his Par-
 don for having forgot that Word, and said, he ought
 to attribute that want of Memory to my Imprison-
 ment. After which he became calm; for he was
 much scandaliz'd at my Ignorance, and then he went
 on thus. ' Every time I pass'd by her Shop, she call'd me
 ' in, to make much of me. Sometimes she gave me a
 ' good slice of Bread and Butter, and a Draught of
 ' good strong Sider; sometimes bak'd Apples or Pears,
 ' and always some little savory Bits; sometimes also
 ' she took me in behind her Shop, and kiss'd my
 ' Cheek. At length she grew so desperately in Love
 ' with me, that she would needs have marry'd me;
 ' and propos'd to give me all she had, if I would
 ' make her my Wife. She said, *she would give me the*
 ' *Value of above 2000 Crowns; that she would purchase*
 ' *me a Free-Porter's Place at the Salt Storehouse.* She
 ' was old enough to be my Grand-mother, and a fat
 ' heap of Guts, which turn'd my Stomach, she was
 ' so greasy; but the Advantage of the Place set me
 ' agog. I told her, I would, and that I would go
 ' and acquaint my Father and Mother with it. I
 ' did so, my Father and Mother came to see her.
 ' She gave us such an Entertainment, that nothing
 ' was wanting. We were at the Point of drawing

the Writings, when her Heirs disappointed the Af-
 fair, and threatned that if I did but think of such a
 thing, they would be the Death of me. She had
 some own Nephews, who were arch Wags well
 match'd; they dogg'd me, so that I durst not go to
 her, unless it were at Night. Once as I was going
 not very late, they fir'd a Pistol, without hurting
 me, but it made me scamper curiously. My Sister,
 who was a Chamber Maid to the President *Plot's*
 Lady, would not have me return thither any more,
 and said, *She bad rather I should be a Priest*, and to
 that purpose, she desir'd the President to prefer me,
 to be Preceptor in some Person of Quality's House,
 for I was a good Rhetorician. I made very pretty
Latin Prose, just like *Cicero*, there was no difference
 between us. I also made very pretty *Greek* Verses;
 as for *Latin* Verses, I laid them aside; I could never
 make any thing of them; they puzzled my Brain.
 Monsieur *Plot* wrote to his Relations at *Lyons*, and
 receiv'd Orders to send me thither, to be Preceptor
 to Madam *Plot de Bullion's* Children. I went, and
 liv'd there like a Hog in a Trough. Before I had
 been there three Months, I grew as red as a Rose,
 and as fat as a Frier. Whilst my Scholars were at
 School, I study'd Philosophy, where I disputed like
 another *Plato*. I soon perceiv'd, that my Mistress
 was fallen in Love with me. We strove to out do
 one another in Ogling, she always clapp'd the best
 Bits at the Table on my Plate. In short, I liv'd
 in Clover, when I fell into Company with a great
 Wag of a loose Scholar, who was a Debauchee, and
 utterly ruin'd me. My Mistress who always de-
 clar'd, she would have me fix'd in her House con-
 tinually, and therefore gave me a Parsonage that
 was in her Nomination, for she was Lady of four or
 five Parishes, had caus'd me to receive Deacon's Or-
 ders, when the Scholar above mention'd, who was
 call'd the *Abbe* of *St. Martin*, a Gentleman of *St. Eti-
 enne en Foret*, made me Play a Truant, to carry me
 to

to the Tavern, with other Rakes like himself, where
 we made the most of all that came in our way.
 He had so bewitch'd me, that I could not live with-
 out him. I no longer regarded what my Mistress
 said to me, it was to no purpose for her to preach,
 one Word of my debauch'd Companion blotted all
 out; when he, fortunately for me, list'd himself in
 the Cavalry, which I should also have done, had I
 not been in Orders, and his Captain carry'd him
 away into *Germany*. I heard no more of him in five
 or six Months. I fell to my Studies again, and was
 ready to sing my first Mass, when one Morning
 early, I receiv'd a Letter from my Spark, who
 writ to me from the Suburb call'd *la Guillotiere*, over
 the Bridge, where he desir'd I would go to him, to
 to a Tavern, where he said he expected me. There
 was no need of sending for me twice, I flew thither;
 but how was I surpriz'd when I found him in the
 Habit of a *Recolet*, I thought I should have dropt
 down. No Masquerade was ever more Comical.
 However the Habit did not disguise his good Mein;
 he was still the same, as strait as an Arrow, and as
 fresh as a Rose. After imbracing me, we call'd for
 Wine, and he told me, *That he had met with a Reco-*
let of his Acquaintance in Germany, who had convey'd
him into his Monastery, because his Captain would not
give him his Discharge. That the Friars had kept him
near a Month, till his Troop was march'd away; during
which time those good Religious Men had almost broke
his Belly with drinking, and at last, for Fear he should
be known and taken up as a Deserter, they had given
him a Recolets Habit, with a Pass to go from Monastery
to Monastery, as far as Lyons, where he was to quit the
Habit, and restore it to the Reverend Fathers the Recolets;
that he had led an extravagant Life all the Way; that
at all the Monasteries, where he had lodg'd, they had
given him Presents to carry to the Superiour, and to sever-
al Recolets at Lyons; but that he had sold and spent
all by the way. That coming from a Monastery, where
 K 4 the

' the good Fathers had given him so much Drink that he
 ' was disturb'd, he met a young Wench, whom he would
 ' have ravish'd, and he knew not what might have come
 ' of it, had not some Peasants come running, upon bearing
 ' the Wench cry out, who would have carry'd him back to
 ' the Monastery to be punish'd by his Superiors, being un-
 ' willing to meddle themselves, because of his Character;
 ' but he being stronger than those Clowns, after laying
 ' about him, had made his escape out of their Hands.
 ' We were three whole Days in the Tavern, of the
 ' Suburb de la Guillotiere, without ever parting; but
 ' he having never a Penny, and my Money being but
 ' small, when we had spent all, I advis'd him to go
 ' to the Recolets, to ask Cloaths of them and some
 ' Money to return Home; because he was well known,
 ' and the good Fathers went often a Questing to his
 ' Father's and Mother's House. I bore him Com-
 ' pany to the Monastery; but soon perceiv'd that his
 ' Affair went ill there; for we were no sooner got in-
 ' to the Monastery, than the Brother Porter rung a
 ' Bell thrice, which on a sudden brought before us
 ' five or six strapping Friars, who bestow'd a Thou-
 ' sand Reproaches on him, saying, *You are come then,*
 ' *Mr. Scoundrel, who, wearing our Habit, have scandaliz'd*
 ' *us with your Debauches; who have squander'd all that*
 ' *was given you for the Monastery, and who are for Ra-*
 ' *vishing of Maids. Come in, to the Refectory;*
 ' *we have expected you a long time. And you, Sir,* added
 ' they, turning to me, *are not you his Companion? Will*
 ' *not you come in with him to be made much of?* No, R.
 ' Father, answer'd I, perceiving there were already
 ' at least 15 or 16 Dissemblers of them, dragging him
 ' to the Refectory, whither he went with an ill Will.
 ' I know nothing of him, I know not the Man, it is a
 ' worthy Religious Person, who desir'd me to shew him the
 ' way to the Monastery. I deny'd him as Peter did,
 ' and having said so, got away as fast as I could. I had
 ' not been above two Hours at Home, where my
 ' Mistress job'd me nicely, before I receiv'd a note from
 ' my

my poor Comrade, who desir'd me to repair to him,
 to the same Tavern, where we had before spent 3 Days
 together. My longing to know, how he had got out
 of the Hands of those Hypocritical Friars made me
 not hesitate one Moment; I took the rest of the
 Money I had, and made haste to him. I was never
 more surpriz'd, than when I found him again in his
 Recolet's Habit; but the poor Lad, after having barr'd
 the Door upon us, undid his Cord, let fall his Ha-
 bit, and stripp'd stark naked. He look'd like the
 Picture of our Saviour, after the scourging at the
 Pillar. They had not whipp'd but flead him. He fell
 a weeping, and I wept for Company, we both strove
 to out-weep one another. At last he told me his
 Adventure. As soon, said he, as I was in the Re-
 fectory, they gave me a special Entertainment. They
 bound me to one of the Pillars, with mine and their
 own Cords, and having made fast both my Hands
 and Feet, they stripp'd me stark naked, and then
 bound me about the Reins to the Pillar, so that I
 could not move Hand or Foot. Then two great
 Scoundrels of the most strapping among them, fell
 to flogging of me with their Disciplines, God
 knows with what Satisfaction; it was not long before
 they had torn all my Skin from the Back to my Heels.
 I roar'd like one that was murdering. I was sensible
 enough that they laid on most on my Buttocks,
 and I believe I shall not recover it this Fortnight.
 Whilst they whipp'd me, they said, *This is for the*
Reverend Father such a one's Present; this is for the
Present of such another; this is for attempting to Ra-
vish the Country Girl; in short, they laid on for all
 my Sins, for the Vigil and the Day. When they
 had maul'd me, Back and Belly, it was put to the
 Question, whether they should send me to my Fa-
 ther's. One said, *I ought to be kept in a Hole*
for a Fortnight, upon Bread and Water. Another,
that they should give me a lay Habit, and make me
swear I would send it back, when I got Home. Do not
 trust

* *trust to that, said another, he will certainly keep it.*
 * *Others said, I ought to be sent away with my Recolet's*
 * *Habit, and a Father and a Lay Brother be sent with me,*
 * *to bring it back; but no one of them would consent*
 * *to go upon that Embassy; they did well, for in the*
 * *Rage they had put me, I should have murder'd*
 * *them both. Others said, I ought to be sent away alone,*
 * *and that they should write a civil Letter to my Father,*
 * *who was an Honest Man, and would certainly send back*
 * *the Habit.*

* *In Conclusion, after withdrawing into a Corner,*
 * *and consulting long together, the latter Advice was*
 * *carry'd by Plurality of Voices. They unbound me,*
 * *and after the Superior had preach'd a Sermon to*
 * *me, which did not concern me to hear, advising me*
 * *to lead a better Life, he ask'd me, Whether I would*
 * *eat any thing? Alas! reply'd I, shedding abun-*
 * *dance of Tears, I have no Need of it, you have*
 * *treated me sufficiently; you have given me enough*
 * *for all the rest of my Life. In fine, those Terma-*
 * *gants made me put on their Devilish Habit again,*
 * *and caus'd me to be conducted out of the Town by*
 * *four of their strongest Myrmidons, who, by the way,*
 * *advis'd me, Not to boast when I came home of my good*
 * *Fortune; and that I might be assur'd, it would be bury'd*
 * *in Oblivion, on their Side. All that while I was*
 * *studying how to be reveng'd; but what can I do*
 * *against those Bellweather Friars? I can think of no*
 * *Method, but burning them in their Monastery, said I to*
 * *my self. At last, when they had left me, and were*
 * *out of Sight, I fetch'd a great Compass round about,*
 * *and return'd hither, my dear and intimate Friend,*
 * *to advise with you, and conjure you, by our invio-*
 * *lable Friendship, that you will assist me in taking*
 * *my Revenge of those dissembling Executioners.*
 * *When I had promis'd and sworn to him, That I*
 * *would do any thing in the World he should desire*
 * *of me. Have you any Money? said he to me. Very*
 * *little, answer'd I, and if we stay here never so little. I*
 * *shall*

shall have no more than will bear us out. Come, let us
 drink, said he, to wash down Sorrow. It is good to ad-
 vise with the Pillow; but let us first send for some Oyl
 of sweet Almonds, and let me beg you to rub me all over
 with it; for my Sores burn like Fire, and smart like so
 many Needles. No sooner said than done. Then we
 drank till it was far in the Night. At length, after
 having long debated on all Methods how we might
 be reveng'd of those Whipping Friars; it was resol-
 ved, That we should both cloath our selves like
 Recolet Friars, and go a questing through all the
 Villages, and that as soon as we had got enough, I
 should again put on my Abbe's Habit, to go sell
 what we had begg'd. The Question still was, how
 we should get another Habit, and who we should
 have to make it? At first he would have us murder
 two Recolets, to be reveng'd, and to take their
 Habits; but that Advice was too dangerous. It
 was a Folly to venture hanging, to go a questing.
 He who has Money, said he to me, has every thing;
 go home, take all the best you have, and come back to me.
 I am resolu'd to beg alone, till we come to one of my Fa-
 thers Farmers, who is an honest Man, and very rich. I
 will counterfeit my Fathers Hand, to desire him to give
 me an Hundred Livers upon Account of what he owes
 him, to pay the Charge of my Profession Feast; because I
 am to be receiv'd a Recolet, and then I will cloath you.
 I approv'd of his Project, and went away that Mo-
 ment to my Room, where I pack'd up all my Books,
 Linnen, and the best I had, and return'd to him to
 the Tavern; but all was made away before we set
 out from thence, and I sold the very Buckles of my
 Shooes, and the Buttons of my Sleeves, which were
 Silver, before we budg'd. At last we began our
 Journey. When he went into any good House, I
 durst have sworn, he had never been bred to any
 thing but begging, he did it with so good a Grace.
 God be in this House, said he when he came in, the
 Peace of our Lord be with you, and follow you whereso-
 ever

' ever you go; may be bleſs and increaſe your Stock. I
 ' come to move your Charity in Behalf of our Reverend
 ' Fathers, who will pray for you and all their Benefactors,
 ' and will offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Maſs for the
 ' Souls of your Relations, and good Friends departed. You
 ' know our Monastery is poor, and that we have enough to
 ' do to live; on the other Hand it is rich in good Works,
 ' whereof, on our Part, we will make you ſhare abundantly.
 ' In moſt Houſes, as ſoon as we came in, the Cloth
 ' was lay'd, or at leaſt they made us drink; after
 ' which we never went away empty handed. If
 ' there happen'd to be ever a young Maid that was
 ' marriageable, he never omitted aſking, *Whether ſhe*
 ' *was diſpos'd of, or whether ſhe had any good Friends?*
 ' And according to her Answer, he would be ſure to
 ' tell her, That he knew a handsome and ſober young
 ' Man, who was well to paſs, and wore the Cord of
 ' the Seraphick St. Francis, who had deſir'd him to
 ' find out a handsome modeſt Maid for him, who
 ' would be very fit for her; and if ſhe approv'd of
 ' it, he would bring him to her very ſhortly. He
 ' ſaid much the ſame to young Batchelors, to Widows,
 ' and Widowers, and was always provided of ſome-
 ' body to match them with; *For you know*, ſaid he,
 ' *that we go into all good Houſes, and are acquainted with*
 ' *all Sorts of Perſons, and we ſeek nothing but to return*
 ' *the Good that is done us an Hundred Fold.* I come from
 ' the Monastery of Nantes, where I have been much miſs'd,
 ' and in all the Country for ſix Leagues round. In one
 ' Years Time I made up above an Hundred Matches, and
 ' by the Grace of God, I can ſafely ſwear, by the Truth I
 ' owe to our Lord, and to our Seraphick Father St.
 ' Francis, that not one of them has ſucceeded amiſs;
 ' for I have an excellent Hand at tying the Knot of the
 ' great Sacrament, as the Apoſtle St. Paul ſays. Here-
 ' upon God knows how many Bleſſings thoſe it con-
 ' cern'd beſtow'd on us, and how it open'd their
 ' Hearts to put into the Box, the Basket, and the
 ' Wallet. Some gave us Money, Butter, Eggs, Bacon,
 ' Cheeſe,

Cheese, Candles, Thread, Yarn, for any thing
 serv'd us, and we refus'd nothing. Some ask'd him,
What was become of Brother Pancratius? who was a
 good religious Man. He presently nam'd a Mona-
 stery he was gone to, by order of his Superiors, say-
 ing, *He was come in his Place, and that by God's Holy*
Grace, they would like him as well as they had done good
Brother Pancratius. When they ask'd his Name,
 he said it was *Timothy*, an unworthy Brother Re-
 colet. They ask'd him, *Who I was*, and he answer'd,
I was a Petitioner for the Holy Habit, and that they
oblig'd me to perform my Noviceship in questing; and I
look'd down, and play'd the Hypocrite artfully.
 It was I that carry'd a great Basket we had bor-
 row'd to beg Charity. Every Body admir'd my
 Resignation, and encourag'd me to persevere; only
 some young Females shrugg'd their Shoulders, and
 whisper'd, *What a Pity it was.* My Comrade carry'd
 the Wallet, which we had made of one of our Land-
 lord at *la Guillotiere's* Table-Cloths, which we had
 dexterously filch'd; he had got enough by my
 Books, and other Baubles. He also carry'd a Box
 with a Slit in it, which we had bought to put in the
 Money we begg'd. To bring an Odium upon the
 Recolets, when we had done questing in a Village,
 and could expect no more there, if we met any
 little Boys, who ask'd us for Beads or Pictures, *Go*
to the Devil, said he, or else gave them the most im-
 pudent foul Language. When we met any comely
 Lasses, who ask'd his Blessing, he return'd some
 scurvy Answer, with many filthy Words, and if
 they were pretty big, and alone, he offer'd to kiss
 them, and we let none escape but such as were too
 little. We left the Recolets a good Name wherefo-
 ever we came. It happen'd, that we went a quest-
 ing to a Village, where Brother *Pancratius* had been
 but a Fortnight before. We search'd after him every
 where, and if we had found him, we had charitably
 return'd

return'd him double, what his sturdy Fathers had bestow'd on my Comrade *Timothy*.

' In fine, after having strowl'd about above six Weeks, making a Frolick of our Quest, we came to the *Abbe de St. Martin's* Father's Farmer's House. He made me hide my self in a Copse behind the House he went into. He made his Compliment, and gave the good Man the pretended Letter from his Father, who could not believe what he beheld. *How is this?* said the honest old Man, *they know not where you are; they are full of Trouble at your Father's, not knowing what is become of you, and all on a sudden you appear as a Father Recolet!* What Change is this you see? answer'd our Fuggler, when it pleases God he touches our Hearts, and makes a great Saint of a Libertin. You know what happen'd to *St. Augustin*, and to *St. William*, Duke of *Aquitain*. He has not done the like to all. Since I have put on this holy Habit, I have endeavour'd to expiate my Sins in Sackcloth and Ashes, by Fasting, Mortification, but above all, by Scourging my self; I know the Advantage that is reap'd by that holy Exercise, and what every Inch of it is worth; mortify your Flesh. *What a Comfort must this be to your Father, your Mother, and all your Family?* reply'd the honest Farmer, almost Weeping for Joy: *Alas!* they dreaded lest your loose Disposition should bring you into some Disaster, and them to Disgrace; but God be thanked, they are happily mistaken, Heaven be prais'd for it. The poor honest Man call'd his Wife, and all his Family, to partake in his Joy, and made much of him; but the Reverend *F. Timothy* was still urging to have the Money paid him. When they were all got together, whilst they were treating my Spark, and I kept the Cloaks, in came one of their Neighbours, who was somewhat sharper than they, who spoil'd all the Contrivance, and ruin'd our Projects. He had seen us talking together, and me hide my self behind

hind the Copice, which made him suspect the Plot. He ask'd his Neighbour, *How it came that Monsieur de St. Martin, the Father, who liv'd but two Leagues off, had not rather sent a Footman to call him, to bring the Money, than to write to him by his Son, whom he naturally ought to have kept at Home, and have kill'd the fatted Calf to entertain him, as the prodigal Son.* To which our Hypocrite readily answer'd, *That his Father had been willing to give his Farmer the Satisfaction of seeing his Son, who had been thought to be lost, and was so happily found.* The other ask'd him, *How he came to be alone, since the Recolets never go Abroad but by two and two?* He answer'd, *His Companion stay'd at his Father's House, because he had a sore Foot.* Then who is the young Priest, reply'd the Neighbour, *who was a while ago with you, and whom you caus'd to hide himself, with his Basket, and your Wallet, in the Copice, where he is still?* This Examiner confounded the good Religious Man. However, he answer'd *That it was a young Petitioner for the Habit, who had not dar'd to come into the House.* All this rais'd a Jealousy in the Farmer, who concluded, he would carry the Hundred Livers with him to his Father, who might do with it as he thought fit. There was no Refusal of this Proposal; and, by the way, we were for robbing the good Man. We soon after repented, but it was too late. F. Timothy told the Farmer, *That he was going to pay another Visit, with his Candidate, to a Cousin's House of his, who liv'd a League off, and that when he came back he would call upon him, to go together to his Father's.* The best of it was, that they rouz'd me against my Will from my Ambuscade, and made me go into the Farmer's, where we both of us had a good Belly full. Then we set out to go to pay the Visit at the R. Father's Cousins, and then return for the good Man, who expects us to this Hour. When we were out, we rail'd bitterly against the Farmer's cursed Neighbour, who had prevented our receiving

' receiving the Hundred Livers; and having hearti-
 ' ly given him to *Satan*, we took another Road, to
 ' get to the further Side of *Lyons*, to continue our
 ' quest, which still went very well on. But a little
 ' League short of *Lyons*, we met with a Scholar of
 ' our Acquaintance, who was returning from the
 ' Country, where he had been spending the *Easter*
 ' *Holidays* among his Relations, and seeing us in that
 ' Sort of Equipage, suspected we were the Persons he
 ' had heard talk of in his Village; and told us,
 ' *There were Orders abroad from the Reverend Fathers*
 ' *Recolets of Lyons*, to secure us; that the Sunday be-
 ' fore, he had heard the Curate of his Parish in his Ex-
 ' hortation, charge his Parishioners to apprehend two
 ' Scoundrels who were questing, one of them disguis'd in
 ' the Habit of a Recolet, and the other in that of a Priest.
 ' This was enough to make us resolve, upon taking
 ' another Course, which was, that we would both get
 ' into *Italy*. We accordingly set out that way, still
 ' questing, and not sparing to play our Pranks, as
 ' usual, which made us be soon pursu'd as if we had
 ' been Wolves. One Day we happen'd unluckily to
 ' quest in a large open Town, where there was a Mo-
 ' nastery of *Recolets*, who had been inform'd of our
 ' Tricks. They had desir'd that if we were disco-
 ' ver'd, they might be acquainted with it, which was
 ' accordingly done. All the Monastery sally'd up
 ' upon us, and now all the Friars, and their Servants
 ' were at our Heels. It was our good Fortune that
 ' there was a Mountain near at Hand, which we
 ' possess'd our selves of, and on it was a Forest;
 ' throwing Stones from thence, we kept those Hypo-
 ' crites in Awe, and at a Distance. I gave one of
 ' them such a Bang with a Pebble on the Stomach,
 ' that he turn'd up his Heels, and roul'd down to
 ' the Bottom of the Hill, where we saw him carry'd
 ' to his Monastery by 2 of his Companions, who were
 ' glad of that Pretence, to withdraw out of the Fray,
 ' which was sharp and bloody, and to avoid our
 ' Fury,

Fury, for we were both like Lyons. I being in a
 little short half Cassock, was lightest, and could
 have soon got away into the Mountain. However
 it cost me my Basket, in which was the Value of
 three or four Crowns, of several Commodities we
 had put in. I was troubl'd to leave it; but had I been
 resolute to secure it, I had been nabb'd; besides, that I
 was not in a Condition to defend my self without lay-
 ing it down. The Assailants sav'd me the Labour of
 carrying it back to the honest People I had bor-
 row'd it of. But my Comrade, though he had
 tuck'd up his Habit, above the Knees, and was
 very active, could not run as fast as I, and would
 never quit his Wallet, which was well furnish'd,
 and which he laid athwart his Body, like a Scarfe,
 girding his Cord over it. One of the Friars over-
 took him, arm'd with a great Staff, with a Spike at
 the End of it, the other nothing dismay'd, stood
 his Ground, and having parry'd his Thrust, clos'd
 with him, took away his Staff, and rung him such
 a Peal with it that he tumbl'd down the Mountain.
 The boldest of the Company came up next, with
 a dangerous Prong, to revenge his Companion;
 but mine reach'd him such a Blow on the Head,
 with the Staff he had wrench'd from the other
 Father, that he sent him all bloody, with his Heels
 in the Air, to meet his Companion at the Foot
 of the Hill. All that while I was rouling down
 Stones, bigger about than my Body, from the Top
 of the Mountain, which having dreadful Falls as
 they went, made the Ground quake. Thus they
 permitted us to escape, and having got to the Fo-
 rest, we penetrated into it. We ran all the rest of
 the Day, without stopping. After Sun-set, we saw
 a Smoak at a Distance in the Forest, and made di-
 rectly to it. There were Men burning of Charcoal,
 whom we inform'd, That we had lost our Way.
 They gave us House-Room, and Cheese made of
 Goat's Milk. By good Fortune we had still some
 Bread, whereof we gave them Part; and they had
 L good

' good Wine, which we drank without Stint. We
 ' came off for a Pair of Beads, we gave to a young
 ' Daughter of one of the Colliers, who had suffer'd
 ' Brother *Timothy* to make Use of her Body, as he
 ' afterwards told me, and I did not fail to expostu-
 ' late with him, for that he had not told me of it
 ' sooner. The next Morning, at Break of Day, after
 ' giving them our Blessing, which they receiv'd knee-
 ' ling, one of them went along, to conduct us out of
 ' the Forest. We took our Way towards *Rome*, beg-
 ' ging by the way; but we were advis'd not to go to
 ' *Rome*, because the Time of opening the great Ju-
 ' bilee, in the Year 1699, then drawing on, they
 ' secur'd all Outlaws, and Vagabonds; which fright-
 ' ed and made us steer another Course. On *Whit-*
 ' *Sunday*, the *better Day*, the *better the Deed*, we met a
 ' young Woman, who was big with Child, and was
 ' going to Even-Song. The Reverend Father *Timotby*
 ' perceiving she ogl'd us both in an amorous Manner,
 ' immediately, without further Ceremony, ask'd the
 ' last Favour of her; but she gave him to understand,
 ' that she could not grant it, because she had receiv'd
 ' the Sacrament that very Day. However he ma-
 ' nag'd her so well, for he was a Sharper, who un-
 ' derstood his Trade, tho roughly, that she carry'd
 ' us back to her House. She saw we were two
 ' sprightly young Sparks, and particularly he is one
 ' of the handsomest Lads a Man can behold, and you
 ' see I am not much inferior to him. She gave us
 ' to understand, that we must go up into an Hay-
 ' Loft, over the Cows Stall, where we should spend
 ' the Night, and that she would there supply us well
 ' with Meat and Drink; for if her Husband should
 ' happen to discover us, he would rip up all our Bel-
 ' lies. I was for going up first into the Loft, whilst
 ' the Reverend Father made much of the Country-
 ' woman; but it happen'd unluckily, that being to
 ' get up to the Loft by the Rack, which was all
 ' worm-eaten, and I being none of the lightest, I
 ' pull'd

' pull'd down the Rack, and fell with it upon the
 ' Cows, and upon Brother *Timothy*. By good luck,
 ' the Woman, whom my Comrade had thrust up a-
 ' gainst the Wall, had no Share in it. The good Fa-
 ' ther had the heaviest Part of the Burden on him,
 ' and he came off with a broken Leg, and an Arm
 ' quite flead. We all roar'd with our utmost Might,
 ' as well the Cows as we two, and the poor Woman
 ' was half dead. All the Neighbours that were left
 ' as Home ran in at the Cry, and taking us for
 ' Thieves, were for beating us to Death; which they
 ' had infallibly done, had it not been for the Wo-
 ' man, who gave them to understand that we were
 ' honest Persons, who had ask'd her for some warm
 ' Milk, and that as she went about to milk a Cow,
 ' it had been scar'd, and pull'd down the Rack upon
 ' her and us. Those good Clowns turn'd their Fury
 ' into Compassion, sent for the Barber of the Vil-
 ' lage, who was gone to Even Song, who plainly
 ' own'd that Cure was beyond his Understanding;
 ' that the Reverend Father's Bone was out, and that
 ' he must of necessity be carry'd to *Bologna*, which
 ' was the next Town, where he might be cur'd.
 ' This was no laughing matter.

When he was come thus far, we heard the Clatter-
 ing of the Bolts, and in came *Ru*, bringing us our
 Ordinaries, and Monsieur *l' Abbe's* by it self, which
 was so slender, that it would scarce have satisfy'd an
 hungry Rat, with such a Bottle of Wine as they us'd
 to give Monsieur *le Brethon*, which did not hold two
 Glasses, and the Wine was not drinkable. Mr. *Linck*
 had order'd *Ru* to bring him extraordinary, for his
 own Money, a good Capon, and two Dozen of Larks,
 which, with our Supper, made up for the poor Cu-
 rate's, who had all his Baggage brought him, being
 the Coat he had boasted of to us, in a little Bag, in
 which there were five little Bands, and as many
 Cuffs, and his Breviary. Monsieur *le Brethon's* Bed
 was still in our Room, which he was bid to make use

of, *Ru* giving him a Pair of Sheets. When the Turnkey had again shut the Door, *What a confounded thing*, said our Bumpkin, *it is for a Man like me, a dignify'd Priest, a Curate who has Charge of Souls, to see himself treated like a Wretch, a Scoundrel.* I must confess, that when I heard the Title of Curate, who had Charge of Souls, he gave himself, after the Confession he had made to us, I could not forbear laughing out. He blush'd; and I, to retrieve my Indiscretion, said to him, *Monsieur l' Abbe, if you have had the Cure of Souls, you have discharg'd it very well; witness your Cousin, the beautiful Babet of la Feuille, and her Associates.* It is true, said he, *it has been my Frailty to be carry'd away by that cursed Inclination, but it was the Failing of Solomon, and all Great Men; and in my Heat, I know not whether I could have refrain'd enjoying my own Sister:* As for my Nieces, my Sister was much in the Wrong to trust me with them. *Let us break off there, Monsieur l' Abbe,* reply'd I, *I do not desire to know any more of that Affair; I can only tell you, that it was not on Account of that Crime, forbidden by the Law, and detested by God, that Solomon, and others like him, gain'd the Title of Great. Let us leave your marry'd and single Courtesans, and let us think of nothing now but making a hearty Supper, and drowning our Sorrow; and after Supper, if you will finish your agreeable Adventures, you will oblige me much.* Tope and clink; I'll do it by Jove; let us drink and be merry, as for the Women, I renounce them; I wish there were no more of them than there are white Blackbirds; I will afterwards tell you my Adventures; but there are enough for three Days at least, if I tell all. Mr. Linck look'd upon him with Horror and Indignation. I did the best I could to remove his heavy melancholly Humour. I told an Hundred pleasant and diverting Tales, but not so fat as our Rustick's, at which, he laugh'd till he cackled. That good Curate affirm'd, on the Word of a Priest, *That if ever he happen'd to be made a Bishop, as a cunning Gipsy had foretold*

foretold he should, he would always have me at his Table. Mr. Linck bid him have a Care of being a Country Bishop, and giving his Blessing with his Feet instead of his Hands. That Prediction, the fulfilling whereof was not inconsistent with his Deserts, was too subtil for him to comprehend the Meaning of it. Ods Blews, said he, if I were a Cardinal, an Archbishop, or but a Bishop, I would give my Blessing with my Hands, my Feet, and all my Body; I would not be a Scoundrel; Ods take me, it would be brave Times with me; I am not sparing of my Bacon, when I have Pig. My last Parsonage, one Year with another, was worth to me at least 500 good Livers a Year, and yet at the Year's End I had not a Penny left; on the contrary, there is not one of my Parishioners to whom I do not owe a Pistole, and if my Family had been rul'd by me, I would have brought them to lye in the Ditch; but one good Match will pay for all. Let me be a Cardinal but one little while, and see how bravely it will go then; what a pies, I will make my Lash smack. You take the right Course for it; reply'd Mr. Linck. Perhaps I am not so far from it as you imagine, said he; the Prime Crown'd Heads in Europe ——— but enough. I eat my Soup, and say no more. I admir'd that Affluence of Impertinencies he overflow'd with, and the diverting manner he had of delivering them. If Sancho, said I to my self, was 'Squire to the Knight of the sorrowful Aspect, this Man ought at least to be his Chaplain, and Don Quixote will make him an Archbishop of an Island on the Continent. I was pleas'd to have a living comical Romance, whilst Mr. Linck fretted himself to Death, and in that he had more Reason than I, by means of a prophetick Spirit; for that Clown, through his Malice, afterwards did me considerable Harm, and occasion'd me much Trouble. Amidst coarse and uncooth Behaviour, he had a devilish Artifice. He was false, mischievous, revengeful, and intollerable haughty; for tho' he was of the vilest Scum of the Mob, moulded in Meanness, and without any Education, when he spoke of his Family, it was as if he

could have exceeded all the Degrees of Nobility. He took off his Hat every Time he utter'd the Name of Monsieur *Bras—dor*, his Brother-in-law, and of Monsieur *Havet*, his Brother's Brother-in-law; and yet I was afterwards inform'd by one *Pigeon*, who was of *Louviers*, and particularly acquainted with all *Sorel's* Family, that it was of the vilest and most scandalous Rabble; that Monsieur *Bras—dor*, so much boasted of, kept a little blind Tavern at *Louviers*, the Sign whereof, was, the *Golden Arm*, from whence he deriv'd his Title. I one Day ask'd that good Priest, what that Monsieur *Havet* was, whose Name he resounded so loftily. *He is, perhaps*, said he, *one of the richest Merchants in Paris; he lives on the Key call'd, de l'Ecole. It is he who is intrusted to see all the Wood landed, which comes up the Seine from Normandy; and he has a Room of his own at an Inn, where all those who come to Paris to sell their Wood, go to eat; he, for a long Time, himself conducted one of the Barges on which they carry the Wood upon the Seine. It is easy to guess by the extolling of these Particulars, what the whole was. When he was in a Passion, he grew outrageous, there was no opprobrious Language so gross, or Words so foul and infamous, which he would not spit out; and yet every now and then he said, His Heart was upon the Brink of his Lips: Which made me tell him one Day, That I did not therefore wonder that his Mouth smelt so ill. In short, it stunk so intolerably, that one Day Mr. Linck swoon'd away as he was clipping his Beard with his Scissars; and to excuse himself, he said, That was not natural, but the Remains of some small Gallantries, and that he had drawn the best Prize, without venturing any Thing in the Lottery. When he would affirm any Lye, which was very often, he started up hastily, and took up his Breviary, saying, On the Word of a Priest, as my two Hands are upon this Breviary, this is true, or I will forfeit the Character I bear.*

We got up from Table, where Mr. *Linck* was tir'd with

with hearing his Follies, and after Supper, having taken my Bottle and two clean Glasses to a good Fire; I desir'd him to be as good as his Word. ' With all my Heart, said he, but put me in mind where I left off. You, said I, and your Reverend main'd Father were at your Country Woman's House, very much perplex'd how to carry, and follow him to the Hospital.

' Right, said he. When the Woman's Husband return'd from Even-song, understanding that the disaster had happen'd in his House, and by his Cows Fault, at least there were Horns in the matter; he was so charitable, in return for our Kindness to his Wife, to procure a Horse Litter for us, and went himself to conduct the good Religious Man to the Hospital at *Bologna*, he by the way roaring like a Devil, but still affirming, when his Pangs gave him any Intermission, that he would, as soon as cur'd, come back to see him, and promis'd him an Hundred Masses to requite the Trouble he took. The good Man thought himself already deliver'd out of Purgatory by the Interest of good St. *Timothy*. At length we came to the Hospital of *Bologna*, about Ten a Clock at Night. As soon as the Driver said it was a good Religious Man, who had hurt himself, and a Priest that bore him Company, they open'd the Door immediately. The Surgeons were quickly brought, who perform'd the Operation to Perfection; after which they made me a Bed by my Comrade's, where I lay, after having supp'd plentifully, and they gave the Reverend Father some good Broth, and a Couple of new laid Eggs; but he had like to dye, when he heard that the Surgeons forbid giving him Wine, and that he was to drink abundance of Tisan. In short, we continu'd there about 5 Weeks, but one of the good Sisters, who took care of him, fell in Love with him, which somewhat obstructed his Cure, and made him take more Pleasure in the Hospital, where we wanted for nothing,

‘ through the means of the good Sister, who allow’d
 ‘ me some small Share in her Favours, so that she and
 ‘ we had all we could wish.

‘ As well as we lik’d it, being as Fat and Plump as
 ‘ Monks, we were oblig’d to depart, to good Sister
 ‘ Clair’s great Grief, who still perswaded good Father
 ‘ Timothy to counterfeit halting worse. At our de-
 ‘ parture, she gave us good Linnen, and a Gold
 ‘ Quadruple Pistole, God’s own, or rather Satan’s,
 ‘ for it prov’d the Apple of Discord between us. The
 ‘ Reverend Father was for keeping it all to himself,
 ‘ alledging, that he had earn’d it by the Sweat of his
 ‘ Brow. To which I answer’d, *I thought I had play’d*
my small part very well. We fell to upbrading one
 another. I told him, *I was very unfortunate in having*
quitted my Studies, and left the making my Fortune, after
spending all the little I had, to follow an ungrateful Man,
and become a Vagabond and a Robber, on Mountains and
in Dales. That I was like a Fish in the Water, at Ma-
dame Plot de Bulliou’s House, when he drew me thence;
that were it not for him, I had been by that time Curate
of a good Parish, living at my full Ease, where being so
well shap’d as I was, it would be almost in my Power to
make choice of the Beautifullest of my Flock, for my pri-
vate Devotion. ‘ You’ll never be any thing but a Fool,
 ‘ reply’d he, Pray tell me, have you in all our Travels,
 ‘ ever procur’d us one good Adventure, of all those
 ‘ we have met with. No, said I, but if you have pro-
 cur’d any good, your devilish Head has drawn us into all
 the unlucky ones. ‘ Hold your Peace, answer’d he, if
 ‘ I should leave you, you would starve like a poor
 ‘ Wretch as you are. But since we are fallen out,
 ‘ tell me, my Friend, what was it that crippled me,
 ‘ but your Brutality and Mismanagement, were it not
 ‘ for you, what Pleasure might we have enjoy’d, and
 ‘ who would have procur’d it you! It is fit you
 ‘ should make Comparisons with Gentlemen like me.
 Odd’s Blews, reply’d I, *I am in Orders, and a Priest, tho’*
never so mean, tho’ he were Son to the Swineherd of the
 Village,

Village, takes Place of the Lord of the Parish: ‘ If you
 ‘ plead that, said the other, I wear the Habit of a
 ‘ Recolet, to which you owe a Respect, as well as to
 ‘ my Person. *What right have you to wear it,* said I,
and tho’ you had a good one, when did you ever hear, that
Friers took place of a Priest? Very pleasant Raggamuffins;
pretty Scoundrels; fine Fellows; lofty Prelates, to take
place of such Men as I. I foretell to you, that the Habit
you so much boast of, and which has already caus’d you so
much mauling, will cause you to be hang’d some time or
other, if you do not quickly get rid of it. ‘ Thou Coach-
 ‘ Horse, reply’d he, I am not able to bear with your
 ‘ Impertinence; and so saying, he fell upon me, I
 ‘ receiv’d him very handsomely with my double Fist.
 ‘ The Fight was obstinate; he was strong, and so was
 ‘ I, and had it not been for some Carters that parted
 ‘ us, we had torn one anothers Eyes out. We already
 ‘ bled at the Nose and Mouth; I had knock’d out
 ‘ his Teeth, and he had beaten one of my Eyes to
 ‘ Mummy. Kicks and Cuffs flew so thick that they
 ‘ had scarce time to succeed one another. In fine, we
 ‘ parted, giving one another abundance of foul Lan-
 ‘ guage and a Thousand Curses. However, he had
 ‘ the better of it, the Quadruple Pistole, and the
 ‘ Wallet. He went his way, and I mine. The
 ‘ Quadruple stuck in my Stomach. However, I
 ‘ being naturally Goodness it self, when my Passion
 ‘ was over, and I began to cool, I was very sorry
 ‘ for what had happen’d, and Friendship prevail’d
 ‘ above Hatred. How could I, said I to my self, fall
 ‘ out with a Man of such Consequence, and to whom
 ‘ I was link’d in such strong Bands. I blam’d my
 ‘ self. In short, I had said too much to him. Since
 ‘ I was in *Italy*, I was willing to see some of the
 ‘ most noted Cities, and there being an Hundred
 ‘ times less Charity in that Country, than there is in
 ‘ *France*, for it is a starving Country for the Poor,
 ‘ I went without any Ceremony to lye in the Hof-
 ‘ pitals, which are at every end of a Field; or else

' I went to the Monastery to beg their Soup, especially
 ' to the *Benedictines*; those are good Monks. The
 ' *Capucins* also, as Poor as they are, do things gene-
 ' rously, and the *Franciscans* are nothing inferior to
 ' them in that particular; but the *Jesuits* are Misers,
 ' not worth their Fundament full of boiling Water,
 ' are Pyrates and Hearts of Flint, who would suffer
 ' a poor Man to starve at their Door, rather than
 ' give him a Morfel of Bread; they will not give
 ' the very Water they have boil'd their Eggs in. I
 ' could never get a Mouthful of them, and yet I
 ' talk'd *Latin* to them like *Cicero*.

' One Day going to beg an Alms at the Gate of the
 ' *Capucins* at *Padua*, I there found the *Abbe de St.*
 ' *Martin*, my poor Comrade, who was there on the
 ' same account, in his Religious Habit. The Porter
 ' took us both into a little neat Room, all hung about
 ' with Sentences, and whilst he went to call a Father
 ' to bear us Company, being left alone, our generous
 ' Temper could not fail us. There we fell upon
 ' each others Necks, weeping as if we had vy'd with
 ' one another. The Father coming in, and finding
 ' us all in Tears, ask'd the occasion of it. *We told*
 ' *him, we were Countrymen, and particularly acquainted, and*
 ' *that the Condition we saw one another reduc'd to, had*
 ' *occasion'd our Tears.* This had a very good Effect;
 ' we were the better treated, and the Father *Capucin*
 ' gave us a Note to their Agent, to give us a Ducat,
 ' to help us on our way.

' Now you have us link'd together again better than
 ' ever; but it was not for a long time. I could not
 ' forbear talking to him of the Quadruple Pistole;
 ' he upbraided me with breaking of his Leg. In
 ' fine, we had another Battle, and parted never to
 ' see one another again in *Italy*. I had never heard
 ' talk of him, till the Month of *March*, 1700, when
 ' he came to my Parsonage House at *Lery* very neatly
 ' dress'd like an *Abbe*; it was no longer Brother
 ' *Timothy*, but Monsieur l' *Abbe de St. Martin*, as fat

as a Bear. He appear'd to me to be settled, and to have left all his Follies, and stay'd with me a Fortnight or 3 Weeks, where I acquainted him with 4 or 5 of my choice Adventures, to renew our Acquaintance. He, in return, told me, *That after we parted, when he had sufficiently strow'd about Italy, and been at Rome, he had taken up with an honest Man, who kept an Hermitage, near Savona, who had taken a great liking to him, but that he growing weary of that Scoundrel Employment, had robb'd the Hermit, and Mounting the Questing Mule, had rode away as far as she could carry him. That he had afterwards become a Priest at Albani, and then return'd Home, where his Parents, overjoy'd to see him so much alter'd, had procur'd him a good Benefice, which maintain'd him very reputably; but that going unfortunately to see some Religious Women in the Neighbourhood, one of them had fallen in Love with him, and they had found means to come together, so that she hapned to prove with Child, whereupon he had been oblig'd to fly, till his Kindred could make up that Business, and that he should come off for some Months Pennance in a Seminary. That he had taken an Oath for the Future to renounce all those vile Pranks, and live soberly.*

For my part, I left Italy, and return'd to Lyons, Vicaring of it, that is going to all the Curates Houses, who charitably entertain'd me by the way. When I pass'd through any Towns, where there were Colleges, I went to them to hold an Argument, and that always turn'd to some Account. In my Passage thro' Padua, I argu'd as usual, and pleas'd the Regent and the Scholars so well, that they made a Collection for me, amounting to a Pistole. I never forgot Monasteries and Hospitals, my best Inns. Being come to Lyons I went directly to Madame Plot, my former Patroness. She had taken another Preceptor, who being no better than an Ass, in Comparison to me, he was soon turn'd out, to make Room for me. My Lady procur'd me, of the Arch-bishop an Exeat, to go and be made Priest at St. Paul Trois Chateaux,

‘ *Chateaux*, because there was haste, in regard that
 ‘ the Parsonage of *Guerin*, in the Principality of
 ‘ *Dombes* was vacant, and being in Madame Plot’s
 ‘ Gift, she presented me.

‘ I cannot omit a comical Passage, that befell me
 ‘ as I return’d from being made Priest. I and
 ‘ other young Priests had hir’d Asses to carry us back
 ‘ to *Lyons*. Whilst we were drinking a Bottle, at a
 ‘ Blind Tavern, that was on our way, some Shop-
 ‘ keepers Apprentices of *Lyons*, who had Women
 ‘ with them, were for taking of our Asses for them
 ‘ to ride, alledging, *That we ought to be complaisant to*
 ‘ *Ladies*. We had paid for our Asses, and I should
 ‘ have been vex’d to return to *Lyons* a foot, whilst
 ‘ those Jades made a Figure on our Asses. We told
 ‘ them, *we should do no such thing; that we were tir’d,*
 ‘ *and that, if they had a mind to mount their Ladies, they*
 ‘ *might hire Asses, as we had done.* ‘ They would have
 ‘ taken our Steeds by force, calling us Scoundrels,
 ‘ unmannerly, and poor spirited. We fell together
 ‘ by the Ears; they drew their Swords. One of our
 ‘ Priests, clos’d with one of them, and broke his
 ‘ Sword, and with the Piece liquor’d his Ears heartily.
 ‘ That rais’d my Courage, I took one in Hand, who
 ‘ seem’d to be the forwardest, and the first Stroke I
 ‘ gave him with my Staff, broke his Arm, to teach
 ‘ him to be an Evef-dropper, and I laid him stretch’d
 ‘ out in the middle of the Road, where he cry’d out
 ‘ like a Mad-Man, and the Women were like so many
 ‘ *Bacchanals*, squeaking like Furies. We made our
 ‘ Escape, Mounting our Asses. The Apprentices
 ‘ would have given us some trouble at *Lyons*. The
 ‘ Arch-bishop being inform’d of the Fact, and know-
 ‘ ing they had been the Agressors, forbid them pro-
 ‘ ceeding any farther, and the Apprentice had a
 ‘ broken Arm for his Pains. Mr. *Linck* told him,
 ‘ *That had been a good Thanksgiving to Praise God for*
 ‘ *having been receiv’d into the Order of Priesthood; that*
 ‘ *Samuel, upon the like occasion, would have done no less.*

Well

Well attack'd and well defended, answer'd the Abbe very readily: I am very certain, that if any Man had gone about to have dismounted Aaron himself, and had drawn upon him, he would not have taken it, without showing that he had some Mettal about him.

‘ At length I sung my first Mass, at *Guerin*, Madame
 ‘ *Plot* defraying all the Expences, and she furnish'd
 ‘ my House, as if it had been for a new marry'd
 ‘ Man, sending her Sons to board with me, and sup-
 ‘ plying me with all Necessaries to begin Housekeep-
 ‘ ing; but my ill Fate would not permit me to enjoy
 ‘ it long. That is the finest Country under the Hea-
 ‘ vens, and produces the best Wine in the World.
 ‘ The Female Sex is most agreeable, but have a
 ‘ Tongue, as in all other Parts. Some Women told
 ‘ their Husbands what I had said to them in the con-
 ‘ fession Seat; others discover'd the Familiarity I
 ‘ had with their Wives; so that they made open War
 ‘ upon me, even to besieging of me in my House, so
 ‘ that I was oblig'd to quit my Benefice. Besides,
 ‘ that Madame *Plot* being tir'd with my Rakishness,
 ‘ had taken her Sons from me, and forsaken me.
 ‘ What do I know, whether she did not set my Pa-
 ‘ rishioners against me, having full Authority over
 ‘ them, as being her Vassals. This is certain, that
 ‘ instead of protecting me with the Archbishop, she
 ‘ had set him upon me. Add to all this, that my
 ‘ Relations, longing to see me made a Priest, and to
 ‘ hear my Mass, had procur'd me the Parish of *Le-*
 ‘ *dan*, two Leagues from *Lery*, of Cardinal *Bouillon*.
 ‘ Thus one fair Morning I sold all my Household-
 ‘ Stuff, which my Parishioners joyfully bought; and
 ‘ without taking Leave of any Body, nor even of
 ‘ Madame *Plot*, my good Mistress, I foolishly quit-
 ‘ ted the Curateship of *Guerin*, which is one of the
 ‘ greatest Faults I was ever guilty of; for it was
 ‘ worth to me above 600 Livers a Year. I had a
 ‘ House like a Prince, with a fine Garden, and all
 ‘ sorts of Fruit in it. I had the Tythe of all
 ‘ Things,

‘ Things, and if I had not attempted to take the
 ‘ Tythe of the Women, I had been the happiest Cu-
 ‘ rate in the World.

‘ It was that which again occasion’d my Misfor-
 ‘ tune at *Ledan*, where I address’d my self to the most
 ‘ topping Dames. My good Mien, and the Post I
 ‘ was in, made me fly at all; but some of them did
 ‘ not keep the Secret. The Bishop of *Eurcux* sent
 ‘ for me; there was no refusing; after a severe Re-
 ‘ primand, he told me, *That if I would not behave my*
 ‘ *self well, he would shut me up between four Walls.*

‘ At length, it was my good Fortune, that the
 ‘ Curate of *Lery* dy’d; my Brother begg’d that Pa-
 ‘ rish for me of Cardinal *Bouillon*, and got it. I be-
 ‘ ing a Native of the Place, the Women were more
 ‘ complying with me; but, in short, the more I had,
 ‘ the more I coveted. I was another *Solomon*, I was
 ‘ for Courting the Maids too. Having all Sorts of
 ‘ Instruments in my House, and among them a good
 ‘ Harpsicord, a young Woman, of some Note, who
 ‘ knew well how to play on it, came thither. I
 ‘ lik’d her, and she me no less, which unfortunately
 ‘ soon appear’d. Had her Brothers perceiv’d it,
 ‘ they would have crippled me. What could be
 ‘ done? I advis’d her to buy Linnen, which is made
 ‘ at *Louviers*, and in our Town, and on Pretence of
 ‘ going to sell it at *Paris*, to drop her Burden there.
 ‘ She being very sharp, manag’d it so well, that her
 ‘ Beauty soon struck Monsieur d’ *Apoigni*, a Captain
 ‘ of Dragoons, who was in Winter Quarters in our
 ‘ Town. He is Son to Monsieur d’ *Apoigni*, General
 ‘ Farmer. It is likely she suffer’d him to have a
 ‘ Finger in the Pye, to perswade him that my Work
 ‘ was his own; but I grew so jealous, that I thought
 ‘ I should have run mad: But it was still worse,
 ‘ when I heard he would marry her, then I was out-
 ‘ rageous. I took a Journey on purpose to *Auxerre*,
 ‘ in *Burgundy*, where I understood his Father had
 ‘ been born, and I made such Search into his Pedi-
 ‘ gree,

' gree, that I found the Farmer General had been
 ' the Son of a Farrier. All that was nothing to the
 ' Purpose, the Captain was handsome, and a worthy
 ' Person, rich, and acceptable to the Brothers and
 ' Sister. When I bethought my self of making him
 ' jealous, that cool'd his Affection. One Day when
 ' the Damsel came to my House to play on the
 ' Harpsicord, I told her all my Mind. I call'd her
 ' impudent, base, prostitute, lewd, whilst she play'd
 ' on, as if she had not heard me. But when I came
 ' to the vilest Language, she started up in a Rage;
 ' Yes, you Traytor, cry'd she, you Villain, say I am still
 ' worse than all that, since I am a Priest's and my Confes-
 ' sor's Concubine. I will go cast myself at the Feet of my
 ' Brothers, beg their Pardon, for having disgrac'd them,
 ' and conjure them to be reveng'd of the wickedest Man
 ' upon the Earth, giving them a full Account of my whole
 ' Life. She being a Woman likely enough to do as
 ' she said, I stood before her quaking like an Aspen-
 ' Leaf, and endeavour'd to appease her, but she was
 ' inexorable, a perfect Fury. I embrac'd her so ten-
 ' derly, that she wept: When I perceiv'd she was
 ' mollify'd, I play'd my Part thoroughly, and so the
 ' Family was at Peace again. *The Falling out of Lo-*
 ' *vers, is the renewing of Love*, said I to her. Two
 ' Embraces made up the Matter again.

' I had two others in the same Condition as the
 ' Harpsicord Damsel, and four more that were in for
 ' it, who lay much heavier upon me, the chief of
 ' which was my Cousin *Babet de la Feuillie*, who could
 ' not hide her great Belly. There began to be some
 ' muttering about it; but privately; for who would
 ' believe that a young Wench, between fourteen and
 ' fifteen Years of Age, should prove with Child,
 ' when no Gallants appear'd? I contriv'd to com-
 ' mit the Secret to my Godmother, *Madame de Vau-*
 ' *drevil*, who was very rich. She had a Kindness for
 ' me, and I perceiv'd there was something more in
 ' it than bare Friendship. We agreed she should
 ' come

' come and take her up in her Coach one *Sunday* af-
 ' ter Mass, in the Sight of all the Parishioners, and
 ' should publickly declare, She thought her hand-
 ' some enough to be her Chambermaid, and therefore
 ' she would carry her publickly to *Vaudrevil*, where
 ' I should go receive and conduct her to lye-in at a
 ' Cobler's, where I had lodg'd at *Roan*. The Affair
 ' was curiously manag'd. I gave the Child my Bro-
 ' ther's Name, and he had the Honour of it; and he
 ' being as yet a Battchelor, it did him a Kindness.
 ' She was deliver'd of a Son, who was call'd *Peter*,
 ' like my Brother. It would never have been disco-
 ' ver'd; but I have been inform'd, that, since my
 ' coming away, the Translator not being pay'd for
 ' keeping the Child, carry'd it publickly to the Mo-
 ' ther, at *Lery*, and that her Brother, the Hatter,
 ' had been oblig'd to take it, without which it must
 ' have starv'd, for they would not receive it into the
 ' Hospital of Foundlings at *Roan*, as not being of
 ' that City. It is a pity that poor Wench should
 ' have been disgrac'd by that Scoundrel Cobler, for
 ' she is one of the beautifullest Creatures that can be
 ' seen; as strait as an Arrow, as fair as *Phæbus*, as
 ' white as a Curd, and as red as a Rose; her Eyes
 ' as blew as Azure; her Mouth like Coral, ever smi-
 ' ling; and her Teeth like Pearls; as sprightly as
 ' a Bird; as full of motion as an Eel; and shap'd
 ' like a Goddess.

' The other was a Bone-Lace Weaver of *Roan*, her
 ' Hair like the Golden Noble, her Skin as white as
 ' Milk, as fair as the Day, and good-natur'd, which
 ' made her unfortunate. My Benefice was too small
 ' to answer my Expence, for I was like a Basket
 ' without a Bottom, I could hold nothing. I af-
 ' fected living too great; my House was never emp-
 ' ty; there was nothing but Feasting. I therefore
 ' fell to marrying of People contrary to the King's
 ' Edicts; two or three soon drew more Customers;
 ' after that, they flock'd to me from all Parts, and
 ' that

' that Wench being of the Reform'd Religion, she
 ' was present at three or four, and among the rest at
 ' the Count *de Brederode's*, whom I marry'd to the
 ' Marchioness *de Bois Roger*, and which was the Ori-
 ' ginal of all my Misfortunes. That curious plump
 ' Lass, made as if she had been cast in a Mould,
 ' who was nothing inferiour to my Cousin *Babet de*
 ' *la Feuillee*, commended me for the curious Knack I
 ' had at marrying of People; which I did exactly
 ' like her Ministers, so that when she saw me do it,
 ' she fancy'd her self at *Quevilli*, where she had seen
 ' Monsieur *Banage* exercise his Functions. I told her
 ' I would do her that good Office, when she thought
 ' fit, and marry her. Yes, said she, *but the Man I would*
 ' *pitch upon, tho' he is not marry'd, would not perhaps*
 ' *quit his Post to marry me.* I plainly perceiv'd she
 ' meant me. I ask'd leave to go visit her; she gran-
 ' ted it, and told me where she liv'd. I went, we
 ' began to discourse the Point; she told me, *That if*
 ' *I would go over into England with her, she had above*
 ' *the value of 20000 Livres in Effects, which she would*
 ' *give me, and that she had Friends enough to get me ad-*
 ' *mitted a Minister; and having so good a Grace as I had,*
 ' *I might soon be made a Bishop.* That was agreeable
 ' enough to my Gipsy's Prediction, and I consented
 ' to it. We took one another's Words, she soon prov'd
 ' with Child, and continually press'd me to perform
 ' my Promise, and to go over with her into Eng-
 ' land. She pitch'd upon a *Christmas-Day*, to come
 ' to challenge my Promise, at my own House, with-
 ' out giving me Notice before hand. I was never
 ' more surpriz'd, than when as I was singing Mass
 ' at ten of the Clock, I turn'd about to say *Dominus*
 ' *vobiscum*, and saw my Mistress kneeling at the
 ' Rail. I never thought her so beautiful. She was
 ' in a Riding Dress, as gay as Hands could make
 ' her; nothing was wanting. I had provided a
 ' little Exhortation for my Parishioners, on Account
 ' of the Festival; but when I spy'd her, I cut it off

M

! short;

' short; I abridg'd the Mass, and all was done in a
 ' Trice. Then I conducted my Female to my
 ' House. To my Soup I added a good Leg of Mut-
 ' ton, and a fat Capon, and whilst it was dressing,
 ' show'd her my Bedchamber; where I entertain'd
 ' her after the best Manner. We din'd Hand to
 ' Fist; for a Desert, we again visited the Bedcham-
 ' ber, and repeated it before she mounted a Horse-
 ' back. She return'd merrily to *Roan*, and I went
 ' to sing Even-song to my Parishioners, who impa-
 ' tiently expected me, and between Even-song and
 ' the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which I
 ' had expos'd, on Account of the Holiday, that they
 ' might have no Occasion to mutter, I metamor-
 ' phos'd my Morning Exhortation into a pretty short
 ' Sermon, which pleas'd them very well; and that
 ' nothing might be wanting, at the Benediction of
 ' the Blessed Sacrament, which I gave them at Night,
 ' I again added a curious and pretty short Exhorta-
 ' tion. Here Mr. *Linck* interrupted to tell him, *He*
 ' *had made a good Preparation for it*; and said, *He*
 ' *would go to Bed. As for the Preparation, said he, that*
 ' *is a Jest to me*; *I could preach ex Tempore*; but pray
 ' *stay, for the best is to come, you shall hear how I came*
 ' *to lose my Parsonage.* I pray'd him so to do, and
 put the Glass about, which I did from Time to Time,
 that he might take Breath; I laid more Wood on
 the Fire, and he went on as follows:

' My Woman, to make short, went to lye-in at
 ' *Paris*, whither she every Year us'd to carry a
 ' Quantity of Lace, which she sold to Ladies of
 ' Quality, who were her Customers. Being inform'd,
 ' that the Harpsicord Player was gone thither on the
 ' same Account, rather than to sell Linnen, to show
 ' how well she lov'd me, she had the Generosity to
 ' go offer her Money; but the other haughtily refus'd
 ' it; which made me believe, that Monsieur *Dapogni*,
 ' the Captain, had a Finger in the Pye, had taken
 ' Care of her lying-in, and provided for the Child.

I went to my Bone-Lacemakers lying-in, who was
 deliver'd of a Girl, which we convey'd to the Hos-
 pital of the Foundlings, with a Note, and Money
 for nursing of her, and Orders to give her such
 a Name, and to deliver her to the Person that
 should afterwards bring a Duplicate of that Note,
 seal'd as that was. They are likely to wait long
 enough. I also visited my Harpsicord Girl, who
 did not so much as ask me, what Name I would
 give our Child.

We come now to the fatal stroke. The Devil,
 who never sleeps, so order'd it, that the Countess
 of *Brederode* took a Distaste against her Husband.
 He had assur'd her that the States of the United
Netherlands, would put him into Possession of some
 part of his Inheritance, of the Family of the *Brede-*
rodes. The Marchioness of *Montpouillan*, his Cousin,
 had confirm'd the same; but nothing came of it.
 She sent him into *Holland* to procure a Pension at
 least, and he return'd as Wise as he went. She re-
 fus'd to admit him into her House; he was for en-
 tring by Authority, as into his Wive's House, which
 she was. There was a great Disturbance. What
 did she? She came to me, and said, *I must be gone;*
that my way of Living, and my Marriages had very ill
Consequences, and if the Affair should once take Wind,
and I be taken, I should be hang'd. She also had the
 Art to put me in a Fright, by means of Friends
 she had in the Spiritual Court at *Roan*. I was
 scar'd; sold my Household-stuff, borrow'd Money,
 and like a Mad-man, quitted my Parsonage, which
 had like to have been the Death of my Relations, for
 mere Vexation, tho' they had fancy'd it would
 come to that, by my way of living. I would not
 give ear to Father or Mother, and my elder Brother
 and I have been two or three times at Loggerheads
 before them; because he pretended to reprove me.

The Affair of the Count *de Brederode*, and the
 Marchioness of *Bois-Roger* his Wife, was laid before

‘ the Parliament, where the Marriage was declar’d
 ‘ Null, for want of his producing a Certificate and
 ‘ Witnesses. He could not produce my Certificate,
 ‘ because I was gone over into *England*. The Wit-
 ‘ nesses were not known to Monsieur *Brederode*;
 ‘ they were Persons at the disposal of Madame de
 ‘ *Bois Roger*, whose Mouths she stopp’d. The poor
 ‘ Count in Despair, caus’d Search to be made for me
 ‘ every where, but could hear nothing of me; as I
 ‘ was afterwards inform’d.

‘ My Bonelace Dealer, would not permit me to
 ‘ touch her, after she had lain in, and to prevent my
 ‘ spending what little she had, for I had already
 ‘ made a great Hole in it, she went over into *England*.
 ‘ Before her Departure, she bid me come to her. I ran
 ‘ full Mouth’d, believing it had been to some good
 ‘ end; but it was only to upbraid me with my Fals-
 ‘ hood; to tell me that I was her Husband before
 ‘ God, and that when I had a mind to enjoy my
 ‘ Wife, I must go find her in *England*. After which
 ‘ she would hear no more, and turn’d me out.

‘ But what a Rapture was she in, when she saw
 ‘ me in *England*, whither I went about the beginning
 ‘ of the Year 1701. I went to her to her Brother’s;
 ‘ she thought nothing too good for me, nor I to take
 ‘ it. How joyful was she, when she saw I would make
 ‘ my Abjuration, and marry her effectually. She carry’d
 ‘ me to the Consistory, or meeting of the Elders, where
 ‘ they promis’d to admit me as a Preacher, when they
 ‘ were thoro’ly inform’d of my Doctrine, and edify’d
 ‘ by my Behaviour. I soon made my Abjuration.
 ‘ It was put into the *Gazette*, that the Bishop of *Lery*
 ‘ had abjur’d the Errors of the *Romish Religion*. *Is*
 ‘ *not this*, Monsieur l’ Abbe, said I, *the fulfilling of the*
 ‘ *Prophecy, did you not then pass for a Bishop*. ‘ This,
 ‘ reply’d he, was but a small Prelude to the most
 ‘ serious part in the World. I had very extraordinary
 ‘ Honours done me at the Church. They stood up
 ‘ to let me pass; I was invited to Dinner to the best
 ‘ Houses;

Houses, but in a short time all that vanish'd in
 Smoak. No more Honours, no more Dinners,
 there was no more talk of a Pension, I was scarce
 look'd upon. It happen'd unluckily, that I was at
 Variance with my Miltress; before I marry'd, I
 would needs try, whether she had been always true to
 me. I ask'd her in the most Solemn manner, whe-
 ther she had never known Man besides my self. She
 swore it very sincerely. *Very well*, said I, to see
 how she would look, I will go raise the Devil; if
 what you tell me is true, he will say nothing to
 you; but if you put upon me, look to your self, at
 least I will not answer for you. She look'd upon
 me with Indignation, and said, *I have been told indeed,*
that you were a wicked Man, now I no longer doubt it;
I have been impos'd upon by you, but will never be so any
more whilst I live; be gone, and let me see you no more.
 I would have stopp'd her; she got away; her Bro-
 ther came and bid me get out of the House, and
 never come into it again. I then went to Monsieur
 Tallard, our Embassador in *England*, I confess'd to him
 all my vile Pranks, and, with Tears in my Eyes,
 begg'd he would obtain our good King's Pardon for
 me, and conjur'd him, to cause me to be restor'd to
 my Parsonage. He promis'd so to do, and gave
 me a Letter for *F. le Chaise*, the King's Confessor,
 and Fifty Livers to carry me to *France*. However,
 I was irresolute; I said Mass at the Embassadors,
 and in other Churches, and yet I forbore not going
 to the Reform'd Meetings. However, at last I re-
 solv'd, after having receiv'd some Money my Rela-
 tions sent me, upon the Assurance I gave them of
 leading a better Life for the future, and that I had
 an order from the Embassadors in *England* and *Hol-*
land to return to my Parsonage. I imbarc'd for
Dieppe, whence I went Home, and from thence with
 speed to *Paris*, when I perceiv'd there was another
 in my place. The most Reverend *F. le Chaise*,
 read my Letter, and gave me a Note to go to St.
 M 3 Lezare,

‘ *Lazare*, promising that if they approv’d of me, and I
 ‘ was truly Penitent for my Crimes, he would cause
 ‘ me to be restor’d to my Parsonage, and he would
 ‘ write to that effect to Cardinal *Bouillon*, desiring
 ‘ him to secure it for me. I went to St. *Lazare*,
 ‘ where I play’d the Hypocrite so handsomely for
 ‘ Six Weeks, that all the R. Fathers Correctors, writ
 ‘ in Favour of me to the Reverend F. *le Chaise*, who
 ‘ told me, *That my Parsonage being bestow’d, there was*
 ‘ *no restoring me to it.* He gave me a Note to the Arch-
 ‘ bishop of *Paris*, who gave me leave to say Mass in
 ‘ his Diocese, promising that if I behav’d my self well,
 ‘ I should no more want a Benefice, than Water in the
 ‘ River. My Massing would scarce afford me a poor
 ‘ Meal a Day, with a little Pint of Wine, which
 ‘ stuck by the way in my Gullet. I went again to
 ‘ wait upon F. *le Chaise* and the Archbishop, but they
 ‘ still sung the same Song over again. I grew weary
 ‘ of it, and went away to *Cambrai*, to the Archbishop
 ‘ there, that illustrious chief of Persecuted Persons,
 ‘ who, I had been told, was a most Charitable Prelate;
 ‘ but after having heard me two or three times, he
 ‘ would see me no more. I proceeded to *Brussels*, and
 ‘ su’d to all the Embassadors for employment. When
 ‘ I perceiv’d they would give me none, I engag’d
 ‘ my self with the Prince of *Leycester*, a German Lord,
 ‘ as a Valet de Chambre, to travel through all Ger-
 ‘ many; but first let us go to Bed, this is enough for
 ‘ the first Session. Good Evening, and good Night;
 ‘ that is twice.

It was late enough to believe him. For my Part, I
 was really pleas’d to hear him; but I plainly per-
 ceiv’d he tir’d Mr. *Linck*. I gave him another Glass
 of Wine, to wash his Mouth, and told him, I reserv’d
 to my self the Liberty of making my Reflections on
 his Life; which, as he had truly said, was more full
 of Variety than those of all the Adventurers, whose
 Histories I had read; but that it was Time to pray,
 and particularly to ask God Forgiveness for our Sins,
 and

and then go take our Rest. Monsieur l' Abbe never call to Mind your Adventures, especially those which are scandalous, unless it be to detest, but not to glory in them; for he who boasts of his Offences, seems to provoke God to punish them. I wish you good Night.

The next Morning he was ready to continue the Narrative of his Adventures; which I desir'd him to defer till after Dinner. Monsieur l' Abbe, said I to him, this is our Way of living since Mr. Linck and I have been together. *A Jove principium*, we give to God the first Fruits of the Day, and after having begg'd the Assistance of his Grace, that we may bear the Weight of our Fetters, and all the Afflictions he shall be pleas'd to send us, with Resolution, and without Murmuring, and above all, the Assistance of his Holy Spirit, that we may not offend him; we read some Chapters in the New Testament, and some other pious Books. Then we write down our Reflections, and what it pleases the Spirit of Comfort to dictate to us for our common and mutual Edification. After Dinner we read History, or else perform some other innocent Works, that may make our Confinement easy, and then communicate them to one another. This peaceable and quiet manner of living, has establish'd a most perfect Union between this Gentleman and me. I love him tenderly as my Son, and he is as Kind to me as if I were his Father. If you will come in for a Third with us, we will assist you with all that shall be in our Power. *By the Lord Harry, with all my Heart*, said he, *I am of an easy Mould, I suit my self to every Thing. In the Morning I will sing you a Mass, and Even-Song in the Afternoon; for I understand plain Song, as well as the Master who teaches the Boys belonging to the Choire of Our Ladies Church.* Monsieur l' Abbe, answer'd I, that is not the Musick to please God; in the Condition you are in, I am of Opinion, that the Harmony of Sighs from the Bottom of your Heart, with Abundance of Tears, will be more acceptable to him, than all your *Dominus vobiscum* and *Orate Fratres*. To make Musick agreeable,

greeable, all the Parts of it must answer one another, in that consists the Charms of the ravishing Assemblies of the Faithful. Now what a Discord should we make, if you should sing your Mass in *Latin*, Mr. *Linck* his Psalms in *Higb-Dutch*, and I in *French*; would that Harmony be acceptable to God? The Voice which touches him most is that of the Heart; that of the Lips alone will not reach his Throne. Do you think he will hear you, before you have sincerely detested your Crimes, and have begg'd Pardon of him from the Bottom of your Heart? How long will it be requisite for you to groan, to retrieve one Spark of that Fire, which you have smother'd under a Torrent of Sins, multiply'd and heap'd one upon another? As a Pastor, it were your Part to acquaint me with these great Truths; but since you seem to have almost forgot them, give me Leave, as your Elder, to put you in mind of them. And to the End I may endeavour it effectually, and proceed upon a solid Foundation, may I presume to ask, *What Religion you profess at present?* For I perceive you have chang'd it twice at least within a Year. ' Say three Times if you please, Sir, answer'd he very smartly, without being afraid to tell a Lye; ' That same Year, in Summer, I turn'd *Lutheran*, ' four Leagues from *Leipsick*, which I understand is ' Mr. *Linck's* Town. I will give you an Account of ' that anon. At this present I cannot resolve you ' as to my Religion; for since my coming into the ' *Bastille*, I have been with a *Quaker*, who has shown ' me, as plain as the Day, That his Religion was the ' best, and that if I would embrace it, he would give ' me his Daughter to Wife, who is as fair as the ' Day, and suitably rich. As for the Mass, I have ' crack'd my poor Brains to comprehend, how I ' could, by uttering five Words, bring down *Jesus* ' *Christ* from his Father's Right Hand, where he is ' seated for all Eternity, into a little bit of Bread, ' which before that Ceremony was not worth a Far-
thing;

‘ thing; and who it is that gave me such Power;
 ‘ and from that want of Faith proceeded my Easiness of saying Mass in a wicked Condition; and I
 ‘ made a Practice of it, which became habitual; but
 ‘ since I have been in the *Bastille*, if you knew all I
 ‘ have done to beg Pardon of God, it would make
 ‘ you quake. I have lain down stark naked on the
 ‘ Floor; I have spent whole Days without Eating or
 ‘ Drinking. One Day they brought me a Birch
 ‘ Broom, to sweep my Chamber; which being green, I
 ‘ made a good Handful of Rods, and scourg’d my
 ‘ self Hip and Thigh.

Mr. Curate, answer’d I, all these Macerations are immoderate, and I question much whether God approves of them. The *Dervises*, the *Talapouins*, the *Bonces*, and the Priests of the Idols, use greater than those, and there is no Doubt but God abhors them. We deplore the Superstition of the poor People, whom we see suffer themselves to be crush’d to Pieces under the Carts of their Idols, or miserably beaten to death in Honour of their Prophets. If you will sincerely turn to God, begin by truly detesting your Sins, and sincerely protesting, that you would rather die a Thousand Times, than commit one Sin. If that be not your Intention, all you can do will be to no Purpose. Then humbly beg of him the Assistance of his divine Spirit, that you may know his Holy Truths. Speak Lord, for thy Servant heareth. Speak to me one Word of Peace, which may reconcile me to you, that I may never more forsake you. Read the Scripture humbly, with Attention, and with a Desire to gather all the Fruit which is contain’d in that rich Seed. If any Passage seems to you obscure, or doubtful, fall on your Knees to beg the Light of the Holy Ghost, which may give you Understanding. Pray, be urgent, without dismaying, till he has heard you. You will not practice this long, before you will reap considerable Advantages, and much Comfort.

‘ In

‘ In truth, Sir, reply’d he, it is a pity you are not
 ‘ a Parson, you would have preach’d charmingly.
 ‘ I have heard none that has mov’d me so much.
 ‘ *Tell me your Company, and I will tell you what you are.*
 ‘ This is quite another Thing than the *Quaker*;
 ‘ there is nothing wanting, but that you should have
 ‘ a handsome Daughter, and that you would give
 ‘ me her to Wife, and I would bid him Adieu, and
 ‘ good Night for ever. I could soon make you a
 ‘ Grandfather, or else she should not take my Word.
 Always talking of Women, Monsieur l’ *Abbe*, answered I, and last Night you were telling me, you could wish there were no more of them than there are white Blackbirds. ‘ What would you have, said he, *The Fox will die in his Skin, if he be not flead alive*: But I will go pray to God to have Mercy
 ‘ on me.

Seeing us on our Knees, he knelt down too. Then standing up on a sudden, said, ‘ It is not decent to
 ‘ speak to God fasting; the Breath smells strong;
 ‘ when I have eaten a Morsel, and drank a Glass, he
 ‘ will hear me better. He did so; then he knelt down again, and pray’d with a better Courage. Next he read his Breviary, making very ridiculous Gestures. He lean’d back, holding up his Head and rowling his Eyes; then, on a sudden, he bow’d forward, hanging down his Head, shaking his Ears, and striking his Breast with his Fist; after which he started up as strait as an Arrow.

Seeing me write, he laid hold of one of my Books, in which I had, by way of Interlining, writ a Treatise of the Duties of a faithful Christian, in all Conditions of Life, and after having read some Pages; *Faith and Troth*, said he, *there’s a Stile*; no, I don’t believe that ever Granada, St. Francis de Sales, or Rodrigues, ever writ any Thing finer. If you had begun to write sooner, you had been another St. Chrysostome, or St. Augustin. But then turning over my other Books, he found one which I had interlin’d with my
 Poem

Poem of Love and Friendship, and another in blank Verse, which was the Description of *Mont-Louis, F. de la Chaise*, the King's Confessor's Country-House, which put him into most ridiculous Raptures. Nay, said he to Mr. Linck, you have a Treasure there you are not acquainted with; I who understand a little, and who sometimes have my Flights, do assure you, and protest, on the Word of a Priest, that Corneille and Racine would not outstrip him. I laugh'd heartily at all that Affluence of Absurdities, and experimentally found it to be true, that immoderate Admiration is the Daughter of Ignorance.

At last they brought us our Dinner; we soon dispatch'd it, and after having read, I said, *Well, Monsieur l' Abbe, the Continuation of your Adventures, if you think fit, will serve us instead of diverting Reading.* Mr. Linck has some Romances here, but none of them contain such extraordinary Events as yours are. By Jove, said he, I defy them all. If you, who write with Ease, would put it all into pretty French, it would make People laugh heartily; but I would not have you put my Name to it, because it would disgrace my Family. Monsieur l' Abbe, answer'd I, if I ever happen to be your Historiographer, it will be all well, and I will describe you as an Original not to be copy'd. By the Lord Harry, reply'd he, Guzman de Alfarache was an Ass to me, and yet I am not come half Way; be attentive to me.

We left off last Night at my Engaging my self with the Prince of *Leycester*, the best Lord that ever was. He never was so well fitted with a Servant as with me: I made him bepiss himself with laughing, and I had more Complaisance for him than is imaginable; for there were some certain Times when he would hear no Railery. He kept all his People in due Awe: To all Lords, all Honour, said one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, no matter which of them. He carry'd me thro' all Germany, Part of Denmark, a Slip of Poland, and a little Corner of Sweden. We went from one Court to another;

' ther ; and were welcome every where. He trusted
 ' none but me. When we were in *Saxony*, he bethought
 ' himself to ask me, *What Religion I was of?* After ha-
 ' ving consider'd on it awhile, I told him, *I was a*
 ' *Reform'd Calvinist*. He answer'd, *He would have*
 ' *all his Servants be of his own Religion; and that if I*
 ' *would not be a Lutheran, I might take my Course.* I
 ' who would have turn'd *Jew*, or *Mahometan*, to
 ' keep with him, made no Difficulty to grant all he
 ' could ask. No sooner said than done. He sent
 ' for the Minister of the Village where we were;
 ' the Prince told him the Matter; the Minister was
 ' overjoy'd, and immediately caus'd all the Bells in
 ' the Church to be rung, whither all the People re-
 ' sorted. The Prince sent all about for Wild-Fowl,
 ' and all the best that could be had, and order'd his
 ' Cook to dress a most splendid Dinner. Then the
 ' Prince went out from his Inn, follow'd by all his
 ' Servants, making me walk along on his Left
 ' Hand. When we were come to the Church, the
 ' Minister made an excellent Sermon in High *Dutch*,
 ' of which I understood not one Word. Then he
 ' caus'd me to make my Abjuration in *Latin* and in
 ' *French*, before all the Gentlemen and prime Men of
 ' the Parith, whom he had soon caus'd to be call'd
 ' together. All the Bells rung again, and the Mini-
 ' ster, to whom the Prince of *Leycester* gave 30 Gold
 ' Ducats, attended us to our Inn, follow'd by all the
 ' Gentlemen of the Parith. The Prince kept the
 ' Minister and prime Persons to Dinner. He made
 ' me sit at his Table; he was himself alone at the
 ' upper End, the Minister a little lower on his Right
 ' Hand, I next to the Minister, and all the rest suc-
 ' cessively. We far'd well, and drank like Fishes
 ' till Midnight. The Prince several Times drank
 ' the Convert's Health, and all the rest, as well as
 ' my self, pledg'd him with all our Hearts. The
 ' Minister swore to me in *Latin*, *That he had never*
 ' *had so pleasant a Day.* From that Time forward
 ' his

' his Highness was fonder of me, and said, *He would*
 ' *make my Fortune.* Perceiving that I was a Man of
 ' Wit and Intrigue, he writ in my Favour to the
 ' Court of *Vienna.* I had own'd to him, *That I had*
 ' *been a Priest, and even that I once had a Cure of Souls*
 ' *in a Village in Normandy.* *Odd's Blews,* said he,
 ' *the War is going to break out; could not you be put in*
 ' *Chaplain to some Regiment, and endeavour to go into*
 ' *the German Army.* *Nothing is easier,* answer'd I,
 ' *provided I have but Money to go make Interest for that*
 ' *Employment.* We return'd together to *Brussels,*
 ' where, on our Lady's Day in *September, 1701, I*
 ' *receiv'd 1200 Florins.* I had never been so rich.
 ' I went to the *Hague,* where I cloath'd my self in a
 ' Priest's Habit; I made the Coat and the Cloak
 ' you see here. Thence I went to *Amsterdam,* where
 ' I spent most of my Money on prohibited Books, all
 ' mighty comical. I went, without any Ceremony,
 ' to say Mass to the *French and Spanish* Embassadors,
 ' who gave me Letters of Recommendation to *Paris.*
 ' I had taken a Journeyman Taylor to my Servant,
 ' and cloath'd him handsomely, with a Gold Edging
 ' on his Hat. In that fine Equipage I went Home,
 ' where my Family was glad to see me again, above
 ' all my Troubles, in spite of those that envy'd me.
 ' I swore to all my Friends, *They should never see me*
 ' *again till I was a Bishop, for I knew well how to com-*
 ' *pass it.* Every one strove to make much of me,
 ' and if I had had four Bodies, they would have
 ' been all taken up with my old Acquaintance. At
 ' length, I arriv'd at *Paris,* where, having sold my
 ' Books, I sought for some Employment. I went to
 ' the *Tuilleries, the Palais Royal, and Luxemburg Gar-*
 ' *dens,* with my Pockets full of Books, and always
 ' brought them back full of Money. I sold a little
 ' Book, which had not cost me above four Sols in
 ' *Holland,* for Thirty or Forty to the Fops in *Paris.*
 ' I made a good Hand of them. I gave the curious
 ' a Catalogue of what I had, and sent my Servant to
 ' carry

' carry my Books to their Houses. Besides, I had
 ' my Masses which went on in their Way. Monsieur
 ' *l' Abbe Manoury* in the *Palais*, and Monsieur *l' Abbe*
 ' *de Tisi*, endeavour'd to serve me. In short, I made so
 ' many Friends, that Monsieur *Abbe Coupar*, Chap-
 ' lain to the Horse-Guards, got me in Chaplain to
 ' the Regiment of Horse of *Marivaux*, which was
 ' Marching to *Germany*. Monsieur *l' Abbe de Coli-*
 ' *beaux*, who liv'd with the Curate of *St. Paul*,
 ' would have put me in Chaplain to the Dutcheffs *des*
 ' *Diguieres* ; but I had private Reasons not to accept
 ' of it ; that was not the Way to be a Bishop. At
 ' length, I set out to joyn the Regiment on the *Rhine*,
 ' it being then at *Scheftad* ; but I desir'd Monsieur
 ' *l' Abbe Rolet*, and my other Friends, who alone
 ' were privy to my Affairs, to be sure to conceal
 ' them from the World, and particularly from my
 ' Servant, whom I had beaten and turn'd away, be-
 ' cause he made himself my Companion. I had al-
 ' so desir'd Monsieur *l' Abbe Rolet*, who had pro-
 ' mis'd to get him a Place among the Salt Officers of
 ' Monsieur *Brunet de Rancy*, the Farmer General, to
 ' do nothing for him ; because he had been so saucy
 ' as to threaten before him, *that he would make me re-*
 ' *pent it*, adding, *that he knew how to do it*. When I was
 ' once receiv'd and settled in the Regiment, my fa-
 ' miliar Way of living with the Officers, soon gain'd
 ' me the Affection of all Men, even to the meanest
 ' Trooper. I gave them Absolution a Horseback.
 ' They all strove, who should be kindest to me :
 ' When one Morning early, being the 27th of *Janu-*
 ' *ary*, 1702, and *Friday*, a Day always unlucky to
 ' me, I was taken up by Order from the King, and
 ' after seizing all my Equipage, but especially my
 ' Books and Papers, I was thrown into Prison.

' I never thought my self so near my End as that
 ' Day ; for had they seiz'd me two Hours sooner,
 ' they had found about me Letters that were no
 ' Trifles,

Trifles, the Originals whereof I had fortunately
 burnt but a Moment before. They carry'd me to
 the very Top of a Tower, into a Hole, where
 there was no other Household Stuff but a Rush Chair.
 There I had Leisure enough to make my Reflections.
 Without Doubt, said I, my Letters have been intercep-
 ted; farewell Bishoprick; the Gypsy, it is likely, ly'd
 this bout; but my Comfort is, that if I happen to be
 hang'd, my Family will know nothing of it. I had been
 most of the Day without Eating; when in the Af-
 ternoon a little Wench came to tell me, That if I
 would eat any Thing, I might give her Money. I had
 still left in all a Pistole, which I gave her, and
 ask'd her for some boil'd Milk, for which she made
 me pay fifteen Sols. I spent the Night sitting on
 my Chair, where I had no Mind to sleep, for sever-
 al Reasons.

The next Morning being the 28th of January,
 and Saturday, at break of Day they came to take
 me out of my Nest, to set me a Horseback. There
 was one of the Intendant of *Straßburg's* Guards, who
 order'd all things, and grumbled sufficiently, when
 he heard they had given me neither a Fire nor a
 Bed. Two Troops of our Regiment expected me
 at the Prison Door, drawn up in a Rank a Horse-
 back. When the Officers and Troopers saw me pale
 and disfigur'd, they look'd down and were melan-
 cholly, and I fell a weeping, when I perceiv'd they
 were carrying me away, and that they link'd my
 Legs with an Iron Chain under the Horses Belly,
 and in that fine Posture, the Guard and the Two
 Troops conducted me to *Straßburg*, directly to the
 Goal, and to the very Top of a Tower, whence I
 could see far along the *Rhine*. The Intendant's
 Guard treated me well by the Way, and fed me
 plentifully; but would not permit me to speak to
 any Body, which made me believe that the Plot
 was discover'd. They gave me a good Bed in the
 Prison, and good Meat and *Rhenish* Wine.

The

' The next Morning, at Eight of the Clock, the
 ' Intendant sent the same Guard for me, with a Com-
 ' pany of Foot marching in two Files by me, and
 ' suffering no Creature to come near me. I found
 ' the Intendant in a great Room, by a good Fire,
 ' with his Secretary, and three or four others. As
 ' soon as he saw me, *Well Monsieur P' Abbe*, said he,
 ' *are not you an honest Man, a good Subject, and a good*
 ' *Priest, to transgress as you have done the Commands of*
 ' *your King, the best Prince, and the most merciful that*
 ' *ever was to his Subjects, who ought never to look upon*
 ' *him but with Admiration?* I began to breath again,
 ' when I found it was no more than that; for if he
 ' had allow'd me to speak first, I was going to fall
 ' down at his Feet, to beg Pardon of our good King,
 ' and to betray my self. Then I said to him, *It is*
 ' *true, I have heinously transgress'd against the King's*
 ' *Ordinances; but he has pardon'd me; and Monsieur*
 ' *Tallard, and F. le Chaise are my Witnesses.* I was
 ' *six Weeks in the Seminary of St. Lazare on that Ac-*
 ' *count, where I did severe Pennance.* Monsieur P' Abbe,
 ' said he, explain your self better; I do not understand
 ' you. I mean, my Lord, said I, that when I was Curate
 ' at Lery, I marry'd several People, contrary to the
 ' King's Edicts, which oblig'd me to quit my Parish, and
 ' go over into England, where I was so frail as to Aposta-
 ' tise; but I went to Monsieur Tallard's Chaplain in
 ' London, who reconcil'd me to God, and his Master to
 ' the King. He gave me Letters of Recommendation to
 ' the R. F. le Chaise, to return to my Parish; but that
 ' being dispos'd of, I sought for Employment elsewhere,
 ' and at last was admitted Chaplain to the Regiment of
 ' Marivaux. Then he turn'd to his Secretary; *We*
 ' *must*, said he, alter the Preamble of our verbal Procefs;
 ' *this is an Affair that very well deserves it, and a Man*
 ' *more criminal than we imagine him.* I thought I had
 ' been seiz'd with an Ague, and no longer doubted
 ' but that the Secret had taken Air. Upon this, I
 ' was going to fall down at his Feet, and to confess
 my

my Offence, when he said to me, *Are not you the*
Person who sold prohibited Books to the Abbe Rolet,
Preceptor to Monsieur Brunet de Rancy, the Farmer
General's Children, and to a Physician call'd la Saulais?
 Is it no more than that, said I, to my self; and to
 him, My Lord, I had bought some Books out of
 Curiosity in *Holland*; and bein gwillling to rid my
 self of them, and have my Money again, I parted
 with them for the Price they cost me. They were
 very curious Books indeed, answer d he, the very Titles
 whereof ought to have caus'd an Abhorrence in you, had
 you been a good French-Man; but your Marrying People
 contrary to the King's Ordinances is a sufficient Proof,
 that you have always been a very ill and disloyal Subject.
 Alas! My Lord, said I, I love our good King above
 my Life, and would rather choose to dye than dis-
 please him; but could you your self, who are his
 Minister, had you been in *Holland*, as I was, have
 forbore to buy and read such Comical Books?
 Have not all the Ministers, and the Chancellor, the
 first Presidents, and other his Majesty's Officers got
 them in their Closets? Don't you know, said he, that
 your fine Comical Books are the Cause that Abbe Rolet,
 and la Saulais are in the Bastille. No, My Lord,
 reply'd I, and I pity poor Monsieur de la Saulais,
 for he never had any more than three, and those
 of the most indifferent. As for Abbe Rolet, he had
 a good considerable Number. However, said he, it
 has been put into the Gazette, that they were secur'd;
 have not you read it; No, My Lord, reply'd I, if I
 had read it I should not be now in your Clutches,
 I had soon scamper'd. Tet it has been so certainly
 incerted, said he, that you may there see the Article at
 length in the Gazette; take and read it. When I had
 read it over, there was no more cause to doubt. He
 then ask'd me, Whither I had not dispos'd of some to
 others? No, My Lord, said I. What a Piece of Im-
 pudence that is, said he, as if we did not know, that you
 brought a prodigious Quantity out of *Holland*, and that
 N you

' you dispos'd of them at the Tuilleries, the Palace
 ' Royal, and Luxemburg Garden; and that you, and
 ' your Man, carry'd them to sell from House to House.
 ' When he had told me so, I fell down upon my
 ' Knees, and begg'd Pardon, weeping, and pray'd
 ' him to interceed for me with our good King. *You*
 ' *deserve to be Hang'd immediately*, said he, *but thank*
 ' *God, that you have to do with a Merciful King, who*
 ' *does not love shedding of Blood.* Then he made me
 ' withdraw into another Room, where I was above
 ' three Hours with his Guards, and other People,
 ' who told me, *My Affairs went well, since the Intendant*
 ' *had talk'd to me after that manner; that he was a good*
 ' *and worthy Man, who did not push on things to Extremity.*
 ' After this, the Intendant call'd me in again, to read
 ' to me the Information he was going to send to
 ' Court; which he had taken care should begin with
 ' the Mercy our good King had shown me, in Par-
 ' doning my Marriages contrary to his Ordinances;
 ' notwithstanding I had again relaps'd, carrying on
 ' a scandalous and strictly prohibited Trade of
 ' devilish Books, which I had sold all about *Paris*,
 ' and whereof *Abbe Rollet*, Canon of *Autun*, had bought
 ' a considerable Quantity; that as for the Physician
 ' *la Saulais*, he had only three of the most indifferent,
 ' and he order'd me to sign this Information. Alas!
 ' My Lord, said I, you undo me, by beginning it with
 ' the Pardon the good King has granted me, which
 ' ought no more to be taken notice of than old
 ' Dreams, or past Stories. *It is*, said he, *in order to*
 ' *make your Peace the better; he who pardon'd you once,*
 ' *will forgive you twice; don't you observe, that I conclude*
 ' *with these Words, That you throw your self upon the*
 ' *King's Mercy, and implore his Compassion?* Then I
 ' sign'd, and he remanded me to Prison, where I
 ' continu'd till the 26th of *March*. Had I known I
 ' should be brought to the *Bastille*, I could have made
 ' my escape, not once, but Twenty times; for the
 ' Goalers Wife was in Love with me, and us'd to
 ' come

' come at Noon-Day to talk with me in my Cham-
 ' ber, telling me, *Tho' she was very genteel, and had the*
 ' *finest Body that ever Woman had, yet her Husband did*
 ' *not love her*; and gave me to understand, That if
 ' I would take her along with me, she would find
 ' means for me to escape, and carry off all the best she
 ' had; That on the other side of the *Rhine* we should
 ' be in the Emperor's Dominions, where no Soul
 ' would say any thing to us; That as she would
 ' order it, we should never be discover'd; That she
 ' had all her Life time desir'd to be of the *Reform'd*
 ' *Religion*; and that we would go together to *Basil*,
 ' or any other Town, and keep a Tavern. There
 ' was also under my Room a Gang of young Rakes,
 ' condemn'd to the *Galleys*, who coveted nothing more
 ' than to make their Escape. In the Day time, the
 ' Goaler's Wife allow'd me to go visit them in their
 ' Chamber. There was among them a strapping
 ' loose Fellow, very brisk, whom they call'd the
 ' *Chevalier*, or *Kight*, of the Town of *Granville*.
 ' While the Chain was making up, they led a disorderly
 ' Life, singing and drinking from Morning
 ' till Night. There only wanted my Concurrence
 ' to make use of their Assistance to get away; but it
 ' was decreed, that I should come to the *Bastille*,
 ' and my ill Fate had reserv'd this bitter Pill for
 ' me.

' At length the fatal Hour came, which was on
 ' Sunday the 26th of *March* in the Morning, when
 ' four Officers came to the Prison to bring me to
 ' this abominable Dove Cote, to increase the Number
 ' of the Governors Foul. The Goaler's Wife was in
 ' a mournful Condition, and told me, *I deserv'd to*
 ' *go to the Bastille, since it was my own Fault that I had*
 ' *not made my Escape*. They mounted me a Horse-back,
 ' before all the People; just as they were coming
 ' out of the Church, after High-Mass, Hand-cuff'd
 ' me, and ty'd my Feet under the Horse's Belly;
 ' but the next Day they unbound me, when I had

' promis'd them, on the Word of a Priest, that I
 ' would not run away. However, as we pass'd
 ' through a Wood, a Temptation came upon me, I
 ' threw my self off the Horse, and fled into the Wood.
 ' They ran after, catch'd and bound me faster than
 ' ever. They fed me like a Pope, at every Meal we
 ' had roasted and boil'd, and as much Wine as we
 ' could drink. I pray'd them not to bind me any
 ' more, and took most dreadful Oaths that I would
 ' not budge from them; but they would not trust
 ' me. At Night one of them always lay with me,
 ' having one End of a Chain made fast to his Leg,
 ' and the other to mine, secur'd with a Padlock. I
 ' pretended to be sick, and would not eat, which
 ' made them promise to unbind me when we came
 ' into Towns. I only waited to go over some Bridge,
 ' to throw my self into the Water, for I can Swim like
 ' a Fish, and should soon have made my Escape; but I
 ' fancy they suspected it; for when we pass'd over a
 ' Bridge, or any other dangerous Place, they made
 ' me go between them four. At last we arriv'd at
 ' the *Bastille*, on *Thursday* the Sixth of *April* 1702,
 ' where the Guards desir'd me to give a good Ac-
 ' count of their Civil Usage of me on the Road, which
 ' I did most eloquently. In short, they allow'd me all
 ' I would have, so that I wanted nothing but Liberty.

' At the first coming into this cursed Abiss, I was
 ' put in the first Room of the Tower, call'd, *of the*
 ' *Treasure*; but I was there only two Days. Then
 ' they put me into the third of the Chapel, where
 ' I did the severest Penance; it was there that I
 ' maul'd my self handsomly, as I have related to you.
 ' Having not been search'd when I came in, suppo-
 ' sing, it is likely, that it had been done at *Straßburg*,
 ' I had much White Paper about me, and my Ink-
 ' horn, which I had sav'd. I writ my Confession
 ' from end to end; there was a Curious Account.
 ' I hid it in a Hole, expecting a Confessor, who I
 ' daily ask'd for; but could get none. And it was
 ' well

' well for me, that I had thrust my Confession into
 ' a Hole ; for, some time after, they came to search
 ' me, and having taken away my Paper and
 ' Ink horn, they turn'd out my Pockets, took Forty
 ' Sols the Goaler's Wife at *Strasburg* had slipp'd into
 ' my Pocket, bidding me adieu, and imbracing me ;
 ' and then they carry'd me back to my Room, where
 ' I had been at my first coming in. Eight Days after
 ' they brought me again to the third of the Chappel,
 ' where I had hid my Confession, which ran mightily
 ' in my Head, for had it fallen into the Hands of
 ' the Officers, I had been infallibly undone. In that
 ' Room I found an *English* Quaker, whose Name was
 ' Mr. *Bromfield*, one of the greatest Wits in the World.
 ' He was Physician to the Queen of *England*, Wife to K.
 ' *James*, whom he follow'd into *France*, and this was
 ' the third time he had been in the *Bastille*, for speak-
 ' ing his mind too freely. He had been present at the
 ' Queen's Labours in *England*, and at *St. Germain*,
 ' and held her by the Hand when she was deliver'd,
 ' as her Physician. When I was put in to him, his
 ' Head was bound up with a Napkin, all Bloody.
 ' *Ru* had beaten him, and broken his Head with a
 ' Chair. We soon grew acquainted, and he told me
 ' his Adventures. He had lent King *James* and his
 ' Queen all his Money. He has a Beautiful Wife,
 ' and a fine Granddaughter, Ten or Twelve Years of
 ' Age, whom he has promis'd me in Marriage. I
 ' have seen her several times, for both the Mother
 ' and the Daughter came often to see him in the
 ' *Bastille*, and afterwards they walk'd on *St. Antony's*
 ' Bridge, and about the Square for me to see them.

We interrupted, to tell him, *We had also seen them*
several Times, and that we fancy'd by their looking so ear-
nestly at the Bastille, that they had some Friend in it.

' It was only me they intended, said he, for they
 ' had already spoke to Mr. *Bromfield* when they
 ' went thither. Have not I a pretty little Mistress?

Yes, answer'd Mr. Linck, but tho' you were in a Condition, and free to marry her, you could not do it at present; she is but a Child. You are old enough to be her Father.

' A young Mouse for an old Cat, reply'd he; greener Nuts than that are crack'd; tho' she is little, she is big enough; and as I am not abroad, we are not both in England yet; nor do I know what she is worth; I design to be well satisfy'd, and not to marry like a Fool.

And what becomes of the Bishoprick, Monsieur l' Abbe? answer'd I.

' Patience, said he, there is a Time for all Things, there are Bishopricks in England, as well as in Germany.

Yes, said I, but not for Quakers, they are excluded.

' Sir, quoth he, the King may do any Thing, and if he is restor'd to his Kingdom, as no doubt he will, as the Quaker has made it out me, as plain as one and two make three; the young King's Mother may easily prevail upon him to bestow a scurvy Bishoprick as a Reward on a Man who has sacrific'd all he had; for without the Bishoprick, adieu to her till we meet again; for I tell you once more, I will look before I leap.

I soon perceiv'd, that besides the natural and inherent Brutality, there was a great Disorder in his Brain.

' The first Thing I did, after having embrac'd him, proceeded the Abbe, and offering him my poor Service, was to go directly to my Hole, to see whether my Confession was there still, but I was much surpriz'd, and in the Dumps, when I found it not. What do you look for, Monsieur l' Abbe? said he, I perceive you are very uneasy. Nothing, answer'd I. Is it not your Confession, Sir? reply'd he, be not concern'd, it is I that have found it. Verily, where is your Discretion? Is it not sufficient to beg Pardon of God, without discovering your Sins to Men? if that had
fallen

fallen into the Hands of the Officers, what would have
 become of you? And if you had read that fine Confession
 to the Chaplain, or to the Jesuit, you would certainly
 have been here for the Remainder of your Days; for it
 is the same Thing as if you had reveal'd it to Monsieur
 d' Argenson. They durst not discover it, said I,
 under Pain of being burnt alive. They are not burnt
 alive, answer'd he, and they do it every Day. I know
 such dreadful Instances of it, continu'd he, that they
 strike a Horror. Then he gave me a curious Lec-
 ture upon all my Slips and Contrivances. Do you
 ever expect, said he to me, with a Fatherly Affec-
 tion, ever to enter Heaven, without shedding an Ocean
 of Tears? After all, answer'd I, in the main, I have
 wrong'd no Body but my self, I have neither kill'd,
 robb'd, nor burnt. How, reply'd he, is it doing
 wrong to none but your self, to corrupt almost all the Wo-
 men and Maids in a Parish? To take others by Force?
 And to borrow never to pay? Thou art damn'd, poor
 Man, unless thy Repentance be proportionable to thy
 Crimes. That is my Design, said I to him, as you
 may have perceiv'd by my Confession. That Con-
 fession, answer'd he, is another Offence; you must en-
 grave it on the Hardness of your Heart with Tears of
 Blood. In short, he job'd me after the best manner.
 Some Days after we had been together, his Wife
 brought an Order from Monsieur Pontchartrain, for
 the Governor, to let her see her Husband. There
 was no Demur to be made. What was to be done,
 that he might not tell him his Grievances? He had
 actually two Holes in his Head, which Ru made,
 for complaining that he was starv'd. At last Corbe
 came up to our Room to tell him, That he was go-
 ing to see his Wife and his Daughter; but that the Go-
 vernor desir'd him not to tell what had happen'd; and
 that if he did not complain, he would do him all the
 Service that should be in his Power. He had brought
 with him the Captain of the Gates, the Surgeon,
 and Bourgenin, who mollify'd the honest Quaker, so

‘ as to engage him not to complain. They did all
 ‘ they could to prevail with him to take off the
 ‘ Napkin he had on his Head, and put on his Whig,
 ‘ but he would never do it.

‘ After much going backwards and forwards, they
 ‘ at last made him go down, about Three in the Af-
 ‘ ternoon, into the Room where his Wife had waited
 ‘ for him ever since Nine in the Morning. It is
 ‘ true, the Governour had entertain’d her, and her
 ‘ Daughter, splendidly at Dinner with him. As
 ‘ soon as his Wife saw him in that fine Condition,
 ‘ she began to cry, and said, *How now, Husband, they*
 ‘ *tell me you are grown turbulent here. Good God ! what*
 ‘ *is become of your usual Meekness ? Do you grow impa-*
 ‘ *tient, because God afflicts you ? No, Wife,* answer’d he,
 ‘ *you are impos’d upon ; the Condition you see me in,*
 ‘ *proves the contrary. Go to the Queen, I conjure and*
 ‘ *command you, and tell her, That if she does not get me*
 ‘ *out of this Place, there is an End of me. They starve*
 ‘ *me, and when I complain, they beat out my Brains : In*
 ‘ *short, this is the Truth, since they force me to tell it.*
 ‘ *Perhaps this may be the last Time I shall ever see thee ;*
 ‘ and so saying, he embrac’d her and his Daughter,
 ‘ who both wept bitterly. His Wife fainted away,
 ‘ when he went out of the Room. The very next
 ‘ Day they put us both into the first Room of the
 ‘ Tower, call’d, *la Bertaudiere*, which is a little Dun-
 ‘ geon. This, said he, *is to punish me for having spoken*
 ‘ *the Truth ; but I am sure I shall not be in this Hole a-*
 ‘ *bove a Fortnight, or I shall be in for all my Life. In*
 ‘ *short, we were put into that Room on the 27th of*
 ‘ *August, and he went out of the Bastille on the 20th*
 ‘ *of September, last Year. He is the most ingenious*
 ‘ *Man in the World. He has found the Secret for a*
 ‘ *Man of War to make way against Wind and Tide ;*
 ‘ *he has made an Experiment of it above Corsicans, be-*
 ‘ *fore Monsieur Pontis, who has told the King, It is*
 ‘ *the finest Invention in the World. He has all the*
 ‘ *Particulars of the Bastille at his Fingers Ends, and*

‘ it is his Fault if the Governor and all his *Myrmidons*
 ‘ are not hang d. He had almost found the Longi-
 ‘ tude, and the perpetual Motion, when he was ta-
 ‘ ken up. He has found the Secret how to blind an
 ‘ whole Army; and it is the same *St. Paul* made use
 ‘ of before the Proconsul *Sergius*, to strike the two
 ‘ false Prophets blind.

He works Miracles then; said I to him.

‘ That’s a good one, *answer’d he*; he does any
 ‘ Thing, except Coining of false Money; and he
 ‘ could do that too, if he would. It is an incompa-
 ‘ rable Man.

‘ When he was gone, I was put in to Baron *Pokenet*,
 ‘ of *Vienna*, a Man of Quality, and very handsome,
 ‘ who has serv’d the Emperor, and was Lieutenant-
 ‘ Collonel of a Regiment of Horse; and the Empe-
 ‘ ror afterwards gave him to King *William*, to com-
 ‘ mand his Armies, as an experienc’d Officer; and
 ‘ he being a passionate Lover of *France*, where he
 ‘ had serv’d, in his Youth, among the Horse Muske-
 ‘ teers, he return’d thither after the Peace of *Ryswick*,
 ‘ and has been secur’d as a Foreigner, about five or
 ‘ six Weeks. His greatest Crime is, his having the
 ‘ Cuts which *D— L— F—*, Bookseller at *Amsterdam*,
 ‘ has caus’d to be engrav’d against the King, which
 ‘ would make a Man burst with laughing, for I have
 ‘ seen them all from End to End, as well as his
 ‘ *Aloisia*. Of him I bought most of my Books; he is
 ‘ the most comical Fellow the Earth ever bore. Ba-
 ‘ ron *Pokenet* and I could never agree; for he said,
 ‘ *He had never seen such an ill-contriv’d Frenchman as*
 ‘ *my self*; *that I knew not how to live, and that I was a*
 ‘ *meer Clown and a Bumpkin*; and I told him, he was
 ‘ no better than a Looby, a Coachman, and a Barge-
 ‘ man. He had but one Farthing about him when
 ‘ he was secur’d, for he had lost all his Money the
 ‘ Night before, at Play among some Ladies. It is
 ‘ true, he has the richest Cloaths in the World, and
 ‘ the most delicate Lace, as fine as a Hair. He
 has

' has a Scarlet Velvet Cloak, all over embroider'd
 ' with Gold, which cost 500 Crowns. However, he
 ' was not so well fed as Monsieur *Constantin*, tho' he
 ' had the great Bottle; and he made me believe,
 ' he had not seen his Valet de Chambre, nor his
 ' Footmen, since he was taken; but I believe him,
 ' for he had no more of them than my Grand-mother.
 ' A Week ago, Monsieur d' *Argenson* sent for him
 ' down; he fell upon his Knees, and conjur'd
 ' him to pity a Man of Quality, who was altogether
 ' innocent, and whom only the Pleasure of living in
 ' *Paris* had made unfortunate. Yesterday Morning
 ' he was carry'd out from my Company. I believe he
 ' is out of the *Bastille*, for they came to fetch all his
 ' Equipage that was in our Room, and three Hours
 ' after I was brought hither. And here is the Spark.
 ' Come, let us drink a Glas: I have talk'd long
 ' enough to drink.

No doubt of it, Monsieur l' Abbe, said I, and you have
 told us strange Things; but give me Leave to take your
 Part against your self. How long have you known this
 Gentleman and me, to trust us with such Secrets as you
 have done.

' By the Lord Harry, said he, interrupting me, I have
 ' already told you, that my Heart is upon the Edge
 ' of my Lips, and that I am as open as the Air.

Hold a little, Monsieur l' Abbe, answer'd I, hear me,
 with as much Attention and Sedateness, as I have shown
 you. An indiscreet and rash Confession cannot be call'd
 Sincerity. I ask you once more, are you sufficiently ac-
 quainted with us, to put your Life into our Hands, in less
 than Twenty four Hours you have been with us? For, in
 short, were we as indiscreet as you, pardon the Expression,
 where would you be?

' What have I told you then, Gentlemen? answer'd
 he.

Enough, said Mr. Linck, to send you to the Greve, (so
 the Place of Execution at *Paris* is call'd) were not
 this Gentleman and I the Persons we are.

Monsieur

Monsieur l' Abbe, proceeded I, you have said nothing to us, and for my Part I have forgot it all; tho' you should break one of my Arms, I would not remember it to do you any Harm; but if ever you happen to be put up among other Prisoners, be a little more cautious, and take heed not to let your Tongue run so fast. The Bishoprick which has been foretold you, may, perhaps, prove a Paper Mitre, rather than one embroider'd; for obtaining of which, you have run all Hazards, and for which you have so great a longing, and at such a Distance. This is what relates to your Body. And as for your Soul, Monsieur l' Abbe, Alas! can you reflect on the miserable Condition you are in? Your Sins heap'd and multiply'd above the Hairs of your Head, have not left in you the least Spark of Faith. What a Life have you led! How can you repair the Honour of so many Women and Maids as you have debauch'd? You have made use of your Ministry, not to edify, but to destroy; not to draw the Sheep out of the Mire, but to plunge them into it after an execrable manner. Their Confession discover'd to you their Secrets and Frailties, which you improv'd to indulge them in the most scandalous and criminal Passions. What a Shepherd, who devour'd his Flock? How will you restore the Money you so lightly borrow'd of your Parishioners to supply your Debauches? The Reputation you maliciously robb'd the Recolets of? For tho' most of those Friars are little better than your self, they at least take Care to save the outward Appearances. And tho' you have stolen from Thieves, since they, begging as they do, rob the real Poor, I believe you are oblig'd to restore what you have rob'd them of, as they themselves are oblig'd to restore to the Poor what they daily rob them of. You hinder'd Mr. Dapogni from marrying a young Woman you had debauch'd, not in regard to that Gentleman's Honour, which lay at Stake, but out of Jealousy; how can you ever retrieve the Wrong you have done that Damsel? How can you retrieve that you have done to your Cousin Babet de la Feuillie, and the Bone-Lace Weaver? How much happier had you been than you are at this Time, if you had ratify'd the Marriage you
had

had contracted with her, instead of frightening her with a counterfeit raising of the Devil? You made a Vow not to marry, and to live continent; only to break through the most sacred laws of Matrimony, and indulge your self in all sorts of Lewdness. You have no Religion left you, for you have undermin'd the very Foundations of it, rejected Grace, and put out the Light of Faith in an Inundation of Impurities, and you will not be able to light it again, without drawing sincere Sighs from the Bottom of your Heart. God has brought you into this Prison, to no other End, but that you may come to your self again, and return to him by constant and austere Pennance. But the essential Part of Pennance is, a perfect Sorrow, an absolute Abhorrence of Sin, and a sincere Resolution not to fall again. If you be not so resolv'd, Monsieur l' Abbe, all your Macerations, your Fasts, your Scourging, are but false Appearances, and the Preludes of a false Pennance, the impenitent will perform to all Eternity, without moving the divine Mercy. Pardon me, Monsieur l' Abbe, if I speak to you with so much Liberty, but I should betray you and my self, if I conceal'd my true Thoughts from you. I pray to God, with all my Heart, to bless you with his Grace, and to recall you from Darknes to his true Light.

Well, well, Sir, answer'd he, if I sin, it is not through Ignorance; I have two good Eyes, God be prais'd, and I know my Catechism as perfectly as my *Pater Noster*; but it is that Devil of a Thorn in the Flesh, as the Great St Paul calls it, which rebels; and were it not for the Females, I had been one of the great Saints in Heaven. Vice is become habitual in me, and I must go to some holy Place to be new moulded.

Alas! dear Sir, said I, believe me, you'll never find any better Place to be new moulded in than the Bastille. Without the Assistance of Chymistry, a Heart which comes into this Furnace, tho' it be of Brass, of Iron, and of Lead, will be converted into the purest Gold, provided it be dipp'd in the Water of Grace, and inflam'd with the Fire of ardent Charity. There needs only Weeping and Praying,

Praying, and God will not delay Hearing, and making it sensible of the Effects of his Omnipotency.

As bringing our Supper interrupted these Moral Reflections, which was not displeasing the to Abbe. You cannot deny, Sir, said he to me, but that we have both talk'd enough to rest a while, and the Business we are going about is a good Vehicle to Contrition; for I have always heard the old Men of my Parish say, That an empty Belly has no Ears. Let us sit down to Table, and then we will pray to God to forgive us our Sins; and so live on.

He was not long with us before he gave us infallible Proofs, that they had given us one of the Wickedest Men under Heaven for a Companion. As stupid, foolish, and brutal as he was, he was no less a mischievous Deceiver, and had Devillish Wiles. He try'd all Sorts of Arts to set Mr. Linck and me at Variance. He would take me aside, when Mr. Linck was at Prayers, or at his Study, to tell me a false Story of him; and did the same with Mr. Linck, in Regard of me, when he found an Opportunity. Perceiving he did not succeed, he try'd all the Inventions his Malice could devise, to thwart us. When he saw us busie Writing, he would fall a singing, or doing some foul Apish Prank. He resolv'd to counterfeit Sicknes, to have Physick given him, which was the wild Beginning of his extravagant Madness. He would kneel down before us, to beg, that we would ask for each a Dose of Physick, and then begg'd the same for himself, and whatsoever we could do, would himself take all the three Doses, the same Morning. Had he not been of such a strong Constitution, he must certainly have kill'd himself. One Day he took so great a Quantity, and it happen'd, unluckily, to be so strong, that I concluded he would infallibly have dy'd, he Purg'd so violently up and down; and yet he though his Physick never work'd well; he complain'd, he had only five or six poor Stools. Some times he fancy'd he
had

had read too much; some times, that he made a Pen, which had heated his Blood; some times, that he had not kept himself warm enough; and always, that he had not taken Physick enough, which made him redouble the Dose. The Danger he had been in by Excess of Physick, made him never the more cautious. When he had taken a prodigious Quantity of Drugs, and he was particularly affected to Potions, and I have seen him drink two Bottles, of a Pint each, (*Note, If he means the Paris Pint, which is the least in France, it is above an English Quart*) in one Morning; he then laid on him all our Bed Cloaths, and sweated after a prodigious Manner. To evacuate all that Physick, he took all the Broth that was brought for us all three; besides which, he caus'd to be boil'd all the Meat we left, and which he had some times laid up for a Week together, of which he made more Broth, and pour'd down his Throat upon the other. I have seen him so full, that his Belly was like a Drum, and Mr. *Linck* look'd upon it as a Miracle, that he did not burst. This was not the only Mad-Man I have seen commit such Extravagancies, as may be seen in the Sequel of this History. We were so pester'd with his Follies, his Stink, his Impertinencies, and his Malice, that we us'd all our Endeavours with the Officers to rid us of that wicked Priest. Mr. *Linck* offer'd Ru ten Pistoles to get him remov'd; but in vain. It is likely they persisted in leaving him with us, in hopes to make us distracted as he was, that they might keep us three in their cursed Den, till the end of our Days. *Sorel* often writ Notes to the Officers, who it is likely were well pleas'd to have him as a Spy in our Chamber. Of this we had pregnant Indications, as will appear. Having discover'd that we had made a Hole in our Chimney, to talk to the Prisoners that were under us, he never let us rest, till in spite of us he had again open'd that Hole. He labour'd to perswade us, that he would make them speak, which they would not fail to do, when they understood

understood that he was a Priest, because they would have a Respect for his Character. He had his wicked Design. When he had done what he desir'd, it prov'd in vain for him to tell his Name, to intreat, to conjure, to assure them he had Things of the utmost Consequence to tell them; for he could never get one Word from them. He left the Hole open, in all likelihood Maliciously, and would not permit me to stop it again. He writ a Note as usual, which at Night he gave to *Ru*. The next Morning, at break of Day, the Major came into our Room, and went directly to the Hole in the Chimney, which he found wide open; and then to another Corner, where that good Priest had hid a Piece of Iron, we had found accidentally, and with which he had open'd the Hole. The Major made a great Noise, at which the Curate seem'd to rejoyce, and laugh'd heartily, thinking he should have seen us dragg'd to a Dungeon, which Mr. *Linck* observing, and being highly provok'd, he said to the Major. "Is it not true, Sir, that the Advice was given you from our Chamber? Well, I protest to you, upon the Word of an Honest-Man, that the Hole was open'd by the same Person who gave you the Intelligence. Whereupon my faithful Pastor could not forbear discovering himself, saying, *On the Word of a Priest, as my Hand is upon this Breviary, that is not true; the Hole was made before I came into the Room.*

Yes, thou impudent Deceiver, answer'd Mr. *Linck*, *the Hole was made, and I made it, without knowing the Consequence of it, but without making any use of it, for those Gentlemen below would not speak to us, and therefore I had entirely shut it up again; but Yesterday you open'd it, against our Wills, saying, You would force them to speak, by your personal Merit. They would not answer, and you would never suffer Mr. Constantine to stop up the Hole again, upon Pretence, that you would at Length make them speak; but in Reality to give Notice of it to the Major, by the Note you deliver'd Yesterday to Ru.*
Sir,

Sir, continu'd he, *send me to the Dungeon, I consent to it, I shall be there an hundred Times better satisfy'd than in the company of this wicked Priest.* The Curate swore bitterly, that there was not the least Truth in all that was laid to his Charge. The Major, who was not so drunk as usual, came to my Bed, in which I was still lying quietly, without opening my Mouth, to ask me, very gravely, the Truth of the Fact, whilst *Ru* laugh'd heartily. I said to him, *Sir, were you well acquainted with Mr. Linck, you would certainly blush to make the least Doubt of what he says, and I am most certain he cannot tell a premeditated Lie.* The good Curate fell a weeping, saying, *We falsely charg'd him with that Offence, to get him out of the Room.* No, Major, reply'd I, I conjure you to leave him in it, but alone, and to carry Mr. Linck and me into a Dungeon, where we shall think our selves happier than in the *Abbe's* Company. *Monsieur Sorel*, said the Major to him, *be quiet, and if you cause me to come up hither again, assure your self it shall be to carry you to a Place, where you will have Leisure enough to repent.* The Major was going out, when taking up my Night-Gown hastily, I ran to him, conjuring him to grant our Request. In order to mollify and oblige him not to refuse us, whilst Mr. Linck stopp'd him, I ran to a Bottle of excellent Ratafiat, and fill'd him several Bumpers. Neither he nor *Ru* could withstand it. They both swore, they would lose their Aim, or they would prevail with the Governor to satisfy us all Three, before the Day was over; but they thought no more of it, when the Bottle was stop'd, and they had shut the Door. The Curate took horrid Oaths to clear himself, and perswade us, that we suspected him wrongfully; which redoubled our Indignation and Contempt.

Very often, after having given us a Thousand reproachful Words, and committed an Hundred Outrages against us, he would fall down on his Knees, and beg our Pardon; and a Moment after began the
former

former Courſe again. He had the Impudence to upbraid Mr. *Linck*, with being the Son of an Apothecary, tho' he knew, That, beſides his being a Doctor of Phyſick, he was very rich, as moſt of the German Apothecaries are. Yes, answer'd Mr. *Linck*, *I am the Son of an Apothecary, and I glory in it; but he is an Apothecary who keeps Ten Men in his Shop, the worſt of whom would not ſo much debaſe himſelf as to be compar'd to ſuch a Wretch as you. Who are you? A poor Peaſant, who has got a Parſonage by whipping of Children, and, perhaps, by doing worſe; and who has loſt it by debauching his unhappy Flock, and deſerving to be burnt.* The good Prieſt made me laugh, when he moſt ſeriously proteſted, That he was ſo far from being a Peaſant, that he was the Son of a good Inhabitant of a Village, who pay'd Taxes only for his Diſverſion; That his Brother was Farmer to a Prince of the Church; and as for himſelf, had he taken his Meaſures better, he had been in a fair Way to be a Prince of the Church in his Turn. 'What great Wonder would it be,' ſaid he, *Sixtus V.*, who was but a Swineherd, came, not long ſince, to be Pope: I am not ſo baſely born as he; and I have no leſs Talent than he, to attain to that Dignity; which made me think of *Balsac*, who, in one of his Letters, ſays, *There is no ſo little Prieſtling of a Village, who does not Pope it.*

His Behaviour and Brutality, which had at firſt diverted us, afterwards became inſupportable, on Account of the vexatious Circumſtances, which were inſeparable from it. Mr. *Linck* would have made Uſe of his Hands an hundred Times, to chaſtiſe his Insolence, had not I hinder'd him, deſiring he would temporize. He aſſerted the moſt ridiculous Things in the World, with intolerable Poſitivenefs and Arrogance, and quoted the moſt celebrated Authors to ſupport his Abſurdities. For Inſtance, he affirm'd, That *St. John Baptiſt* had been preſerv'd from the Blemiſh of Original Sin; that *Pharaoh* had debauch'd *Abraham's* Wife; that *James* the firſt, King of England,

land, was Brother to King *James* the second; that a *Frippier*, or Broker, in the Purity of the *French* Tongue, was call'd, a *Chincherre*, and that he had read it in the Dictionaries of *Vaugelas*, *Moreri*, and *Furetiere*. I bore with all, which made him get into terrible Flights; for he often spoke mean Things only to provoke me to reprove him; and contradicted me only for the Satisfaction of entering upon a Dispute.

At the Time of the *Rogations*, when he saw all the Processions come to *Paris*, from the Villages neighbouring about that great City, he fell into Extasies, which wrapp'd him up to the third Heaven. Nothing, in his Opinion, was more Majestick than a Curate in his Surplice, with a Stole about his Neck, a square Cap on his Head, preceded by three or four other Priests, and some Boys belonging to the *Choire*, carrying Silver Candlesticks, the Weight whereof made them sweat till it ran down; between two of whom was a young Maid, carrying a Wax Taper, almost as thick as her self, adorn'd with Ribbons of all Colours, and before all these, three Peasants, with Surplices over their Country Gowns, one of them carrying the Cross, another the Banner, and the third two little Bells, which he tun'd to the confuse Noise of the Main Body, before which little Children ran. After the Curate, follow'd the Men, bare Headed, and then the Women, and all the March was clos'd by a Cavalcade of he and she Asses, mounted by old Men, Matrons, and the weakest Persons in the Village; all of them very often daggled up to the Middle, roaring out the Litanies of the Saints, so that they might be heard a League off. He made us leave every thing, to come and admire with him that rustick Pomp, and to point out to us all the Beauties of it. But he was quite beside himself when he saw the Procession of *St. Paul*, in the Suburb, Come and see, *Mr. Linck*, cry'd he, *you who are a Stranger, the finest Thing in the World*; and then he made such Gestures, and

and fell into such Convulsions as cannot be describ'd.

See, see the fine Banner! which generally came a Quarter of an Hour before the Procession, carry'd by two Men, preceded and follow'd by a prodigious Multitude of Rabble of all Sorts, crying, as loud as they were able, like *Bacchanals*, *Observe that Banner; it is all Gold; I know it cost above 30000 Crowns; the Conversion of St. Paul is embroider'd on it; look there, would not one swear he saw his Horse running away?* One Day, by the by, the Wind blew so hard on the Banner, that it fell, with the two Men that carry'd it, one of whom, as *Ru* assur'd us, was cripp'd by it, for the rest of his Days. See there, went on our Worshipper, the Cross, which is all of *Massive Gold*, and the Candlesticks gilt. Observe the curious Order of those Priests, walking by two and two. What a long File of them? Perhaps among them is the Son of some Prince of the Blood; at least I am fully perswaded, that there are Sons of Dukes, and Peers, and of Marshals of France, who quake before the Curate, and dare not so much as blow their Noses before him. Take Notice of that Curate, he has Lace above two Foot deep about his Surplice. See the Doctors Hood hanging on his Shoulder. How grave he looks! Verily that Curate would not change with a Bishop. His Parish is worth to him above 40000 Livers a Year; he has farm'd all out, and keeps only a Trifle for his private Expences. Mr. Linck return'd no other Answer to all this, but laughing out aloud, and ridiculing all that occasion'd the Raptures of my Priest; which put him into such furious Commotions, that one would have thought he had been possess'd by an evil Spirit.

He every Day did me the Favour to tell me, I had deserv'd to be burnt alive; that all he had done, in Comparison of me, was but meer Trifles; because, to be as good as my Word, which I had engag'd, to tell him my Adventures, after having heard his, I had acquainted him with some of my Pranks when I was a Scholar.

I had told him, that one Day, to vex the Prefect of the College at *Caen*, being *F. Gautruche*, the most passionate, tho' one of the most learned of the Order; I had ty'd to the Door of his Chamber as Prefect, where that good old Man was shut up, the As which had brought the Provisions for the Monastery, from their Estate of *l' Ebisey*, a Country House they have, a League from *Caen*; and which had been left grazing in the Court of the College, with the Pannel on his Back, after the Panniers had been taken off. I had ty'd up that long ear'd Animal so close to the Door, which open'd inward, that it was impossible for the good Man to come out, without carrying in that Doctor with the Pannel. I waited in the Court, with other Rakes of my Stamp, to see the Event of that Project, when the Bell rang to call the Prefect to the Refectory. The Father tugg'd with all his Strength within, and the dull Beast without. The good Man thought it had been some Scholar, who out of Waggersy had hinder'd his Opening the Door, and being always us'd to speak *Latin*, even to the Women, he began to cry out, in a hoarse Tone, but in *Latin*: *Open the Door, thou insolent Fellow, why do you shut up your Prefect, when the Bell rings? Servant, call the Corrector, that this Wag may be punish'd as he deserves.* The poor Creature answer'd not one Word to all this Discourse. In fine, when the two Doctors had tugg'd on both Sides for a considerable Space, a charitable Scholar, out of Compassion to see him without suffer so much, shov'd the As, who went into the Room. It would be hard to describe the Father's Passion: He quarrell'd with the poor Beast, as if it had been in the Fault, reviling it in *Latin*, all which the As bore with Patience. The As was to be put out of the Room, neither was he pleas'd with all his Antagonist's Learning, but would have preferr'd a Thistle before all the Volumes there; but I had, out of Simplicity, made so many Knots in the Halter, that the Reverend Father could

could not undo them. At last, being quite out of Patience, he took up a Penknife that lay on his Table, which cut the *Gordian Knot*, and set the poor Beast free again to nibble the Grats, whilst the angry Prefect ran after us, being provok'd to see us laugh out right, and suspecting that some one of us had been the Occasion that he was to eat his Soup cold.

That which most vex'd the Reverend Father, was to hear Whistling; one Whistle would put him into terrible Commotion. He being one of my Father's intimate Friends, and coming often to our House, had told us the Reason of it, which was, *That he had a hollow Tooth, into which he fancy'd the Noise of the Whistling enter'd with such Violence, that it pierc'd his Brain.* I engag'd three Boys of my own Age, as modest as my self, with each a shrill Whistle as well as my self, and plac'd our selves at the four Angles of the College Court. As soon as the Prefect appear'd, he who was farthest from him, began to whistle as loud as he could, and the Reverend Father ran with all his Might the Way he heard the Whistle. Before he was got to the End, he who was at one of the opposite Corners, gave another Whistle, and the Prefect hasten'd back thither. The third stopp'd him in his Carrier; and so the fourth. In Conclusion, after having made him run long enough in vain to the four Corners of the Court, crying, *He would give a Picture, for a Token of Forgiveness, to any one who should stop the Offender;* the most conscientious of the four, very charitably laid hold of the first Numskull he met, and deliver'd him up to the enrag'd Father; who, notwithstanding his Protestations of Innocence, dragg'd him into his Chamber, where he caus'd him to be severely scourg'd, for having presum'd to whistle, till he had confess'd his Fault; or else his Posteriors had not come off so easily.

Going often to his Chamber, where he delighted to make me repeat my Themes, or Verses; I observ'd,

That before he went out to give his Directions in the Schools, being very weak-sighted, he wash'd his Eyes with some Water he kept for that purpose in a double Glass Bottle. One Morning when he happen'd to be gone out about some Business, and had charg'd me to expect him there, that I might not lose my Time, I bethought my self to empty the Bottle, in which he had his Eye-Water, and I fill'd it with Ink, out of a great Bottle he had full, in a Corner of his Room. He return'd, I read my Theme to him, he made much of me, and I took my Leave; but it was to go watch him, when he came out of his Room; whence I saw him come soon after, with his Face smutt'd, like a Harlequin. I had much ado to forbear bursting out a laughing. I follow'd him to the Door of the first School, where, as soon as he was enter'd, might be heard a mighty Noise of Laughing out. The Regent himself could not forbear Laughing, much less hinder the Scholars. The Prefect was in no Condition to awe them; and was for Enquiring into the Cause of their Insolence. The Regent had enough to do to recover his Gravity, to tell him he was all daub'd with Ink. The good Man went out to take off his Mask. It is likely he laid it to some of the Reverend Fathers of the Society, for he said nothing to me; besides, he knew me to be too simple, to suspect my being guilty of such an Apish Trick.

Here follow two other Pranks, which will be thought more Criminal by fanciful Persons, and yet at the bottom they are but Trifles. There was a great Picture in the Chappel of the *Jesuits* at *Caen*, on which those Fathers had caus'd to be Painted their two Apostles, that is of *Spain* and *India*; the Name of *Jesus* in the middle over them, with Flames issuing from it, which seem'd to penerate into those Patriarchs. Under *Ignatius* was writ, in a large gold Character, *Amplius Domine, amplius*; that is, more Lord, more; and under *Xaverius*, in the same sort of Characters, *Satis est Domine, satis est*, It is enough Lord, it is enough. To humble the natural Pride of those Reverend Fathers,

thers, whose unbounded Ambition began to grow odious to the City; Monsieur Cally, Rector of the University, and Curate of St. Martin's, at Caen, Monsieur Malouin, Curate of St. Stephen's, and the Curate of St. Saviour of the same Town, had been banish'd by their Procurement, for having refus'd to submit themselves to those Imperious Fathers, who had accus'd them of *Jansenism*, I made the Pasquinade, I am now about to mention. Having some Skill in Drawing, one afternoon, when, according to Custom, there was no body in the Chapel, I put a Bottle into one Hand of the Blessed *Loyola*, and a Glass into the other, as if he were giving his Companion a Brimmer, and by the Words *Amplius Domine, amplius, I writ, Another Glass, Comrade*. And by his Companion, from whose Mouth I drew a Stream, as if he had taken too much, under the Words, *Satis est Domine; Satis est, I writ, Don't you see I am so Drunk, that I am ready to burst*. The next Morning, my Contrivance, which did not appear but with the Day, was seen by all the Scholars, who were a Thousand times more bent upon laughing out, than upon hearing the Mass that was said to them. One of the Regents was piously dispos'd to wipe out my Work; but the Prefect hinder'd him, saying, *It was requisite that the Magistrates should see it*. The Noise made of it by the Scholars, throughout the City, drew thither a prodigious Throng of People, most of whom plainly shew'd the hatred they had conceiv'd against that pernicious Society, which made a sufficient Disturbance, without being able to discover the Author of their Trouble; for I had been so wise, as not to trust any Man with the Secret. The other was as follows.

The Regents of the Reverend Fathers of the Society, to show their great Zeal in important Points of Religion, had thought fit to place Over-seers by the Holy Water-Pot, which stood at the Chappel Door, to observe such of the Scholars as fail'd to make the Sign of the Cross on their Foreheads with Holy-Water,

when they came into the Church. Those Censors certainly mark'd down on their Catalogue, those who were so unfortunate as to displease them, or to incur their Indignation, who did not fail to be severely punish'd, and that often contrary to all Justice. I was one of that Number, without having deserv'd it. To be reveng'd, I did as follows. One Winter Morning, when the Scholars go to Mass 3 Quarters after six, I threw out all the Water there was in the Holy-Water-Pot, and having dry'd it well with a Cloth, pour'd in a large Bottle of the Blackest Ink. There was no need of Spyes, to observe who had made the Sign of the Cross on them; on the contrary, their Catalogue was a Proof of their Falshood, for they had mark'd down those who visibly appear'd to be Innocent, all the Scholars being mark'd like Sheep; and I had not thought fit to exempt my self from it. After Mass, when the Scholars came to the Schools, where the Candles were lighted, every one laugh'd heartily to see his Companion black'd, not knowing that he had the same Mark; but when they found out that the Calamity was universal, they presently suspected what it was. The Regents, to be satisfy'd, sent to examine the Holy-Water-Pot, where the Water was found converted into Ink, without any Miracle. A strict Enquiry was made, which succeeded no better than that about the Founders of the Society. And for these heinous Crimes, a Thousand times greater than debauching most of the Women and Maids in a Parish, than ravishing others, than robbing the Flock, and than committing innumerable Sacriledges, it was that I deserv'd to be burnt at least, according to our zealous and infallible Casuist.

Corbe, to encourage us to bear our Misfortune the more patiently, daily told Mr. Linck, that *Mademoiselle Schirgre* took incredible Pains to procure his Liberty. That she often went thrice a Week to *Madame*, at *Versailles*, to intreat her to use her Interest with the King. In short, the Princess might well make him

him sensible of the Wrong done to Strangers, who had claim'd her Protection, and were secur'd the next Morning, after the King had, by her, given them his Royal Word, *That they might safely stay in his Kingdom, without apprehending the least Insult*, and who had been nevertheless ever since kept in the *Bastille*.

On the first Day of *April*, 1703, we were made *April Fools*, after a dreadful manner. All we Prisoners in the Tower, thought we should have been stiff'd. They had given four Prisoners, who were under us, in the Second Room, some Straw to put under their Beds, for it had not been chang'd in many Years they had been in the *Bastille*, and among them a Gentleman of *Poitou*, whose Name was Monsieur *Pouilloux*. They had thrown out their old Straw into a Hole, where their necessary House was, to make use of it, when they had occasion to heat any thing for their Service. One *Gesnoui* a *Paris* Lock-Smith, whose Crime was, That he had been in *Holland* to reform his Religion, and that he afterwards, out of an immoderate Zeal, return'd to *Paris*, to reform the Arch-bishop, and all his Clergy. That poor Man, whether he had resolv'd rather to be stifled, than to languish any longer in that comfortless Place; or whether to be reveng'd on an *Irish* Pilot, call'd, *Matthias Wall*, who daily abus'd him; or lastly, whether it was out of Madness, pretended after Dinner to go ease himself, and set Fire to the Straw. There being no Light nor Window to that Hole, when the Straw had taken Fire, the Smoak flew out in Clouds. Our Room, the first, the fourth, and even the *Calotte*, or Garret, as I was afterwards inform'd, were fill'd in a Moment, so that we could not breath. I leave others to judge what a Condition the Prisoners in the Second Room were in. We knock'd at the Door in vain, and call'd to the Sentinel; no Man came to our Assistance. At last they came and open'd the Second Room, whence *Ru* carry'd out Monsieur *le Pouilloux*, and an old Man, whose Name was Monsieur

ſieur Bonneau, a Phyſician, half ſtiſſ'd. As for us, and thoſe in the other Rooms, they left us to ſwallow the Smoak more or leſs. The Stink of it continu'd above three Days throughout the whole Tower, and above Eight in the Second Room, which doubtleſs haſten'd the Death of *Monſieur Pouilloux*, who was a Man of Worth; for the Officers were ſo inhuman as to put the four Priſoners again the ſame Day into their Chamber, tho' it was full of Smoak, and the Straw in the Hole ſtill burning, which they were to put out. Above Sixteen Months after I was in that ſame Room, with two of the Priſoners, who were there then, and the Hole ſtill ſmelt of the Smoak, whatſoever they had done to cleanſe it, and the Room remain'd black. When we complain'd at Night, that they had left us ſuffocating till we had ſpit Blood, and they ſaw our Room ſtill full of Smoke, they told us, *We had endur'd nothing in Compariſon of the others; that the Governor was for letting the four Priſoners in the Second Room be ſtiſſ'd, and had certainly done it, were it not in Reſpect to Mr. Pouilloux, whoſe Meekneſs and Affability were ſingular.*

The next Saturday, being the 7th of April, and Eaſter-Eve, *Monſieur de Argenſon* caus'd Mr. Linck to be brought down to him, about ſeven at Night, to examine him. As ſoon as he enter'd the Hall, and had, with Dread, ſaluted that infernal Gholt, whom he found in his Magiſtrate's Robes, attended by his Subſtitutes and Guards, that *Minos*, with a brutal Haughtineſs, ask'd him, uſing the Language of *thee* and *thou*, *What he came to do at Paris?* Mr. Linck told him, *He came to ſtudy Phyſick, and to ſatisfy his Curioſity in ſeeing the fineſt Town in France.* *Monſieur d' Argenſon* told him, *He very well knew the contrary, and that he had diſcover'd his Intrigues with the Enemies of France, and particularly with the King of Poland, who had ſent him to Paris.* Mr. Linck told him, *He had no other Relation with the King's Enemies, than what his Birth gave him; that being a Saxon, he was the King of Poland's*
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Subject, as Duke of Saxony; but that his Father was able enough to send him to travel, without applying to his Sovereign. Monsieur d'Argenson hearing him answer so judiciously, grew more mild and civil; and, after having order'd him to take a Chair, examin'd him about all the Toys they had seiz'd of his, most of which related to his Profession, with as much Precaution, as if there had been some Mystery conceal'd under those Simples, which might have concern'd the entire Overthrow of *France*. Mr. Linck declar'd to him the Virtues and Qualities of each Root, Plant, Seed and Simple, with so much Exactness and such Erudition as surpriz'd him, and at which he seem'd to be charm'd; but he was so much more, when the Officers assur'd him, That he understood not one Word of *French*, when he came into the *Bastille*, and that I had taught him to talk so in so short a Time. When he sent him back to our Room, he desir'd him to be easy; and told him, That he might rest satisfy'd, that his Affairs were in a good Posture: And then turning to Monsieur Camuset, the Commissary, Sir, said he to him, *you must come to Morrow to proceed upon Mr. Linck's Examination:* And the Commissary excusing himself on Account of the Holiness of the Day, on which he would perform his Devotions. *You know,* reply'd he, *that this Affair will not admit of Delays, since there is a positive Order from the King to dispatch it. Therefore do not fail to come next Monday.*

When Mr. Linck returning about nine of the Clock, had given me an exact Account of what had happen'd, I concluded that his Liberty was infallibly at Hand, and there being no Time to lose, I made haste to write to my Wife, to the Marques de Torcy, to Monsieur Chamillart, and to my Friends, to procure my Liberty. The Curate did not omit writing to his Family, to the same Effect. He was three or four Days writing a Letter that was worth any Money. Had Mr. Linck kept a Copy of it, as he had promis'd me, I would have entertain'd the publick with it,
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for nothing could be more ridiculous. As for mine, he was so precise in disposing them, that he came purposely to the *Hague* to deliver those I had writ to my Wife, my Son, and my Friends.

On *Easter Monday* the Commissary did not fail to send for Mr. *Linck* down again, about seven at Night, whom he examin'd only for Form sake, putting several very needless Questions. He was very civil to him, and treated him with a plentiful Collation, at which there was no Want of good *Burgundy*. All that was a sufficient Indication of his being discharg'd; on which I congratulated my Friend at his Return, in such Terms as came from the Bottom of my Heart. Only our Priest seem'd to be concern'd at it; for the very Shadow of his Neighbour's Prosperity was sufficient to afflict him, so good was the Disposition of his Soul; besides, that he rightly consider'd he was to take his Leave of the Wild Fowl, good Wine, and other choice Fare.

On *Thursday* the 12th of *April*, Mr. *Linck* was again sent for down, to view all his Drugs, and make Tryal of them before the Apothecary of the *Bastille*, in the Presence of Monsieur d' *Argenson* and the Commissary; a most mysterious Ceremony, but very needless; which, in my Opinion, serv'd only to persuade Strangers, That in *France* all Things are done with much Order and Circumspection. The Apothecary was so ignorant, that he knew nothing of the Nature, or Qualities of several Simples Mr. *Linck* had, nor so much as what the Sulphur of Antimony was, and what use it could be put to.

The nearer the Time of Mr. *Linck*'s Enlargement drew, the more our extravagant Curate seem'd to redouble his Brutality. Mr. *Linck* had sew'd up all our Letters in his Coat, designing to deliver them punctually as directed. One Day that Priest, after long musing, as if he had been in a Rapture, started up, and told Mr. *Linck*, He must give him his Letters again, for he would burn them, being fully
persuaded

perswaded, that he would not deliver them. Mr. *Linck* endeavour'd, in vain, to perswade him to the contrary; the Curate went on in his Madness so far, as to threaten he would knock at the Door, to call the Officers, who would compel him to restore his Letters.

Mr. *Linck* was therefore oblig'd to be patient, and rip his Coat to comply with him. The Curate tore and threw them into the Fire. He also return'd mine, which I pretended to tear, and threw some other Papers into the Fire, which I had ready for that Purpose. I dexterously gave my Letters again to Mr. *Linck*, who put them again into his Coat, when he sew'd it up again, without being observ'd by the Priest. The next Morning the suppliant *Abbe* fell down on his Knees before Mr. *Linck*, conjuring him that he would let him write his Letters again, and confessing it was his evil Genius that had prevail'd with him to commit those Extravagancies the Day before. Mr. *Linck* swore he would not take Charge of his Letters, unless the *Abbe* could, by his Intreaties, prevail with me to write others. The Priest knelt down before me, but he intreated me in vain; I protested I would not do it; but I heartily begg'd of Mr. *Linck*, to permit that good Fellow Prisoner to write other Letters, and earnestly pray'd him to deliver them as directed. I did so, because I was acquainted with that wicked Man's Jealousy, who would rather have chose that his Letters should not be deliver'd, than that Mr. *Linck* should carry mine, which he thought had been burnt.

At length the happy Moment of Mr. *Linck*'s Deliverance came, being *Sunday*, the 13th of *May*, 1703. In the Morning, the Priest and I were sent for down, and examin'd severally. Monsieur du *Foncas* conjur'd me, as the King's faithful Servant, to tell him what I thought of Mr. *Linck*. I protested, I did believe him altogether innocent, and that he was one of the worthiest Persons, and fearing God, that I had ever convers'd

vers'd with. *Corbe* conducted us back to our Chamber, and was surpriz'd as well as we, not to find *Mr. Linck* there. Having hid all his Baggage under his Bed, he had got up the Chimney like a Chimney Sweeper, to make us believe that he had been carry'd away during our Absence. When he heard the Disorder *Corbe* was in, because he could not find him, he slipp'd down the Chimney into the Room, and ran to embrace *Corbe*, laughing heartily, and told him, what had been his Motive for Playing us that Prank; at which, *Corbe* only laugh'd, and having taken his Leave, shut the Door upon us again. We were still laughing at it, when presently after, the Major came in tolerably drunk, as usual, attended by *Corbe* and *Ru*. They bid *Mr. Linck* dress himself; for his Warrant was come, that Monsieur *Charas* expected him in the Court with a Coach, and that the Governor had not sent him his Dinner, because Monsieur *Charas* had told him, that *Mr. Linck's* Friends expected him with an Entertainment, which would be more acceptable to him than all those he had partaken of in the *Bastille*. That dear Youth did all he could to prevail on me to accept of all his Cloaths, which he would give me, and perceiving that I was satisfy'd with his Books, and refus'd the rest, he, in the Presence of the two Officers, made a Present of it to the Priest and *Ru*. He had, not long before, given the latter a new Scarlet Cloak, to oblige him to be kind to us, and to procure the Curate, as wicked and insupportable as he was, a large Bottle of Wine at his Meals, instead of the small one he was reduc'd to, and a better Ordinary. *Mr. Linck* went out with only the Cloaths he had on his Back. I sprinkled him with my Tears, when we took Leave: He said all the kind Things he could of me to the Major and *Corbe*, and conjur'd them to use me well. Tho' I was continually filling the Major Brimmers of Wine, *Mr. Linck* having laid in good Store, yet he did not forbear pressing *Mr. Linck* to
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be gone; telling him, that Monsieur *Charas* expected him in the Court of the Castle: Where he knew not that his own Brother had been long shut up, and who was there six Years and a half, without Monsieur *Charas*, or his Family's, being able to find out what was become of him, as will appear very soon.

Nothing could Comfort me during the rest of my Imprisonment, for the Absence of my Friend, but the Satisfaction of knowing he was at Liberty. He has writ to me, since it has pleas'd God to restore my dear Freedom, to acquaint me, that when he went out of our Room, he was conducted to the Hall, where he was oblig'd to take an Oath, that he would not reveal any thing of what was done in the *Bastille*, and particularly that he would never name any of those he knew to be detain'd there. Then they made him sign an Acknowledgement, that he had every thing belonging to him restor'd; tho' they retain'd the most valuable of his Jewels, without reckoning his Money, and considerable Sums *Corbe* made him Pay two Days after he went out, for which Monsieur *Tourton* had undertaken to be responsible, and by which he was at least three parts Gainer. *Ru* also went to carry him his false Bill; he told us, *Mr. Linck* had paid it, without abating a Farthing; had treated him with Chocolate, Ratafiat, Pasties, and Wine of all Sorts, but was so Sawcy as to present him with only three poor Pistoles, as if he had been a Scoundrel, in return for all the Service he had done him; but that he would not trust Prisoners another time. 'How, said I to him, *Ru*, do you make no Account of all the Money he gave you whilst a Prisoner, of what you have got by his Bills, of the Scarlet Cloak, and of all his Plunder? For the very next Morning after *Mr. Linck* was discharg'd, *Sorel* gave *Ru* for three or four Ounces of Tobacco, above the Value of Ten Crowns in fine Linnen and Toys *Mr. Linck* had presented him, when he took his leave; that Curate reserving to himself only some Night Shirts, and a Night Gown,

Gown, which he would put on and off at least Ten times in a Morning; which put me in mind of the Story or Novel of the Gentleman Citizen. The Gown was of strip'd Satin, still tolerable good, with which my Priest gave himself ridiculous Airs. *What is that, said Ru to me, but Trifles? A Prisoner that is any thing like, when he goes out of this Place, gives us at least Thirty Pistoles, and that is nothing in Comparison of the Reign of Monsieur de Belesmaux.* When the Poisoners were taken up, there wanted not a Prisoner, who gave a Turn-key 10000 Livres to carry a single Letter, on which his own, or the Life of some other Prisoner of Quality depended. There was a Turn-key, who, when he left his Place, purchas'd an Estate which cost 80000 Livres, and a good employment, on which he lives like a Lord; but those Days are over; for the present Governor is a close Barbarian, who keeps all for himself. At the time I am speaking off, a Prisoner has gone out with above 1000 Crowns in Money; if he would take Money instead of his Wine, he was allow'd Ten Sols a Bottle; for none but *Burgundy* and *Champagne* came into the *Bastille*; it was not poor Stuff, like what is at this time, *Brequigny* Wine, which makes the Goats dance, was made good to Prisoners at the Rate of Fifteen Sols a Bottle, whatsoever they would spare at their Meals; at that time one Meal was worth Ten such as you have now, and was sufficient to feed a Man plentifully a whole Day, and deliciously. Gold rowl'd among the Prisoners, as want does now; there were private Persons who contriv'd to be put in here, on purpose that they might fare well, and divert themselves. It is true, that when I was at Court, an *Irish-Man*, made earnest Suit to the Queen of *England*, to get him put into the *Bastille*, but for three or four Years to mend his Condition; he would not be in that mind now, if he knew how Men are us'd in it; for sincerely, if I had my Choice, either to be put into the *Bastille*, or to dye, I would not hesitate one Moment to prefer the

the Dreadful of Dreadfuls, before the Cruelties with which the Merciless Tyrants of the *Bastille* consume those unfortunate Persons, who fall into their Hands. It is also true, that what *Ru* then said to me, was afterwards confirm'd by several of the Officers, and divers of the old Prisoners, with whom I have been, and who had been in the *Bastille* ever since the Government of Monsieur de *Bassemaux*. All the Officers, and above all, the Turn-keys had considerable Hits, Gold was then more plentiful there than Straw is now in the Dungeons, for I have been in one Fourteen Days without any Straw, lying on the Slime and Slaver of the Toads. The Turn-keys are so far from making their Fortunes there at present, that I have seen, and all the Prisoners as well as I knew, that one *Mazurier*, a Turn key, recommended to *Bernaville* by his good Lady the *Maschal de Bellefond's* Widow, rotted in an Hedious Dungeon, for having taken 25 Pistoles of a Count, to carry a Letter for him into the City; all that the poor Man had lawfully earn'd was seiz'd by *Bernaville*, who, after having kept him six Months in that Hell, upon Bread and Water, without Straw, where I was soon after that unfortunate Wretch, and treated still more cruelly than he, he shut him up at *Bicestree* for the rest of his Life. *Michael*, Captain of the Gates, the Governors damn'd Soul and the Executioner of his Barbarous Decrees, had the like Fate, for having been concern'd in the Affair of *Mazurier*, tho' he had been Guilty of a Thousand Crimes in Favour of *Bernaville*, his good Master. That *Michael* was an *Irish-Man*; but one of the Wickedest and most cruel Executioners that ever came into the *Bastille*, excepting him that commanded the Inhumanities, of which he was the Infamous Executioner. It was that Barbarian, who, with the Assistance of three or four other Followers, stripp'd the Prisoners naked, and having bound their Hands and Feet, gave them as many Strokes with a Bulls Pizzle as their Master thought fit, he being present at that Spectacle, and calmly nodding, reckned the Strokes he caus'd those

poor Creatures to receive, and when his Rage was satisfy'd, made a Signal with his Head, without speaking, to show it was enough. That vile *Michael* was more outrageous against his Countrymen, to convince the Governor, whose implacable Malice he was perfectly acquainted with, that the Sacred Laws were not of Force to tie up his Bloody Hand. He several times bestow'd that severe Punishment on an *Irish Franciscan*. The Executioner was not afraid to lay his Sacrilegious Hand on a Priest, and the Tyrant was not afraid to command him so to do, tho' they were both *Roman Catholicks*, and *Bernaville* pass'd for a Saint in the Opinion of the World; so well can he manage his Hypocrisy. They made the poor *Franciscan* run Mad with ill usage, and afterwards shut him up at *Bicestre* for the rest of his Days. I have, however, since heard, that the said *Franciscan* is of one of the best Families in *Ireland*. There is no Torture so cruel, mention'd in the whole Martyrology, as *Bernaville* and *Michael*, put Mr. *Guery*, an *Irish* Captain to, during Eleven Years he was in the *Bastille*. An incredible thing, but most true, which I know, and which that brave Officer affirm'd to me at my House, in the *Hague*, after he was set at Liberty, through the Application I caus'd to be made to Q. *Anne*, of Glorious Memory, and the States General. Of those Eleven Years he was Prisoner, he spent Nine in Dungeons, upon Bread and Water, very often without Straw, and sometimes in Water up to his Neck. I will deliver his History in the following Volumns, as writ with his own Hand. What was his Offence? He was a faithful Servant to *William* the Conqueror. *Pigeon* and *Grindalet* are now actually at the *Hague*, who have both affirm'd to me, since our enlargement, that when we were shut up together, that *Michael* had pray'd them to fall upon me in cold Blood, and then to knock at the Door, and protest that I was the Aggressor, that he might have the Satisfaction of dragging me to a Dungeon, to satisfy the Hatred of his
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dear Master ; who, without regarding so many good Offices, has been himself the Executioner of his Executioner, and makes him lead a Life at *Bicestre*, a Thousand times more Cruel than the Death he has so often deserv'd. One *May*, another Turn-key, had the like Fate, for having brought a Message to a Prisoner from his Wife, and after languishing in the Dungeons, has been dragg'd to *Bicestre*, whence he was got out by pressing Sollicitations of his Wife, who cast her self at the Feet of the Count *de Pontchartrain*, to obtain his Liberty. That is not the way for *Bernaville* to put his Turn-keys into a Condition to purchase Lordships, as they did under Monsieur *Bessемаux*. The Surgeon that was in his time, who was also Valet de Chambre to Monsieur *Bessемаux*, would not trim the Prisoners under Thirty Sols a Time. And then he serv'd them in stately manner, his Basin and Water Pot were Silver, the Wash-Ball perfum'd, the Cloth he put before them Lac'd, and the Cap very neat, nothing was wanting. He wore on his Finger a Diamond worth 2000 Crowns, which he took off when he trim'd any Man. One day he forgot it in a Room, one *Vander Burg* privately laid hold of it. The Surgeon came in soon after to ask for it, those whom he had shav'd swore, and that truly, that they had it not. *Vander Burg*, who would not have been trimm'd, if it had cost him but a Penny, did not so much as take Notice that he heard him. The Surgeon much concern'd, protested he had left the Diamond in that Room, and conjur'd them not to oblige him to come to Extremities, which would be grievous to them all. Nothing mov'd the Criminal, Monsieur *de Bessемаux* came to the Prisoners in their Room, to desire them to restore a Jewel, which put his Valet de Chambre into a desperate Condition ; but perceiving that *Vander Burg's* two Companions, whom he knew to be Men above such a Piece of Knavery, seriously swore they knew nothing where the Diamond was, and that if he positively knew it was

in their Room, he was not ignorant to whom he ought to apply himself, he left them. When the Governor was gone, *Vander Burg's* two Companions, conjur'd him not to disgrace them, but to restore the Ring, if he had it; he still held his own, and took horrid Oaths to make out his Innocence. The Governor soon after sent for him down, and said to him, *I will not be contradicted. I know you have the Diamant; if you do not Voluntarily return it, there are Six Soldiers, who will strip you Naked, and beat you with Bull's Fizzles till you produce it.* He still swore abominably, that he had it not; but when the Governor had turn'd his Back upon him, full of Indignation, and the Soldiers went about to strip him, he caus'd Monsieur *Bassemaux* to be call'd back, drew the Diamant out of his Fundament, where he had hid it, wrapp'd up in a piece of Linen, and return'd it to him, saying, *He had done it only for a Jest.* The Governor also sent him to a Dungeon for a Jest, where he kept him a Fortnight upon Bread and Water, telling him, *He deserv'd to be more severely Punish'd, but that he was his Governor, and not his Executioner. Had he done the like under Bernaville, he would have caus'd him to be flead a live in his Presence; since he has put him to Cruel Tortures, very often, for nothing but upbraiding him with his Avarice and Inhumanity.* I have made this Digression, which is but too long, only because in the Sequel of this History, I shall have occasion to speak of this *Vander Burg* more than once, he being known at the *Bastille* by no other Name than that of Lord of *Braillard*; his outrageous Extravagancies, and his furious Passions, having gain'd him that notable Sir-name.

Mr. *Linck*, when he departed the *Bastille*, went to the House of Monsieur *Charras*, an Apothecary, in the Street call'd *des Boucheries*, in the Suburb of St. *Germain*, where Monsieur *Tourton* the Banker, and several of his Friends expected him at Dinner; whence the next Morning, Monsieur *d' Argenfon* made him

him come to his House, to order him to depart *Paris* in three Days, and the Kingdom with all Speed. This order made him resolve to go to *Versailles*, to the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, to acquaint her how impoſſible it was for him to obey *Monſieur d' Argenſon's* Commands, till he had receiv'd ſuch Supplies from Home, as would enable him to return to *Leipſick*. That generous and obliging Princeſs, went immediately to the King, and obtain'd of him a Paſs for Mr. *Linck*, with leave to ſtay eight Weeks longer at *Paris*. On the third of *June*, being *Sunday*, in the Afternoon, he came to take his leave of us, as he had promis'd. He was in a fine Coach, with ſeveral Ladies, which he caus'd to ſtop in the open Place that is before *St. Antony's Gate*, and alighting with his Company, came a foot to the Parapet, on the Edge of the Ditch. He ſaluted us ſeveral times; made the Signals we had agreed on, and then went again into the Coach.

It would be hard for me to expreſs how much I ſuffer'd with my good Prieſt, from the 13th of *May*, 1703, till the 27th of *June*, which was the Time I was alone with him. He had every Moment ſome new Impertinence beyond the former. He often ſtarted up from the Place where he was at Prayers, and where he ſeem'd to be in a Rapture, to come, without any Provocation, to diſtract me, who was doing the ſame at the Feet of my Bed, and to give me all the opprobrious Language his Malice and Madneſs could dictate to him. Sometimes he would do the ſame Actions as if he had been dragging me from one End of the Room to the other; ſtamping with his hideous Feet, for they were ſo big, that when the Governor was oblig'd to order Shooes to be made for him, the Shooemaker was fain to make a Laſt on purpoſe, having none large enough for him; performing, I ſay, the ſame Poſtures, with furious Grimaces, as if he had trampled on me, and danc'd on my Body, cuſſing about the Air, as if he had really ſtruck me, I was oblig'd to tell him, that I had

prevail'd with my self to bear all his Extravagancies patiently, and that whilst there were only Words, I had let them pass; but that if he had the Impudence to make use of his Hands, I would put him into such a condition, that he should never more threaten any Body. I thought my self oblig'd to give Notice to the Officers of his passionate Flights, and to acquaint them, that my Patience would certainly fail me, and they would be the Occasion of the ill Consequences which might ensue, if they did not rid me of a Mad-man, who had more need of Hand-Cuffs than of a Breviary. Instead of being convinc'd by such good Reasons, they thought fit to give me a third Companion, as will appear, when I shall have told what farther happen'd to us, whilst we were by our selves.

On the 14th of *May*, 1703, the Day after Mr. *Linck* was discharg'd, about two in the Afternoon, as I was Writing some Reflections, there came a Voice from the Chimney, which saluted us; ask'd how we did? and who we were? I thought at first, it had been the Voice of *Stentor*, so dreadfully did it sound; or that it was some Person talking to us from the Platform on the Top of the Tower, with a Speaking Trumpet. I satisfy'd the Questioner's Curiosity; and after having told him who we were, at least my self, for the Curate of *Lery* would not be otherwise known than by the Name of *Abbe la Motte*; I ask'd, who it was I had the Honour to talk to; what Companions he had, and what Part of the Tower they were in? He told me, there were three of them lodg'd in the *Calotte*, or upper Room; that his Name was, *du Prey* of *Geneva*, that his Companions were, the one *Mathurin Picot*, a labouring Man of *Gournay*, in *Picardy*, and the other *Philibert de la Salle de St Stienne*, in *Forest*, Footman to Monsieur le Fort, who was also a Prisoner in the *Bastille*. He also told me about what Time they had been taken up, and it appear'd that I was of an elder standing than all of them in the *Bastille*. I satisfy'd their Curiosity the best I could

could. I told him, I had been secur'd at Versailles, having been call'd back from Holland to Court, by Monsieur Chamillart, and that being come thither upon that Minister's Word, who had kept me with him, the Marques de Torcy had caus'd me to be seiz'd, when I thought my self up to the Eyes in Favour, and made use of the Interest Monsieur Chamillart procur'd me in gaining of Friends, by Obliging all the Officers in whom I thought I could discover any Merit. He told me, That he, du Prey, had been betray'd by a false Brother, who had pretended to be of the Reform'd Religion, to deliver him up to Monsieur d' Argenfon. I answer'd him, That Monsieur d' Argenfon had no Authority over Geneva Men, on Account of Religion, that they were under the King's Protection, and that I wonder'd that Minister should cause him to be imprison'd for that which the Genevians publickly profess'd at Court, at Paris, and throughout all the Kingdom, under the King's Authority. I plainly perceiv'd by his ambiguous Answers, that he suppress'd the Truth, and I did not know till three Years after that Time, and above two Years after I had been his deplorable Companion, that his Name was Samuel Gringalet, of Vergy in the Parish of Geix, and then discover'd the true Occasion of his being committed; for he was a Man that made a Mystery of every Thing, and would to God that had been his only Fault.

Mathurin Picot was an honest labouring Man, who in his Words and Behaviour, appear'd very dull, but in the Bottom was very ingenious, an honest Man, and fearing God. His Goodness was all his Offence. He had been taken up because he was the charitable Physician of his Country, and was at Gournay much the same Time as Christopher Ozane was at Chaurdray. He had perform'd amazing Cures, as I have been inform'd by the Host of Gournay, where we din'd, when the King's Exempts conducted us from the Bastille to Lisle, a Man of whom Picot had told us a Thousand good Things in the Bastille, and who appear'd to me very upright and judicious. He gave me an Ac-

count of poor *Picot's* fatal Catastrophe, who had the Physicians for his Adversaries; an implacable People, especially when a Man treads upon their Heels, discovers their common Ignorance, and takes away their Practice, showing the Nature of Simples that may give us Ease, without their Jargon; and the barbarous Terms of their Faculty. *Picot* cur'd for nothing, whilst the others murder'd chargeably; this was more than enough to make them lose their Credit, and consequently to enrage them. Accordingly their Authority prevail'd to have *Picot* put in the *Bastille*, because he knew not how to serve Death in Form, and cur'd contrary to Form, tho' he did not to that Effect wear *Rablais's* Robe, nor was not honour'd with the Doctor's Hood; but the Interest of *Monsieur Amelot de la Houffaye*, whose Farmer it was *Picot's* good Fortune to be, and an upright and trusty Farmer, a wonderful Thing, deliver'd him for a Time from a Place, where in all Likelyhood he was confin'd for his Life; for when the Physicians have caus'd any one of their Antagonists to be transported into that Den of Lions, they keep him there the rest of his Life, by the Interest of *Monsieur Fagon*, the King's first Physician, who does not fail to represent to his Majesty the just and judicious Consequences thereof. *Picot* returning into his own Country, a Year after I had spoken to him thro' our Chimney, again play'd the charitable Physician, as I was inform'd, upon the spot, and his Skill made so much Noise, that the Faculty, to silence *Monsieur Amelot de la Houffaye*, added to his other Accusations, that of the pretended Art of making Gold. They gain'd the Curate of *Gournay*, who affirm'd, he had seen a miraculous Book in the Hands of *Picot*, by means whereof he convers'd with the superior Beings. The Book was never found; however, upon that authentick Deposition, and the Credit of the Doctors of the Faculty, *Picot* was sent back to the *Bastille*, where he some Time after dy'd for Grief, and doubtless for Want,

Want, being help'd forward by the Recommendation of Monsieur *Fresquier*, Physician of the *Bastille*. He left one only Daughter, so poor, notwithstanding his Secrets, which might have enrich'd a Nation, that the unfortunate Creature was fain to work at Day Labour, in the Country, when we pass'd through *Gournay*, in *July*, 1713. I would have been glad to have seen her, and the Host would have sent for her, but the Officers of the *Bastille* having stripp'd me of all, before they sent me away into Banishment, and having nothing to give that poor Maid, for they had not left me one Penny, I was depriv'd of the Satisfaction of seeing her, and enquiring particularly after her Father's Misfortunes, whose Death the Jealousy of the Faculty had occasion'd; but it was a cruel Death, and altogether inhuman.

Philibert de la Salle, was a Youth, about Eighteen Years of Age. He was Servant to one Monsieur *le Fort*, when taken. His Master had along with him an *English* Woman, very well shap'd, but a loose Liver, who pass'd for his Wife, and he kept her in Lodgings ready furnish'd, at the House of one *Collier*, Master Shoemaker, in the Street call'd *Trousse-Vache*. One Night, about Ten of the Clock, *le Fort* and his pretended Wife were taken into Custody by the Exempts, and a numerous Gang of Catchpoles, who put them into a Coach. *Philibert*, as a Footman, got up behind, as if there had been Business for him at the *Bastille*. When his Master and Mistress were put into *Polyphemus's* Cave, he was officious, and came to open the Door of the Coach. *Who are you?* said one of the Exempts. *I am*, reply'd he, *Monsieur le Fort's* Footman. That was enough to put him into the dreadful Den, where after he had been kept some Years, without knowing what was laid to his Masters charge, *d'Argenson* sold him to the King for a Dragoon. I was afterwards inform'd, that *le Fort*, his Nymph, and his Footman, had not been the only Persons secur'd; but that Seven or Eight others, who had
supp'd

supp'd with them a few Days before, had been also taken into Custody; that *Collier*, the Landlord, and his Wife, who had been unfortunately invited to that fatal Supper, had been imprison'd, as well as their Children, tho' the eldest of them was but eight or nine Years of Age, for having fill'd out the Wine at that Entertainment. They had all been brought to *d' Argenfon's* Pidgeon House, who had made them lay Pistoles there, as long as he could to his Advantage, after which he had let the Pidgeons fly. It is like that one of his Informers had been at the Feast, where some Words might slip against his Extortions, or against the Government. The Report, true or false, prov'd sufficient to cause all those poor People to be seiz'd. But that which was fatal to *Collier* and his Wife, was that *d' Argenfon* had caus'd the poor Man's Shoes, Leather, and all his Shop to be Sold. The Landlord of the House, on his part, had sold the Furniture of the Rooms, with which, and his Shop, he maintain'd his Family, and coming out of the *Bastille*, he found himself turn'd into the Street, and expos'd to the greatest Misery. O Barbarous Judge of infernal City Government! How can you make Satisfaction for the Ruin of those unhappy Victims of your unbounded Avarice, oppress'd by your Authority, and reduc'd to Beggary by your Exactions? Whilst you gorge your self with their Blood, the Voice of it ascends to Heaven, to call down the Justice of God, who only makes use of your Ministry to chastise his People; but take heed he does not cast the Rod into the Fire, which will never be quench'd.

That *Philibert la Salle*, before he came into the *Calotte*, or upper Room, where he then was, came from the first Room of the Tower call'd *de la Comte*, where he had been with *Nicodemus de Imbers*, having been put in there, in the Room of *Farcy*, with the *Sieur Charas*, who had been put in there in the Place of *Monseigneur Jacob le Berthon*. I have already said what

I knew of Monsieur *le Berthon*, of *Farcy*, and of the *des Imbers*; and here follows what *la Salle* told me of Mr. *Charas*, Brother to him, who the Day before came to carry Mr. *Linck* out of the *Bastille*, where he did not know that he had a Brother long before.

After the Peace of *Ryswick*, Monsieur *Charas*, a Surgeon, who had been settled and marry'd in *London* ever since the Persecution, had a mind to go see his Mother, his Brother, and other Relations; and having left his Wife and Children at Home, came to *Paris*, the place of his Birth, for he was Son to the famous Monsieur *Charas*, a known Physician of the Faculty of *Paris*, whose Works are still admir'd by all the Learned. No sooner was he arriv'd there, than taken up and put into the *Bastille*. His Mother and Brother went in vain to enquire after him, they assur'd them that he was not there. They concluded that some private Discontent had made him leave *London*, to Travel by the Assistance of his Art, in which he was very skilfull. The poor Prisoner on his part, not finding himself reclaim'd, fancy'd he had been secur'd by the Procurement of his Kindred, who by that means would have avoided sharing his Father's Inheritance with him; but he wrong'd them, for his Mother and Brother were under the greatest Affliction because they could not hear what was become of him. Those barbarous Tyrants, to deprive those who might have reclaim'd him, of any Knowledge of his Confinement, had shut him up in a Dungeon, where he remain'd almost Five Years. At last, being reduc'd to Despair, seeing himself quite Naked, his Cloaths being worn out, for they never wear so much as in the Dungeons, which I know by experience; ill fed, without any Comfort, he resolv'd to be his own Executioner. To that purpose, he made a Point to his Knife, by grinding of it on an Earthen Pitcher, in which they gave him Water to drink, with which he then stabb'd himself, and fell down senseless with the Wound.

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The Turn-key found him all over bloody, when, at the usual Hour, he came to bring him Bread. He immediately call'd *Reilbe*, the Surgeon, who by good Fortune was related to Monsieur *Charas*, which the Prisoner did not know till after his Deliverance, as *Reilbe* himself told me. He prob'd his Wound, which hapned not to be Mortal; for, by good Fortune, the Knife had glanc'd on a Rib. When he had by proper Applications brought him to his Senses, the Governor came down into the Dungeon, and instead of comforting him, blaspheming the Holy Name of God, after a detestable manner, he vented upon him all that his Rage could suggest; after which, that he might be the better cur'd of his Wound, he sent him to the Room to *des Imbers*, that naked Madman I have spoken of, and appointed *la Salle* for his third Companion, to prevent his offering Violence to himself again, and protested to *la Salle*, *That he should answer it with his Life, if Monsieur Charas did himself any Mischief in his Company.* As if all the Precaution of Man could hinder another from making Attempts upon his own Life, when he has fix'd such a Resolution. It was propos'd to Cloath the said Monsieur *Charas*, that he might appear before Monsieur *d' Argenfon*. The King pay'd for the Cloaths; but if they had given any to Monsieur *Charas*, the Officers could not have put the Money into their own Pockets. What could be done to obviate that Misfortune? Avarice suggested a Method. They caus'd Monsieur *Charas* to write a Letter, directed to his Mother, dated at the Castle of *Han*, wherein he Pray'd her to send him Ten Pistoles to cloath him, because he was quite naked, and that she needed only to deliver the Ten Pistoles to Monsieur *de Joncas*, the King's Lieutenant of the *Bastille*, who would send them safe to the Governor of *Han*.

Monsieur *Charas*, the Apothecary, went himself with them to *Han*, and conjur'd the Governor, by all the most tender Affection could suggest to a Brother,

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ther, to move him, that he would give him Leave to see his Brother. The Governor, who was an honest Man, refus'd his Money, and affirm'd to him in such solemn Manner, that his Brother was not in his Castle, and that he was certainly in the *Bastille*, that Monsieur *Charas* believ'd him, and return'd to *Paris* to desire the Officers of the *Bastille* to tell him, whether his Brother was in their Hands. They swore bitterly to affirm the contrary. At last, *la Salle* getting out to serve in the Dragoons, perform'd the Promise he had made to Monsieur *Charas*, the Prisoner, and writ to Monsieur *Charas*, the Apothecary, to assure him, that his Brother was in the *Bastille*. His Mother and he made so many Friends to the King, the Chancellor, and the Count *de Pontchartrain*, that they got him out of that hellish Den, after six Years and an half of inhuman Imprisonment, where I was inform'd, that unfortunate Person, who is an honest Man, had impair'd his Health, as well as I, so as never to be recover'd.

The pretended *du Prey* told us, That he was lately come from the *Calotte*, or upper Room of the Tower, call'd, *de la Comte*, where he had a Communication with Prisoners that were under him, one of whom was the *Abbe Rolet*, Canon of *Autun*, Preceptor to Monsieur *Brunet de Rancy's* Children. The other was an Hanoverian Gentleman, of the Town of *Hamelec*, whose Name was the *Heer Schrader* of *Peck*, Captain of Horse in his Imperial Majesty's Troops, and formerly Captain of Foot in France, in the Regiment of *Surlaube*; and the third, one *James Maurice*, a Taylor of a Village about *Valenciennes*. The Curate of *Lery* prick'd up his Ears like an Ass that is drinking in a Pail, when he heard the *Abbe Rolet* nam'd, and desir'd the Orator *du Prey*, to tell him all he knew of that matter. Here follows all that *Gringalet* told us, with such a Voice as if a Bull had bellow'd in the Chimney.

Abbe Rolet liv'd at the College of *Harcourt*, with Monsieur *Brunet de Rancy*, the Farmer General's Children

dren, when having carry'd them to walk in the Garden of Luxemburg House, on a Play-Day, he there met a Priest, who was come back from Holland, whose Name was Sorel, formerly Curate of Lery, who pick'd Acquaintance with him, and gave him one or two stitch'd Pamphlets he had brought from Holland. The next Day that Priest going to see him at the College of Harcourt, sold him some others, and desir'd he would help him to sell some to the other Governors and Preceptors he was acquainted with. One la Saulais, a Physician, being with him, when the said Sorel was there, he also sold him two or three. Afterwards the said Sorel earnestly intreated him, to prevail with Monsieur de Rancy to employ his Man in the Gabelle, or Duty upon Salt, because he ow'd him some Kindness; which the said Abbe Rolet undertook; but the said Sorel having in the End quarrell'd with, beaten and abus'd his Man, turn'd him away; and afterwards finding him with the Abbe Rolet, who was soliciting for the Employment promis'd him, the said Sorel fell into a brutal Passion again with him, and conjur'd the said Abbe not to procure him the promis'd Employment, because it would be no Credit to him, his Servant being a Scoundrel. That Servant, whose Name was Guilla-in Gourgue, or Roquefort, a Tailor by Profession, in Revenge, went to Monsieur d' Argenson and inform'd, what Trade of Books his Master drove, and he not being found at la Garde Royal, at the upper End of St. James's Street, where he had lodg'd before he went for Schlestad, whither he was gone unknown to Roquefort, from whom he carefully conceal'd the Emplay he had got, and whither he was going: The said Roquefort told Monsieur d' Argenson, That the sure Way to know what was become of Sorel, would be to secure the Abbe Rolet, to whom he had given a prodigious Quantity of those Books. Less than he said, was sufficient to excite Monsieur d' Argenson's ever active Zeal, allur'd by the Hopes of a good Seizure. He caus'd the College of Harcourt to be invested in Form, by a prodigious Number of Exempts, Sergeants, Bailiff's Followers, and such like Rabble, who nicely search'd, not only the Ab-

be Rolet's Apartment, but all the College in general, where nothing of what d' Argenson sought after was found. He had repair'd thither as a Magistrate, to strike the greater Terror. Tho' the Abbe Rolet clear'd himself, as to Rochefort's Charge, no prohibited Books having been found in his Chambers, nevertheless d' Argenson put him and la Saulais, the Physician, whose House had been search'd in like manner, into the Custody of an Exempt, where they continu'd above a Month, till Sorel was secur'd in Germany, where he was Chaplain to a Regiment of Horse, who confess'd more than was requir'd of him. He own'd he had sold a considerable Number of those Books to the Abbe Rolet, and some to the said Sieur de la Saulais. That was enough to cause them both to be clapp'd up in the Bastille, where the said Abbe Rolet, who might have made his Escape twenty times from the Exempt, if he had been willing, fell into such a Dejection and languishing Condition, as impair'd his Health in such a manner, that he was past all Hopes of Recovery. He had found Means to send Advice of his Condition to Madame de Rancy, after a very ingenious Manner, notwithstanding the Watchfulness of his barbarous Tyrants. He was inform'd, That the whole Loaves the Prisoners gave the Turnkeys were their own Fees, that the broken Bread was us'd to make the Prisoners Soup, and that the Turnkeys sold the whole Loaves to the Soldiers in the Castle. Mr. Rollet artificially open'd a Gap in one of those whole Loaves, writ a Letter to Madame de Rancy, which he thrust in, and stopp'd up the Hole again so compleatly, that the joyning of it was not perceptible. The Soldier the Loaf was sold to, when he cut it, found the Note, which was to this Effect.

MADAM,

I Repose such great Confidence in your Goodness, that I am very sure you will, upon the Receipt of this Note, give the Bearer of it a good Employment, or Money. If you desire to save my Life, use your Endeavours with the King, the Count de Pontchartrain, and much more with
Monsieur

Monfieur d' Argenfon, on whom it wholly depends, to procure my Liberty; for if I be left here a Month longer, I am a dead Man, and ſhall pay too dear for a fatal Curioſity. In Token that you have this Note, be pleas'd, Madam, to ſend me my Cloaths, and if you think fit, you may put your Answer into the left Sleeve of my ſilk ſhort Caſſock, between the Lining and the outſide.

The Abbe Rolet.

And underneath,

To Madam de Rancy, at the Hotel de Carnavales, in the Street de la Couture Sainte Catherine.

Four Days after, the *Abbe Rolet* receiv'd a great Basket full of all Sorts of Refreshments, rich Wines, Fruit, Sweetmeats, nothing wanting; and a Trunk full of Cloaths, moſt of them new. The ſilk ſhort Caſſock was not forgot; in the Sleeve of which he found a Note to this effect :

*M*Onſieur du Rancy immediately gave the Man ſpoken of, a Brigadier's Commiſſion, and Money to put him into that Poſt, where he will protect him for your ſake. Sir, you ſhall be deliver'd very ſpeedily, or my Intereſt ſhall fail me. Whatſoever you do, be patient. I will often ſend you ſuch Refreshments as theſe, whiſt you continue in the Baſtille.

After I was inform'd that I ſhould be ſet at Liberty, I was told by one of the Soldiers that guarded us on the Platform, where I and four or five other Priſoners were allow'd to take the Air, That the poor Abbot had got out by the Sollicitation of Monſieur and Madam de Rancy, upon Condition he ſhould live a Year in the Seminary of St. Lazarus; and that when he was diſmiſs'd from thence, he had put himſelf into the Bons hommes at Chaillot, there to ſpend the reſt of his Days, curſing,

sing, as may be imagin'd, the first Moment he ever saw the Curate of *Lery*.

Gringalet also told us the Adventure of Mr. *Schrader*, of *Peck*; and that of *James Maurice*. He said, ' That Mr. *Schrader* was in the King of the *Romans* ' Camp, where he one Night treated some Officers ' of his Regiment, with one of whom, being some- ' what in Wine, he fell out, and kill'd him in a Du- ' el; which oblig'd him to fly to *Tbionville*, whither ' he was follow'd by his Wife, his Brother, who was ' a Lieutenant in the same Regiment he was Captain ' in, and the Heer *Wiperman*, their Cousin, who was ' Cornet in the elder Brother's Troop. They came ' all together to *Paris*, where the said Mr. *Schrader* ' had made powerful Friends, whilst he was Captain ' in *Surlaube's* Regiment. The very Day he arriv'd ' at *Paris*, being a *Thursday*, he writ to the Marques ' *de Racilly*, one of his Patrons, who had also given ' him the Name of, *one of his Children*, gave him the ' Particulars of his Adventure, and pray'd him to ' procure some Employment for himself, his Bro- ' ther, and his Cousin. Monsieur *de Racilly* answer'd ' him the very next Morning, assur'd him, he had de- ' liver'd his Petition to Monsieur *Chamillart*, protest- ' ing he would support him with all his Interest, not ' questioning the Success. However, on the *Monday* ' following, several Exempts, follow'd by a Number ' of Sergeants belonging to Executions, came and ' seiz'd them in the Morning, at the *Half Moon*, in ' the Suburb of *St. Germain*, where they lodg'd, and ' carry'd all four, with two Men Servants, and a ' Chamber-Maid, to the *Bastille*. I shall have Occa- ' sion to speak of them in the other Volumes of this ' History, for most fatal Accidents befell them.

' *James Maurice* was a poor Tailor by Profession, ' in a Village near *Valenciennes*, upon the *Scheld*, ' where he was the common Ferry-man, by Descent ' from Father to Son. His Ferry was a Fat, in ' which that honest *Charon* set over his Passengers to

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the other Side. Some Enemy of his was so malicious, as to go inform the Intendant, That among those this famous Ferry man carry'd over, there were many of the Reform'd Religion, who fled from *France* into foreign Countries; as if that unhappy Man ought, or could have distinguish'd them from others. Upon that notable Deposition, the Intendant caus'd him to be seiz'd, and sent to the *Bastille*. One single Man carry'd him thither, and *Maurice* was so silly, that one Day he expected his Guide at *St. Quentin*, where he was fallen sick; the Ferry-man having the Liberty to go about the Town to fetch what the sick Man wanted. When they came to *Paris*, where neither he, nor his Guide had ever been, they several Times ask'd the Way to the *Bastille*, where when *Maurice* found himself shut up, the poor Man ran Mad through Excess of Devotion. His Madness consisted in going Pilgrimages. He would go four, or five Times a Day to our Lady of *Liesse*, to *St. James* in *Galicia*, to our Lady of *Monferrat*, to *Loretto*, &c. He pull'd off his Shooes and Stockins, spilt Water in the Room, and then he affirm'd he went over the shaking Bridge; or else he broke his Pitcher, and made a Row of the Pieces, along which he walk'd bare-foot, so that sometimes the Blood ran from his Feet. Then he would go to Bed, returning Thanks to God for that he was at length come to a good Hospital, where he rested after all his Fatigue. He play'd the Prophet, and protested, That the Cardinal *de Noailles*, attended by his Clergy, walking on the King's Left Hand, would all come with Candles in their Hands, to take him out of the *Bastille*, and conduct him to our Lady's Church, to restore his Reputation, before the Chapel of our Lady. He had Visions of the Blessed Virgin ten Times a Day, he would have his Companions, or the Turn-keys kneel, saying, *See there, she holds out her Arms to me, she gives me her Blessing*; and when they

they made him point to the Place where he fancy'd
 he saw the Virgin, there was found some Cobweb,
 Spittle, or other Filth. In other Respects, he was
 very serviceable to his Companions, mending their
 Rags with such Affection, as show'd his good Na-
 ture and Simplicity. However, notwithstanding
 his Innocence, the unhappy Wretch had been still
 in the *Bastille*, if, as I was told by the *Sieur John*
Bostel, his Neighbour, one of the Officers who came
 into *France* to carry away *Mr. de Beringhen*, Great
 Master of the Horse of *France*, whose History I shall
 relate in the following Volumes, who was very well
 acquainted with honest *Maurice*; I say, if the said
Maurice's Wife, tho' very poor, and with the Bur-
 den of six or seven Children, had not been for
 marrying again. She had a little thatch'd House
 on the Bank of the *Scheld*, which was enough to
 gain a Peasant, who was more wretched than her-
 self. She press'd the Curate to bid the Banes, pro-
 testing she would take another Course if he did
 not, telling him, *She had been above seven Years with-*
out a Husband, and that having never heard any Thing
of him, he must certainly be dead. The Curate writ to
Monsieur d' Argenfon, and to the Governor of the
Bastille, representing, what a Scandal it would be,
 if that Woman should marry again, whilst her
 Husband was still living; but that was not the Way
 to have any Account of him. The Curate being
 importun'd by the repeated Instances of the Wo-
 man, went to the Intendant, who being an honest
 Man, advis'd him to write to the *Marques de Torcy*,
 and lay the Fact before him, assuring him, that he
 was certain the said Minister's Probity would ease
 him of the Trouble he was in. Nor was he de-
 ceiv'd in his Expectation. The *Marques de Torcy*
 was so kind as to speak to the King, and to *F. le*
Chaise. Positive Orders were given to *Monsieur*
d' Argenfon to turn out *Maurice*, who went away to
 cure his Wife of the Itch she had for another
 Husband,

‘ Husband, and was himself, as it were, new marry’d again, after near eight Years Widowhood.

We thank’d Monsieur *du Prey* for his good News, acquainted him with what we knew of the *Bastille*, and ask’d, How we might have a second Conference with him? He appointed us ten of the Clock at Night, when our Tyrants and their Followers would be out of the Way, that we might have the Liberty of talking without Fear. When we took our Leave, we desir’d him, to lower his Voice a little, because it might happen to be heard from the Platform, and even farther off; and then we withdrew, to reflect upon all he had said to us.

There was no likelihood of talking Reason with a Man who had none, and who flew into a Rage upon a Yea, or a No. I had ten Times observ’d to him, what a Fault he had committed in abusing his Servant, and hindering *Abbe Rolet* from procuring him the Employment, since it was certainly he who had impeach’d them to Monsieur *d’ Argenfon*, which I had conjectur’d by the Account he had given me of his Adventures. I had also insisted much on the Indiscretion he had been guilty of, in confessing he had sold the Books, since none had been found in his Possession; but this was provoking the Passion of the most brutal of all Men. He walk’d hastily about the Room, and stamp’d so hard on the Floor, which was very uneven, that his Shooes having no Soles to them, were soon bloody; he clench’d his Fists, flung about his Arms, bit his Lips, and shook his Head, without speaking one Word. When he had done so for a long Time, he broke Silence, to declare abruptly, and in the most outrageous Manner, *That if ever he did light upon his Servant, he would be the Death of him; that he would tear out his Heart, and rub his Face with it.* You are convinc’d then, Monsieur l’ *Abbe*, said I to him, that your Passion against that Wretch, as I have often told you, is the Cause of all your Misfortunes; and that your unseasonable acknowledging that

that you had sold the Books to *Abbe Rolet*, and to *Monsieur de la Saulais*, the Physician, are the Occasion of your Imprisonment; but he was so far from agreeing with me, that he undertook to assert the contrary, with such Passion and Brutality, as oblig'd me to be silent.

About ten at Night the Signal was given in the Chimney, and we went to give Audience to our *Stentor*. He inform'd us, he had some Time communicated with the Prisoners in the 4th Room, who were very desirous to have some Conference with us. We desir'd him to warn them to be very careful how they went about to make any Hole in the Floor, because the Roof of our Chamber was so white and smooth, that the least Hole they could make would be immediately discover'd by the Officers, or Turn-keys, when they came according to Custom to see us, but that nothing could be easier than to make a Hole in our Chimney, which was only of Bricks. We ask'd him, Who those Gentlemen were, and whether he knew them. He told us, He talk'd to without seeing them; that there were three of them; that one of them was a foreign Prince, who would never tell his Name; that another was an *English* Lord, and the third, a Citizen of *Paris*. He went to talk to them, and presently after came to ask us, Whether we had no Iron Tool to lend them, because they had nothing that would make a Hole in our Chimney. He let down a Thread strong enough to draw up one of the Sides of the old Scissars *Mr. Linck* had left us, which he had much Difficulty to draw through his Hole. At length we heard our Neighbours work at making their Opening, and we agreed with *Monsieur du Prey*, that he and we should go to Bed, whilst the three Workmen made their Hole, and that we would talk to one another at three of the Clock the next Morning. We desir'd him, in our Name, to wish them as good a Night as we wish'd

him and his Companions, and so we went to rest, till our Audience.

Whilst I was at Prayers, I was surpriz'd to see my Priest come and kneel down before me, to desire not to publish him to our Neighbours, because it concern'd him very much, that it should not be known he had been the Occasion of Imprisoning the *Abbe Rolet*, and *Monsieur de la Saulais*, the Physician, which he had deny'd but a Moment before. I told him, he might sleep quietly, and I would take special Care not to discover that I knew any Thing of his Affairs. He began to skip for Joy, and to kick himself with his Heels, as if I had brought him News of his Deliverance.

The next Morning, at three of the Clock, the Time appointed for the Conference, a very melodious Voice wish'd us Good Morrow through the Chimney. I let the Curate go first to the Audience, who ran thither in only his Shirt, to ask the President, in very scurvy *Latin*, whether it was not the Prince that he talked to, and whether he understood that Language? The other answer'd in very elegant Words, that he understood a little, and talk'd to him with such Ease and Purity, as show'd him to be a thorough Master of that Language; which put our Curate to a Nonplus, as not knowing near so much. The Curate continuing to gabble his School-Boy's *Latin*, ask'd him, *Whether he knew the Abbe Rolet?* The other answer'd, *He had known him only since he was in the Bastille, but that he had convers'd with him for the Space of three Months, their Communication being through the Floor, and desir'd he would tell him, why he ask'd that Question, and whether he knew that Abbe?* *Sorel*, who always began his Harangue by, *Maxime Princeps, sciat Altitudo vestra*, &c. Most mighty Prince, your Highness is to know, &c. tho' he was only speaking to a *Capucin*, as will appear by the Sequel, after having requir'd of his most serene Highness, that he would never reveal the Secret he was going to impart to him, and having caus'd him to swear several

several Times to confirm his Promise, open'd the mighty Secret in these Words; *Ego sum, & non alius, Antonius Sorel, Sacerdos & Episcopus Lery, Abbas de la Motte, & Sancti Antonij, &c.* That is, *I am, and no other, Antony Sorel, Priest and Bishop of Lery, Abbot of la Motte and St. Antony, &c.* We were all astonish'd at these Words, as if we had been Thunder-struck; they to find they were Talking to the Author of all an honest Man's Misfortunes, for whom they had a singular Regard; and I to see the Indiscretion of a Priest, who but the Night before had begg'd of me on his Knees not to discover him. He told them how he had been taken at *Schlestadt*; what he had confess'd to the Intendant of *Straßburg*, in relation to the *Abbe Rolet*, and how he had been brought to the *Bastille*. After which, the pretended Prince desir'd him to call me to the Parlor.

After the usual Compliment on both sides, I pray'd the Hearer to excuse me for not speaking to him in *Latin*; for besides, that I could not speak it so elegantly as the *Abbe*, having no Secret to reveal to him, I was willing to talk in a Language which all Men might easily understand. He ask'd me, who I was? I answer'd his Question with as much Brevity and Sincerity as I could. Then I pray'd him to tell me, who he was? He told me, *He could not just then satisfy my Curiosity; but that he would do it in a short time, and that I should be amaz'd at it.* I afterwards spoke to the *English* Lord, who seem'd to me to be a very honest Man, and of singular worth. He was perfect in the *Latin, Greek, English, Italian, German, Spanish* and *French* Tongues, and had read, and profitably read, retaining and making very good use of his reading. He told me, *He was Sir Thomas Burnet, Nephew to the famous Burnet, Lord Bishop of Salisbury.* Afterwards I had some short discourse with the third, who was a *Gascon*, Citizen of *Paris*, call'd, *Monsieur Tozin*. They referr'd me to the next Night, to tell their Adventures, and requir'd of me to give them the

particulars of mine, which I did as briefly as possible. They seem'd to be well pleas'd, and took leave of us, for fear of being surpriz'd in our Conversation, which, as innocent as it was, would have been punish'd as a heinous Crime. It is to be observ'd, that *Gringalet* and his Companions had the Advantage, that not one Word of what we said did escape them; because our Words ascended up the Chimney, where they gave much Attention.

When their Hole was stopp'd up again, the Curate did not spare to upbraid me with Incivility, for calling a *Great Prince*, and perhaps some King's Son, plain *Monsieur*. I thought it enough to tell him, *That till I had the Honour to be better acquainted with him, I did not think my self oblig'd to treat him otherwise, and that only the Princes of the Blood in France, in Conversation could have the Stile of Monseigneur given them.* He gave me to understand, that if ever he came to be but a Bishop, he would be so jealous of his Dignity, that he would never answer any Man, nor even Princes, unless they Monsignor'd, or Lorded him. I promis'd him, *That as soon as ever he was a Bishop, I would call him Monseigneur full Mouth'd.* He was very well pleas'd, and show'd an Episcopal Gaity all the rest of the Day.

After Supper, about Ten of the Clock, we repair'd to the Rendezvous, that is, upon the Signal made, we got up into our Chimney, like Chimney-Sweepers, that we might hear the better. The first that spoke was the Prince, who told us a pleasant Story, full of a Thousand Incidents, in which I perceiv'd his Tongue labour'd more than his Memory; but with much Ingenuity. The Curate was in a Rapture, and when he consider'd the fine Equipage the Prince had after him, the Post Chaises, the Coaches, the Horse Litters, the Mules, the Horses, and all his Attendants, he thought with himself he would have the same, at least, when he was Cardinal; which would be no difficult matter for him, if it were to cost him no more

more than it did that Prince, who paid for all with
 ■ *Deo Gratias*, God reward you.

The next who came to tell us his Adventures, was Sir *Thomas Burnet*. He told us, *That after having travell'd in Germany, Italy, and several other parts of Europe, he had resolv'd to see France, and had been taken at Paris, being Guilty of no other Crime but being a Stranger; to which might doubtless be added, the Esteem which King William of Glorious Memory, had for all his Family.* I comforted him the best I could; assuring him, that as soon as my Lord his Unkle, whose Interest I was well acquainted with, should hear of his Misfortune, he would find means to procure his Liberty, or cause him to be exchang'd for some *French* Officer of Distinction, and that he would infallibly get out in a short time; which happen'd as I had foretold, on the 22d. of *June* soon after.

The third who clos'd the Conversation, was *Tozain*, an old Man, almost Seventy Years of Age. The cause of his Imprisonment was heinous. His Wife, who was a Woman of Quality, and Daughter to a Knight of the Holy Ghost, on the Banks of the *Garonne*, had marry'd him for Love, which had like to cost the poor Man his Life, by such Perils as do not relate to our History; that poor Woman was reduc'd to be her own Servant, whilst her Husband, who was ■ Man of Intrigue, follow'd solliciting of Business. He assur'd us, he had lost much by Monsieur *Bouche-ras's* Death; for having contracted ■ Friendship with that Chancellor's Valet de Chambre, he never miss'd of any Favour. He was apply'd to from all parts, and when there were some Hundreds of Pistoles to divide, the Valet de Chambre had the one half, and *Tozain* the other, by which means the Seal was certain; which at that time made him live plentifully; but not finding the same Advantages under Monsieur *de Pontchartain*, he had been oblig'd to retrench his Commons; and from the first Floor, where he liv'd very handsomely, at the *Hotel de Noyers*, to go up to the
 the

the fourth Story, where they were very much freight-
 ned. One Day, after his Wife had wash'd her
 Dishes, she threw her dirty Water upon one of her
 Female Neighbours, with whom she had no good
 Understanding. Foul Language on both sides follow'd
 the Reprimand, then a good Action at Law brought
 by the Neighbour, with a substantial Summons in
 Form, for *Tozain's* Wife to appear before Monsieur
d' Argenfon, Lieutenant, or Judge of the Civil Affairs,
 to receive Sentence, and that to be answerable with
 her Body, as in a Provisional Affair, to pay for the
 Plaintiff's Cloaths, and a Fine at the Discretion of
 the Judge, for having infring'd the Rules of the Civil
 Government, maliciously, on the Part of the said *To-*
zain, and to pay the Cost. This was scratching her
 Husband where it itch'd. He lov'd Litigiousness, it
 was his Trade, he liv'd by it. He flatter'd himself
 that he should drag his Neighbour through all the
 Courts in *Paris*, and to make her go through four or
 five Tryals at least, before the Suit were ended. At
 the Day prefix'd in the Summons, *Tozain* appear'd
 before the dreadful *Minos*, who after having heard
 all the Accusations and Replies, of the Plaintiff and
 Defendant, adjudg'd her to pay for the Plaintiff's
 Cloaths, as should be stipulated by Arbitrators appoin-
 ted for that Purpose, and to twenty Livres Fine, for
 the said *Tozain's* Wife having transgress'd the Ordi-
 nances relating to the good Government of the City,
 and to pay Costs. *Tozain* was for demurring against
 that Judgment. Whereupon *d' Argenfon*, to silence
 him, very shortly, in a severe Voice, proceeded to a
 Fine of 50 Livres. *Tozain* rais'd his Voice to com-
 plain. *D' Argenfon* rais'd his to make the Fine 100
 Livers. *Tozain* still set out his Complaint louder; *d'*
Argenson still above him, rais'd the Fine to 50 Crowns.
 The Party condemn'd, cry'd out, Good God what a
 Judge! The Condemner still advanc'd to 100 Crowns
 Fine. *Tozain* saying, *He bless'd God, that there were*
Judges in Paris above him, who would try him impartially,

d^e Argenson committed him to the *Chatelet*, where perceiving that *Tozain* scribbled much Paper, in Complaints and Petitions to be set at Liberty, and demand Justice of more equitable Courts, he caus'd him to be remov'd to the *Bastille*; and having kept him there two Years, without suffering him to see any Body, he had him brought before himself, and upbraided him with all the most Secret Actions of his Life. That Minister must needs have found the Original of *Tozain's* General Confession; for the least slip of Youth, the least false Step, the most minute matter, which *Tozain* himself could scarce remember, had not escap'd that sharp sighted Man Eater. Then he ask'd him, *Whether he could find any Person in Paris that would be bound for his future good Behaviour?* Note, That *Tozain* was near Seventy Years of Age; and then he would endeavour to procure his Liberty, upon the Recommendation of *Monsieur du Foncas*, who, as his good Neighbour had earnestly solicited for his Enlargement. In short, had it not been for *Monsieur du Foncas*, who was his Country-Man and Neighbour, that poor Man had dy'd in the *Bastille*; where, notwithstanding that King's Lieutenant's Protection, he had suffer'd all but Death. That poor old Man, when he came to the *Bastille*, was put into a Dungeon; and it is easy to judge, whether upon *d^e Argenson's* Recommendation, it was in the best of them. In that delightful Place, which he was put into healthy and vigorous for his Age; he labour'd under all the Afflictions which often attend old Age, in the most agreeable and commodious Places in the World. To add to his Misfortune, after he had long rotted in that Jakes, he had an Ulcer on his Shoulder, occasion'd, as is likely, by the Dampness of the Place, in which he had been near eighteen Months. The Sore increasing very much, he shew'd it to the Turn-key, when he brought his Bread. He gave Notice to the Surgeon, who, with the Governor's leave, went down to the Dungeon, and search'd our
poor

poor afflicted Man's Sore. He made his Report to the Governor, and told him, *The Sore was dangerous, and if it should turn to a Gangrene, as there was cause to apprehend, that Man would infallibly dye; and therefore, in order to dress him, he must be put into a Room where there was Light and Air.* The Governor's officious Avarice, which made him fearful of losing what he got by that old Prisoner, made him be carry'd up to the fourth Room of the Corner Tower, one of the finest, or rather least hideous in the *Bastille*, which as good luck would have it, happen'd to be empty, and where he still was, when I spoke to him. *Reilbe*, who, unluckily for *Tozain*, was then newly come into the *Bastille*, and at that time very ignorant, as several Prisoners unfortunately found by Experience of their Lives, presently said, there must be a cross Incision made. He made it so artificially that he cut an Artery. *Corbe*, who was present at the Operation, perceiving that the poor Man was bleeding to Death, roaring most grievously, and *Rheilbe* so confounded, that he knew not what to do, to stanch the Blood which bubbled out of the Wound he had given that Martyr, instead of assisting, ran to the Window; where he fell a singing, that the Cries of the Wounded Man might not be heard; whilst *Rheilbe* went to fetch the Instrument and Necessaries to cauterise the unhappy Patient's Wound. At his Return, he found him in a Swoon, through the Loss of Blood, which had flooded his Bed; but with the Assistance of *Ru*, he soon brought him to his Senses, by means of a sharper Pain than the former, but which was then necessary to save his Life. He cauteris'd the Wound, whilst *Tozain* roar'd so loud, that he was heard in the open Place before *St. Antony's Gate*, and curs'd d' *Argenson* with all his Heart. At last, when the Mischief was done, *Monseigneur du Foncas* being inform'd of it, brought the Physician, who repair'd the Harm the ignorant Fellow had done; but they were so cruel as to leave that poor maim'd Creature Forty Seven Days

Days lying upon his side, not being able to stir, nor to obtain of the Charitable Turn-key *Ru*, the Favour to make his Bed for him once, or so much as to raise his Pillow. All that while he had no other Sustenance but a little Broth, which *Ru*, once a Day, made him lap like a Dog, in such a dirty Saucepan, that the very Sight of it turn'd his Stomach, and God knows what Broth it was.

The Relation he gave, made me shed Tears; not thinking then, that during my future Confinement, I was to be much worse us'd; for not to speak of the Dungeons, where I lay without Straw, on the Dirt, five Days and Nights, at two several Times, without taking the least Sustenance, not so much as a Drop of Water; for above three Months, they gave me no other Sustenance, but one Egg a Day, with a little Ptisanne, without Bread, Wine, or any other Thing whatsoever. I leave it to every rational Man to consider, how a lusty Man, in the Prime of his Age, can subsist upon such Food, in a Place without any Air, infected, and shut up, as I then was, with three Mad-men. That unfortunate old Man being thus cruelly worn away, that his Bones were every where ready to start out of his Skin, believing himself near his last Moment, earnestly desir'd to have the Confessor of the *Bastille* brought to him, for he was of the *Roman* Religion, which was refus'd him, tho' the Chaplain went two or three Times every Day into the third Room of the same Tower, under *Tozain*, to visit a young Female Dealer of *Tournay*, whose Name we were afterwards inform'd, was, *Madame du Bois*. By extraordinary good Fortune, the strange Surgeon, who had been sent for to make amends for *Rbeilh's* Ignorance, coming to dress *Monsieur Tozain*, whose Hurt was grown worse, for want of Sleep, through ill Usage, and continual piercing Cries his Pains occasion'd; *Rbeilh* being also absent, and *Ru* being call'd away whilst he was dressing the Patient, the strange Surgeon, I say, was left alone
with

with Monsieur *Tozain*, who, with Tears in his Eyes, conjur'd him, by all that Christian Charity could inspire, only to acquaint Monsieur *Joncas* with the lamentable Condition he was in. That Man promis'd him so to do, and perform'd it. Monsieur *du Joncas* came, and finding his dear Countryman in that deplorable Condition, could not forbear shedding Tears. He reprov'd *Ru* and the Surgeon, whom he caus'd to be call'd. They told him, *They had Orders from the Governor for so doing*. Monsieur *du Joncas*, after having represented to Monsieur *Tozain*, how much in the Wrong he had been, in provoking Monsieur *d' Argenfon*, promis'd to appease him, and that he would use his Endeavours to have him set at Liberty. He order'd *Rheilb* to take special Care of him, and *Ru* to see he was well fed. He sent the Sick Man six Bottles of *Champagne*, Oranges, Sweetmeats, and other Refreshments. He went every Day to visit and comfort him, and by that means chear'd him up. When good Sustenance had a little restor'd his Health, the Chevalier *Burnet* was given him for a Companion, and soon after the Prince. At last, Monsieur *du Joncas* having begg'd Pardon of Monsieur *d' Argenfon* for that abus'd Person, obtain'd his Liberty, as I shall mention hereafter; but to compleat *Tozain's* Desolation, besides his Family being undone, dishonour'd, and ruin'd, so as never to be able to rise again, his Son, who took the Name of *Sainte More*, and who was Lieutenant of Granadiers in the Regiment of *Limoges*, had the same Fate; for being come to sollicite his Father's Liberty, whether *d' Argenfon* was afraid of him, or that he importun'd that Minister, he was sent by *d' Argenfon* to bear his Father Company in the *Bastille*. But what do I say? They never saw one another there. They were almost two Years in that Hell, and *Tozain* never heard of his Son's Calamity. They were in the same Dove Coat, at the same Ordinary, tormented by the same Executioners, without seeing or conversing with one another.

Monsieur

Monfieur de *Sainte More*, an Officer of Worth, Grandfon to Monfieur de *Jonsac*, if I miftake not, who reckon'd a long Succeffion of Dukes and Knights of the Holy Ghoft, for his Anceftors, all whose Guilt was, having bore his Father Affection, was treated in the *Baftille* like the greateft of Villains. He was two Winters without Stockins, Shooes, or Fire. He was kept at the fmall Portion, worfe than any of his Soldiers. Being drove to Defpair, he would have made away with himfelf, had it not been for one *Sandro*, of the Village of *Hayes de Fleury*, near *Avennes*, who hinder'd him, and fav'd his Life, as *Sandro* himfelf told me, and I fhall relate in the Sequel of this History. I leave the Reflections which may be made on the Juftice of that Minifter, to the Difcretion of fuch as will take the Pains to read thofe Facts, which wife Pofterity, and thofe who are not acquainted with the *Baftille*, will fcarce believe, and the Punifhment whereof, in all Probability, God will referve to himfelf, which wicked Men can no otherwife avoid than by a fincere and rigid Repentance.

We fignify'd to that deplorable Martyr to *d' Argenfon's* Tyranny and Ambition, how much we were concern'd at his difmal Fate, and wifh'd him and his Companions a fpeedy and happy Deliverance, as well as a good Night's Reft. Before they ftopp'd up their Hole, the Prince requir'd of me, to tell him fincerely, the Cause of my Imprifonment, affirming, That he had powerful Motives to ask it of me, I had others no lefs powerful not to tell him, and that was, becaufe I knew it not. I protefted to him, That I was ignorant of it; but that I prefum'd it was for having been in *Holland*, where defigning to fettle, King *William*, of immortal Memory, and fome of the States, had granted me the Honour of their Protection. He perfifted, faying, That he muft know more; that he would not be put off fo eafily; that he plainly faw I conceal'd the true Cause from him; and that it concern'd him more to know it, than I imagin'd. To
get

get rid of his Importunity, I promis'd to give him an Account of what he demanded the next Morning, at Break of Day. He seem'd to be very well pleas'd, and we took Leave of one another.

I had much Difficulty to get to sleep; what the Prince had said gave me some Uneasiness, tho' it was nothing but an Effect of his Curiosity, so true it is, that a very small Matter makes a Prisoner build many Castles in the Air. Considering on the Promise I had made him, and not being able truly to satisfy him, I resolv'd to do it by Invention, to be quit with him for having put upon me in his pretended Story; but that I might not deviate from my Principle, I added the Truth, telling him, That both he and I were kept there through Avarice, for the Officers to gain the Money the King allow'd for our Maintenance.

This I had writ in Verse, by way of Epigram, which so pleas'd the Prince, that he courted me to write a Sonnet upon the *Bastille*, and he would give me some Proof of his Talent in Poetry. We both perform'd our Parts, and the Communication between the three Rooms, was amusingly kept up in this Manner, for some Time, every one composing according to his Talent, and imparting it to the rest. The Curate of *Lery*, would not be behind the rest, but writ some *Greek* Verses, but was much surpriz'd when the Chevalier *Burnet*, gave him to understand, that he was better skill'd in the *Greek* Language than himself, by observing the Faults in his Verses. *Sorel* perceiving that our Neighbours had some Esteem for my Complaisance, resolv'd at once to ruin it, by a Cast of his Office. We daily communicated our small Productions, and to that Effect our Neighbours us'd to let down a Packthread through the Chimney, at the End whereof they sent their Lines, and drew up ours to their Appartments. *Sorel* one Day took that Opportunity to send up a Note, wherein he gave them Notice, That they ought to take heed of me,

as a most vile Man ; that I was the Governor's Spy, and that I would certainly betray them, discovering the Correspondence between us. That Note redoubled the Contempt the Prince and his Companions had for the Curate of *Lery*, whose dull Artifice they easily saw into, and condol'd with me for the Misfortune I had in being with such a Knave ; but the Lord *du Prey*, a Man much of the same Character, and somewhat sharper, by Reason of the Connection and Sympathy there is between Mad Men, wisely meditating on that Note, as he has done on the Jargon, which has made all Men here laugh, condemn'd me, as a Disturber of the publick Peace ; and taking the Notion of his Likeness, concluded, That *Sorel* was a Man of Probity, whose Advice ought to be regarded, and that I was a pernicious Fellow, who ought to be shun'd like the Plague. This Principle imbib'd could never be remov'd, by all the Arguments of his Neighbours, and the dismal Effects produc'd by the Malice of *Sorel*, which sent most of us into Dungeons. That ill furnish'd Head, and more ridiculous than the Wicked Priest, and whose Life is no less full of Incidents and notable Actions, caus'd me, during the Sequel of my Imprisonment, to suffer dreadful and fatal Effects of its Madness. The Prince thought it enough to advise me to take Heed of *Sorel*, as of a dangerous Deceiver. In Spight of Malice we contriv'd to write Whims, to divert us. I recited to the Prince some Pieces I had compos'd whilst I was at School, or afterwards, with which he seem'd to be pleas'd. He also communicated his. He was perfect in the *Latin* Tongue, and made very good Verses in it ; tho' sometimes he would impose upon me, reciting Verses, which he pretended to have made, and which I knew I had seen before. I often pointed that out to him, and he only laugh'd at it, as did his Companions, who were ready to burst, when he was setting off his Adventures, and especially the Equipage of his Retinue. I knew not what to think.

Tozain swore to me, that he was a Prince. The Chevalier *Burnet* was silent as to that Point, and all three laugh'd heartily at the Prince's Fictions, who had not so good an Ordinary as mine; for we never miss'd every Day giving one another an Account of our Meals, which were then tolerable.

One Day a good Subject was offer'd us all, to display our selves upon. The Chevalier *Burnet* was allow'd to send abroad for Refreshments, and his Companions helping him off with at least the Half, he was oblig'd often to repeat it. He had ask'd the Turn-key for some Sweetmeats, who brought him a Pot of Marmalade of about three Pounds, for which he payd six Livers. There was fairly writ on the Paper that cover'd it, in a Womans Hand, *Marmelade of Apricots*, 1702. When they had taken off that first Paper, which cover'd the Pot; on another which cover'd the Marmalade, and between the two, they found a Letter from a Religious Woman, who presented that Marmalade to the *Abbe Giraut*, Chaplain of the *Bastille*, and it seem'd to have been dictated by Love. Nothing could be more tender, or passionate. The Conclusion was, That she expected him in the Afternoon, after the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, to see whether his Passion were as great as his Compliments, that she should that Day have the Mysterious Parlor to herself. Her Letter was sign'd, *Sister Dorothy, of the Incarnation*. We made our Reflections to the utmost. The *Abbe*, to comply with his Avarice, it is likely, had miss'd of the Assignment. The Sister of the Incarnation had fretted sufficiently, and afforded us a very diverting Scene, which had made us laugh to the very pit of Hell. We perceiv'd by that Note, that our good and tender Chaplain was not satisfy'd with the Nymphs in the *Bastille*. The Prince soon after made his Confession to the *Abbe*, and protested to us, That in his Confession he had accus'd himself of having been scandaliz'd at a Billet doux from a Religious

gious Woman to an *Abbe*, which he had found on a Pot of Sweetmeats; and more, at having seen that same *Abbe*, very dusty, go out of the Dove-coat, which was in the Garden, with the Servant-Maid of the Castle, who was then very handsome, and had brush'd the Dust off his Cloaths, and he had shaken the Dust off the Maids Coats. This so confounded the *Abbe*, that he would never after hear his Confession. I must not forget to observe, That the Chevalier *Burnet* eat the least Part of the Marmalade. The Prince and *Tozain* took Care of it. *Tozain* complain'd, that the Mice did eat his Bread. He got up in the Night, made a Hole in the Paper which cover'd the Sweetmeats, and in the Sweetmeats, as exactly as if the Mice had done it themselves. The Chevalier was too nice to eat after the Mice; the Prince and *Tozain*, who were not so precise, lik'd it very well. Those two Devils, the one as brisk and cunning as a Fox, the other as malicious and sly as an old Monkey, every Day play'd him some new Pranks, which the Chevalier's Goodness made him easily wink at and forgive; and he would be the first himself that diverted me with them. The Prince daily found me fresh Matter to exercise my Genius. He desir'd me to write a Description of *Mount-Louis*, the King's Confessor's House, which stood directly before our Windows in Perspective. I compos'd a Poem in blank Verse, which my Friend *Corbe* got from me, and in which there were very sprightly and natural Thoughts and Descriptions; and tho' I have since made another, upon some *Latin Verses* of *F. Florent de Brandenburg*, I must own it falls much short of the first. The *Bastille* and its Dungeons had not yet enervated me, but the Prince and I made Verses frequently, and communicated them to one another.

Sorel being incens'd to see the good Correspondence there was between me and our Neighbours, in spite of all his Contrivances, openly declar'd, He would have the Hole stopp'd up, to deprive me of the Con-

versation I had with those Gentlemen, joyntly with
 with him, and of the Satisfaction we took in an inno-
 cent Intercourse, in which I never said any Thing of
Sorel, to avoid provoking his Extravagancies, where-
 of he had an endless Stock. All I could alledge,
 was to no Purpose; he said, if I did not consent to
 break off the Correspondence, he would knock at the
 Door to call the Officers, who would compell us to
 it after another manner, and he was going to do it. I
 told him, *We must then take leave of those Gentlemen first,*
and give them Notice, since it was their business, and not ours,
to fill up the Hole again. It was with much difficulty that
 he could be brought to give ear to a thing so reason-
 able. I made the Signal against their Floor, to
 acquaint our Neighbours that I would speak to them.
 The Prince came to the Tribune; he was much sur-
 priz'd when I took leave of him in a most solemn
 manner, declaring that I did it with Reluctancy.
 He would needs know the Reason. I told him, *That*
the Abbe would acquaint him with it. *Sorel* came and
 impudently told him, *That we ridicul'd him in our Dis-*
course, and that I privately abus'd him unmercifully. That
 being most false, the Prince swore the contrary to
 him, and by whatsoever was most Sacred. The *Che-*
valier Burnet, on whose Probity the good Priest repos'd
 an entire Confidence, protested I had never said any
 thing of him in my Writings. *Tozain*, and those in
 the *Calotte*, or upper Room protested the same. When
 the Prince perceiv'd, that the Priest would not be
 convinc'd by Reason. Hear me, Monsieur l' *Abbe*,
 said he to him, Knock, and say it was I who made a
 Hole in your Chimney; I will confess it, and I will
 show the Governor the Iron you gave us to make it
 with, and all the Letters you have writ to us, which
 will make him acquainted with your good Qualities,
 and I will conceal nothing of what you have told us
 from him. I will be as good as my Word, and if
 you like that, I give you till Night to consider on it;
 Farewell. I spoke not one word all that Day to the
 good

good Priest, who writ Notes, which he presently tore, and then walk'd about the Room making many Gestures. In fine, at Night, after much Uneasiness, he knock'd on their Floor, to desire an Audience. The Prince came to preside at our Tribune, where *Sorel* knelt down at the Foot of his Throne, to beg Pardon for his violent Passions. The Prince declar'd to him, that the upper Council was highly pleas'd to see him come to his Senses again, and protested that they, and I, would endeavour nothing more than to oblige him, whilst he kept within the Bounds of Reason; which made him weep for Joy, and thus the Scene ended with his Tears, and an earnest Request he made them to forget what was past.

We continu'd diverting our Melancholly with abundance of *Latin* and *French* Verses, when Fortune resolv'd to give the finishing Stroke to *Sorel's* extravagant Adventures, by a very extraordinary Effect of his Capricious Brain, which looks more like a Fiction than Truth, and yet shall be here deliver'd naked as it is.

On the Twenty Seventh of *June*, about Seven in the Morning, whilst I was reading some Chapters in my New Testament, we heard the Gates of our Tower open; after which those Persons came directly to our Room, into which *Ru* conducted a Man of a very good Mien, but very pale, and who seem'd to be quite scar'd. *Ru* told us, *That was an Officer of Quality, whom the Governor sent us for a Companion, and with whom he desir'd us to live in a Friendly manner;* which said, he shut the Door upon us. I Saluted our new Comrade very Civilly, and ask'd him, *Whether he was Sick?* Because I saw him look so much out of Order. *No Sir,* answer'd he, *But I use all my Endeavours to be so, and to dye in time, to rescue my self from the Barbarous Tyranny of our Executioners. The Condition you see me in is occasion'd by not having eaten or drank in five Days; for this is the Sixth Day that nothing has gone into my Body, besides the abominable Air I breath.*

Ru, who conducted him to our Room, having brought us our Bread and Wine, I offer'd him some very freely, and ran to my Store, which was in a little Cupboard, made on the side of the Chimney, to bring him a Bit of cold roasted Veal, but that look'd very well, and desir'd him to eat of it. He refus'd in a very courteous manner, and said, *He blest's God, for having in the Extremity he was reduc'd to, brought him to find a Rational Man, who might receive the last Words of the Count de Brederodes, and one Day publish to the World, the Wrong France did him, after Sixty Years Faithful and Diligent Service, in which he had spent his Estate, spilt his Blood, and impair'd his Health.* I was extremely surpriz'd at the hearing of the Name of the Count *de Brederodes*. *Sorel*, who had gaz'd on him with wonderful Earnestness, from the time he came into our Room, without taking off his Eyes from him, or speaking one Word, when he utter'd the Name of *Brederodes* knew him, turn'd as red as Scarlet, and clapping his Finger on his Mouth, made a Sign to me, not to speak one Word of what I knew of his Adventure. To signify that I understood him perfectly. How, said I, *Monsieur le Comte de Brederodes*, is it possible, that I imbrace a Man I have so long wish'd to see, and whom I know better than he imagines; could we meet no where but in the *Bastille*; may I presume to ask you, how the Lady your dear Spouse does. Alas! Sir, reply'd he, in a Transport, do you know that Cruel Woman? How do you mean Cruel, proceeded I, let me beg of you to explain that Riddle to me, and tell me how it is, that the Marchioness *de Bois-Roger*, who lov'd the Count *de Brederodes* so passionately, is become so cruel to him. I will satisfy your Curiosity, said he to me, when you have answer'd mine. Tell me, if you please, how you came to know us both. I will readily tell you, answer'd I, as soon as you shall be pleas'd to eat a Morsell. Come, *Mr. l' Abbe de la Motte*, said I to *Sorel*, whom I perceiv'd the Count did not know, assist me in
perfwading

perswading the Count to take some Sustainance, and to alter the fatal Resolution he has taken to dye, for that of living like a good Companion; for, proceeded I, you have there my Lord, a gallant *Abbe* of *Lions*, who will, as well as I, use all his Endeavours to soften the Harshness of your Confinement. May I presume to ask you, answer'd he, who you are, who talk to me so obligingly, and who express so much Compassion for my Misfortune. My Name, reply'd I, is *Constantin de Renneville*, whose Fate is no less unhappy than yours; our Misfortunes — He did not give me time to proceed, but imbracing me affectionately, Is it possible said he, that I am in such an abominable Place as this, with the Brother to Monsieur de *Maubuisson*, my Friend and my Captain, at whose House I had a whole Winter's Quarters. Was it not you who were some time since in the second Room of the Tower, call'd *la Bertaudiere*, whence I am just now come, when I was in the third with Mr. *Stilson*, an *English* Banker, and an *Italian Abbe*, who found means to tell us who you was, by striking on the Wall, which our *Abbe* conceiv'd, and answer'd? Yes, Sir, reply'd I, and I will answer all your Questions, as soon as you shall have drank a small Glass of Wine, which I conjure you to do. God has put you into a Room that is none of the worst in the *Bastille*, with a Friend. Come and admire this fine prospect, added I, leading him to the Window, which invites us not to suffer our selves to dye so soon, and such a cruel sort of Death. Alas! Sir, said he, when you shall be inform'd of my Misfortunes, you will find I am in the right to desire to part with this Life; and did I not fear the Judgment of God, I would long since have pierc'd the Heart of the most unfortunate Man under Heaven, to put an end to the most extravagant and most dreadful Adventures you ever heard of. I gave him to understand, that to starve himself and to pierce his Heart, was the same thing in the sight of God; that it was not lawful for a Christian to shorten his Days on any

Account whatsoever, but to let his Life take the Course prescrib'd by Nature; and that it shew'd a Weakness in a brave Man, like him, to desire Death, to be deliver'd from Afflictions, he had no Courage to bear. At last, I said so much, that I oblig'd him to eat; but the natural Passages were so clos'd, that the Nourishment could scarce make it's way through.

When he was somewhat come to himself, *Tell me, I pray Sir*, said he to me, *How you came to know me and the Countess of Brederodes?* Is it not true, said I to him, that the Estate of *Lievill* was adjudg'd to her, which she caus'd to be expos'd to Sale in the *Cotinten*, and *Monsieur de Chambe*, the King's Cloak Carrier, my Father-in-Law, having an Annuity of an Hundred Livers a Year, upon that Estate I was enter'd as a Creditor upon that Decree, and I have often seen you and the Marchioness *de Bois Roger* at *Carentan*, where I was Director of the Aids and Demesnes, when that Estate was adjudg'd to her, and condemn'd to the costs, for Default of her Paying them. True, reply'd he, I now call to mind, and I have several times din'd with you, at the House of the Count *d' Auxais*, where I was often at *Monsieur de Bois-Grimot*, the Lieutenant General's; but I knew you above Twenty Years before. I have been at your House, where I have pass'd a Winter's Quarters, and I will tell you so many particulars of your House, that you will easily perceive I have been there, since you were too young then, to call to mind my Face at this time, besides, that I am very much alter'd since then. I was Ensign to the Company, commanded by your Brother *Monsieur de Maubisson*, Captain in the Regiment of *Champagne*, whereof the *Marques de Bellefond*, afterwards Marshal of *France*, was Colonel, *Mr. de Maubisson* being gone to raise Recruits, having a great kindness for me, carry'd me along with him to *Caen*. Your House, which is very ancient, but very fine, is close by the Castle, and faces *St. Peter's Church*, there being only a large square Place between them. You had a very fine
Garden

Garden in one of the Suburb's of the City, and good Land not far off, where I often went a sporting. Your Houses in the Town, the Garden and the Country were full of a vast Number of choice Pictures, which your Father was a great Admirer of. He still look'd young; was a Magistrate, tho' not a Native of the Town, and I think he was of a Family in *Anjou*. He had abundance of Children, all the eldest Sons being in the Service, as well as Monsieur *de Maubisson*, my Captain, excepting only one, who had an Employment in the Office of the Treasures of *France*; he was one of the finest Youths I ever saw. I was most particularly acquainted with another, who commanded the Regiment of *Cæssin*, who bore the Name of your Lordship, of *Renneville*, was a brave Officer, and afterwards one of my particular Friends. Some of your elder Brothers were in the Sea Service, and among the rest, one whose Name was *du Clos*, very handsome, who was sent to the *Indies* with Monsieur *de Caron*, when the King sent him thither Director; and another call'd *Pierreville*, who commanded the Frigate call'd *la Sene*, at the Fight under the Command of King *James*, when he was Duke of *York*. When I was at your House, your Brother was still disabled by the Wounds he had receiv'd in that Fight, where he did his Duty very well. You had other Brothers Officers in the Regiment of *Picardy*, and very Beautiful Sisters, particularly the Eldest, but they were seldom seen, because your Mother always kept them close under her Wing, in an Appartment that was very retir'd, whence they never went abroad, unless in her Company. You see, Sir, I know you very well, and that I have a very good Memory.

Caen, is one of the finest and most agreeable Cities I have seen, where there are very good People, and very Sociable. The Reform'd had there a very fine Church, where a prodigious Number of People met, for near one third part of the Town was of the Reform'd Religion. I have seen a long Train of Coaches there.

there. The very mean People are witty; and I remember Stories, which are extraordinary pleasant. An Adventure happen'd to me, who am talking to you, there, which is very Valuable, I will some Day give you an Account of it; but first tell me what is become of your Brothers, and what Accident brought you hither.

My Brother's are all dead, said I, I am the only one left of Twelve Sons my Father had by my Mother, and of six he had by his first Wife, who was one *d^e Aligre*. Almost all those by the first Venter dy'd in the *Venetian* Service, most of them being kill'd at the Siege of *Candia*. My eldest Brother by the second Venter was kill'd at the Siege of *Thionville*, which was the King's first Campaign; six more of my Brothers were kill'd upon several occasions. Two dy'd at the Battle of *Senef*, being Officers in the Regiment of *Picardy*; and not long before I had lost one, who was a Captain in the same Regiment; he was kill'd before *Hardemburg*, when Monsieur *de Nancray* was routed. Your Captain was the last, who was kill'd at *la Hogue*, and the four others dy'd in the Service, but a natural Death. Thus much as to my Brothers. As for the Adventure which has brought me to be your Companion in Misery, it is thus. I went into *Holland* to settle there, where I believe I have also seen you at your Kinswoman's, the Marchioness of *Montpouillan*; when Monsieur *Chamillart*, by dint of Promises drew me back to the Court, and when I thought my self in perfect Security, under the Word and Protection of a Minister, at four Months end, I was seiz'd by the Marques *de Torcy*'s order, and shut up in this detestable Privy, where I have sigh'd, this is now the second Year, without having seen any Body that would tell me the Occasion of it, and without having been able to obtain a Commissary to examine me. O Hellish Mansion! cry'd he, govern'd by the most cruel Tyrants in the World. I am under the same Circumstances, dear Sir, they have confin'd me near

a Year ; without telling me the Reason. I was assisting Monsieur de Murat, a Gentleman of *Dauphine* to make up his Regiment, whereof he had appointed me Major, when I was taken from my Lodging, like a Holy Body, to be thrust into this infernal Den, where I believe, I am shut up by the Interest of my dear Wife. For I love her, as perfidious, as cruel, and as ungrateful as she is, and tho' she occasions my Death here, the Love I have for her, and which, notwithstanding all her Falsehood, I cannot tear from my Heart, is a Thousand times more grievous to me than the *Bastille*. I pretended to be very much surpriz'd, and desir'd him to tell me his Adventures, as if I had not known them. With all my Heart, said he, but give me leave first to ask Monsieur l' *Abbe*, who does not speak one Word, and seems to be very thoughtful, what he does here, and what brought him hither. Sir, said *Sorel*, whom we shall now call the *Abbe de la Motte*, we are all three of us alike, as to knowing the Cause of my Imprisonment; I know not, unless it be for having breakfasted twice, or fail'd of saying my Breviary; I have been here above a Year as much as since *Lent*, and I shall get out when God pleases, or rather when the Officers of the *Bastille* shall no longer love Money. The *Count* and the *Abbe* repeated their Exclamations against the *Bastille*, and its Managers, and when they had sufficiently vented their Spleen, the *Count* began his Story, after this manner.

My Father was call'd the *Count de Garde*, who having follow'd the Prince of *Conde*, during the Troubles, into the *Low-Countries*, marry'd my Mother in *Holland*. She was Cousin to the Marchioness de *Montpouillan*, and, beyond all Controversy, Heiress to the great Estate of the Family of the *Brederodes*. When the Prince of *Conde* had made his Peace with the King, my Father returning to *France*, brought my Mother, big with me. She lay in at *Vernon sur Seine*. The Cardinal, at the Request of the Prince of *Conde*, gave my Father the Majorship of *Perpignan*, with a Pension

Pension, to make him Amends for the Regiment he had lost. Soon after his Return, he dy'd, and left me very young, under the Tuition of Monsieur de Tilly of Caen, Commandant of Perpignan, who took Care of me, as if I had been his own Son. My Mother, who at Court was call'd, *The Beautiful Dutch Woman*, marry'd again a Gentleman of Cotentin. Monsieur de Tilly, after having taught me my Exercises in my Infancy, gave me a Colours in his Regiment, at ten Years of Age. His Regiment was afterwards incorporated into that of *Champagne*, in which I was Ensign to your Brother's Company, and from that Time I have serv'd continually. Being Captain in a foreign Regiment, I marry'd at *Xaintes*, where I took to Wife a very beautiful Heiress, by whom I had several Children, who are all dead, as well as she. Going into *Holland* to sollicite for my Mother's Estate, I there became acquainted with the Marchioness de Bois-Roger, who was there upon the like Account, her Father and Mother being *Dutch*. If I was charm'd with her, I had also the good Fortune not to displease her. She was a Widow, and I a Widower. When we were both return'd into *France* I went to visit her, at her Estate of *Bois Roger*. I made known my Passion, and she approv'd of it; but being both of the Reform'd Religion, we could not marry in *France*, contrary to the King's Ordinances. She remov'd those Difficulties, and told me, she knew a certain Curate of *Lery*, which was in her Neighbourhood, who made not the least Scruple of transgressing those Ordinances, and would perform the Ceremony of our Marriage, whensoever we should desire it. She sent for him to *Roan*, and the Business was done one Evening at a Friend's of the Marchioness, before such Witnesses as she thought fit to call, and whom I do not know. After this, we return'd to *Bois-Roger*, where I liv'd above a Year and a half with my Wife in the most loving manner in the World. I had sold Part of the Estate I got by my
first

first Wife in *Xaintonge*, and as long as that Money lasted, the Countess of *Brederodes* was all Kindness; but when that Supply began to fail, she said I must needs go into *Holland* to recover my Mother's Estate, or at least to obtain a Pension from the States, who had seiz'd our Family's Estate. I was there full half a Year, without being able to obtain any Thing, but a small present Supply, by the Interest of the Marchioness of *Montpouillan*, who alone knew the Justice of my Cause. I had no Deeds, and only she could witness the Matter. At last the States sent me away to get a Copy of the Register of my Christening, and the Certificate of my Mother's Death, for I had got her Contract of Marriage with my Father, by means of the Marchioness of *Montpouillan*; whereupon they promis'd to allow me a Pension suitable to my Birth, and almost to my Estate. I return'd to *France* upon those Assurances; but was very much surpriz'd when going to my House, I saw my Wife order'd the Doors of the Castle to be shut against me, and the Draw-Bridge taken up. I fretted, pray'd, and urg'd in vain; she would never see me, much less let me in. During my Absence, a Company I had in *Sur-laube's* Regiment had been given away, to drive me to Extremity. I went to some Friends I had about *Bois-Roger*, and among the rest, the *Marques de St. Hilaire*, a very worthy Gentleman, and of singular Probity, who went to visit my Wife at *Bois-Roger*, to show her of what ill Consequence the Disturbance she was going to make would prove; but he was no less surpriz'd than my self, when she had the Impudence to affirm, that she was not my Wife. I went to advise with a Counsellor at *Roan*, who told me, that if I would bring him an Extract of our Contract of Marriage, and a Certificate from the Curate who had perform'd the Ceremony, he would soon oblige her to own me, and to give me an Allowance out of her Estate. The Damsel at whose House we had been marry'd at *Roan*, being a Dealer in Lace, was
gone

gone away into *England*. I hastened to *Lery* to get the Curate's Certificate; but I was told there, that he had quitted his Parish, to go after the Lace-Woman into *England*. The Notary who had drawn our Contract at *Bois-Roger* was an old Man above 70 Years of Age, and dy'd during my Absence, and it struck me to the Heart to hear, that the Countess of *Brederodes* had seiz'd all his Papers after his Death. I return'd to *Lery*, to see whether I could not hear what was become of the Curate's Register-Book. I spoke with an honest old Man, who told me he was his Father, and to a labouring Man, who said he was his Brother. When they heard what Account I came upon; they inform'd me, with Tears in their Eyes, that the Curate was a debauch'd Fellow, who after having ruin'd and disgrac'd them, was run away loaded with Debts, to fly into *England*, after a Woman of the Reform'd Religion who was a Dealer in Lace. That it was the Marchioness of *Bois-Roger* who after having caus'd him to be frighten'd by the Judges of the Bishop's Court, had advis'd him to quit his Parish, and that she never gave over till she had perswaded him to it, which he accordingly did, after having privately sold his Goods, and given them all a fatal Blow by his ill Behaviour. That they did not question the Wretch had either given the Marchioness those Register-Books, or burnt them.

This dismal Account touch'd me to the Heart; I passionately lov'd the Countess, notwithstanding her Cruelty. I sent her the most affectionate Letters; I got some Persons, I knew she had the greatest Regard for, to speak to her; and perceiving she was not to be mov'd, I fell into such a Passion as I cannot express. I resolv'd to follow the Curate of *Lery*, who alone could ease me of the Trouble I was in, by giving me the Certificate I stood in need of, resolving to kill him, if he refus'd it. To that effect, entirely neglecting the Care of my Affairs in *Holland*, I went away to *Xaintonge*, where I sold some Acres of Vineyards,

yards, and some Salt Marshes, and took along with me two Servants, who had been Soldiers under me, and whose Courage I could rely on. I carry'd them over with me into *England*, to stand by me in my Enterprize. I was inform'd that the Curate, after having made his Abjuration there, was gone, without marrying the she Lace Merchant, who had heard terrible things of him, which had disgusted her. I follow'd him into *Holland*, whither he was gone. I heard he had obtain'd his Pardon of the *French* Embassador, and was return'd to *Paris*, whither I went to look for him. Long after I heard he was gone to *Flanders*, whither I hasten'd after him. In fine, I trac'd him through all the Courts in *Germany*, where he was travelling in the Retinue of a *German* Nobleman, and into *Denmark*, *Sweden*, and *Poland*. I afterwards return'd to *Brussels*, where I lost him. I have travell'd near 1000 Leagues to find him, and being quite spent, return'd to *Roan*, where I us'd all sorts of means to regain my Wife. Being able to gain nothing by fair means, I had recourse to the Law, by which I gain'd no more, than I had by running after my Scoundrel Curate. The War was then broke out every where; I resolv'd to give my self up to it, in order to expell that violent Passion, it was then, and is still inflam'd with for my cruel Consort. To that effect, I return'd again to *Xaintonge* to sell all the Remainder of my first Wife's Estate. I return'd to Court, to sue for an Employment, and agreed with Monsieur *Murat*, who made me Major to his new Regiment, upon reasonable Terms. I had made him the finest Company of Grenadiers that ever was; when two Days before my Departure, my Baggage being already all gone before, I was seiz'd and brought into this abominable Gulf, where the most grievous of all the Pains I endure, is the Memory of my dear Consort, whom I have always before my Eyes, and yet you will have me live. O dear Sir, why have you made me eat.

I own all my Rhetorick was little enough to comfort him; I found his Affliction so great, on Account of the dismal State Love and Fortune had reduc'd him to, that I could not conceive how he had been able to survive so many Disasters. Above all his last Adventure had something in it so amazing, that I could not tell what to think of it. He had run through the greater part of *Europe* to find out a Man, who was shut up with him between four Walls, by meer Accident, and with whom he liv'd, eat and drank three Months, without knowing him. The Curate had chang'd Colour ten times during the Count's Relation. I quak'd for fear the Count should know him, for in the Passion he then was, he would have tore out his Eyes. I could not but reflect on the Indiscretion of the Officers of the *Bastille*, who knowing the Difference there was between them, shut them up together, in danger of tearing one another in pieces, and exposing me to partake in the Peril. The Curate ask'd him abruptly, whether he understood *Latin*. I have already told you, Monsieur le *Abbe*, answer'd the Count, that I was made Ensign at ten Years of Age, and that I never since quitted the Service; so that the Chaplain of the Regiment must have been my Master, he must have had an Inclination and Learning enough to teach me, and I must have been as fond of studying, as I was of the Art of War. No, Monsieur l' *Abbe*, I neither understand *Greek* nor *Latin*; but to make amends I speak very good *Spanish*, and understand a little *Italian*. I have been brought up among *Spaniards*, I was long in the War in *Spain*, where I was twice taken Prisoner of War, and my first Love Intrigues were with a little *Spanish* Woman, who had like to have cost me my Life; for there is no jesting with that Nation.

When the *Abbe la Motte* was convinc'd that the Count did not understand *Latin*, he pretended to read his Breviary, and then with such Submission as surpriz'd me, ask'd leave to sing a Hymn; but I was
much

much more amaz'd, when instead of a Hymn, I heard him sing an earnest Request to me, that I would not discover him. I said to him aloud, *Monfieur l' Abbe*, don't you know the other Hymn which I think is much finer, and more regular, and immediately, as if it had been a Hymn, singing, I declar'd to him, that he might rest satisfy'd in my Fidelity and Precaution, and told him at the same time, that he must advertise the Prince and *Toxain*; for as for the *Chevalier Burnet*, he was gone the Twenty Second of that Month, as I have said before. He was call'd out, under colour of speaking to *Monfieur d' Argenfon*, but within an Hour after, the Major came and carry'd away all his Cloaths, and told his Companions he was discharg'd, being exchange'd for a *French Prisoner of Quality*, who had been taken up in *England*. I bid the *Abbe la Motte* not to be disturb'd, or uneasy in the least; for I would undertake so to manage Affairs, that he should have reason to be satisfy'd. The *Abbe* protested he had never in his Days hear'd so fine a Hymn. In short, it cheer'd him very much, and he did not afterwards seem so Melancholly, as he had been before I sang it, which I did to the tune of the Hymn, *Te lucis ante Terminum*.

I told Count *Brederodes*, that we had a Communication with the Prisoners that were above us, one of whom was a Prince, and seem'd to be very witty; that we must give them Notice of his being come into our Room; that I desir'd him to excuse me for speaking to them in *Latin*; but that it was to be fear'd, I might be heard by the Turn-keys, who were often upon the Platform. The Count approv'd of it, without making any Reflection, or much less guessing at the Occasion of it; he did not regard it. I made the Signal on the Floor; the Prince came to the Tribune. Never was Man more surpriz'd than he, when I told him that Count *Brederodes* was with us. He knew the Curate of *Lery's* Story, and fancy'd I was putting a Tale of my own Invention upon him; but I affirm'd it so seriously, that he could never sufficiently
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admire

admire the Extravagancies and Capriciousness of Fortune, in the Fate of the Count and the Curate. I desir'd him to adjust such Measures with his Companion, that no Mistake might happen in Conversation, because the Consequences must needs be fatal. He promis'd extraordinary Circumspection; after which, he and his Companion saluted our new Fellow Prisoner, who made a very civil Return. Then they again stopp'd up their Hole, for fear of any Surprize, having promis'd that they would give Notice to the Prisoners in the upper Room how to behave themselves, and appointed our next Conference at Ten of the Clock at Night.

When we were a little at Ease by the Measures I had taken, which rejoyc'd the *Abbe*, I desir'd the Count to pass the time, by telling us, what Room he came from, and who had been his Companions. I come, said he, from the second Room in the Tower, call'd *la Bertaudiere*, where you have been, and where I saw Verses written on the Wall, which I thought to be your Hand, and I left some Companions I had not time enough to be acquainted with, for I neither eat nor drank with them; but I will tell you all that has befallen me since I have been in the *Bastille*, where Fortune has been pleas'd to show, that she could furnish me with Adventures, even in the Pit of Hell. More surprizing, my Lord, said I to him, than you imagine, and altogether extraordinary. Without conceiving the meaning of my Riddle, which could not be solv'd by him, he proceeded in his Discourse as follows.

When these Scoundrels had search'd me, even in the most private Parts, and turn'd out all my Pockets, they put me into a Room, where I continu'd alone near two Months. I had there Leisure enough to make Reflections, which all came to this Conclusion, that it was my Wife who had caus'd me to be confin'd. I was taken out of my Solitude, to be put into the third Room of the Tower, call'd *la Bertaudiere*, with one Mr. *Stinkson* an *English* Banker, a very honest Man, and

and an *Italian Abbe*, who would never tell his Name, nor upon what Account he was there, but is wonderful ingenious, it was he who found out what you meant, when you knock'd against the Wall. *Stinkson* had the ill Fortune to joyn Partner in a Manufactory of Cloth, with some Knaves, who being urg'd by him to come to an Account, made Interest to d' *Argenson*, who caus'd that poor Banker to be put into the *Bastille*, whence he will not suffer him to depart, till he is agreed with his Creditors. His Wife has had the Wrong done to her Husband laid before the King, and how prejudicial his cruel Imprisonment is to his Credit. The King has referr'd her to Count *Pontchartrain*, who, as the utmost Favour, has allow'd her to see her Husband three times a Week. A knavish Trick put upon him by *Corbe*, very well deserves your Knowledge. Mrs. *Stinkson*, when her Husband was first committed, obtain'd leave of Monsieur d' *Argenson* to send him a Bed and his Cloaths. She sent him a great Trunk full. Mr. *Stinkson* took as much as he thought requisite in Prison, and deliver'd the rest to *Corbe*, desiring it might be return'd to his Wife, not caring to wear such rich Cloaths in a Goal, for there was a Damask Night Gown with Gold Flowers, extraordinary fine; a very fine lac'd Coat, and a costly Wastecloth of Cloth of Gold, all which had not been worn above twice or thrice, and extraordinary fine Linnen. *Corbe* told him, he had return'd it all to Mrs. *Stinkson*, who six Months after was allow'd to go see her Husband. *Corbe* had no Notice of it, being in the City upon some Diversion, when she came to the *Bastille*, Mr. *Stinkson* did not fail to ask his Wife, whither they had return'd his Cloaths, Linnen, and Night-Gown. She said, she had seen none of them; and presently ask'd for *Corbe*, to enquire into the matter. She was told where he was, and having her Coach at the Gate, went immediately to the Place. It happened to be a House where she was known, and accordingly she was show'd up to the Room

where *Corbe* was, without acquainting him with it. She found him amidst a great Number of Gentlemen and Ladies, dress'd in her Husband's Coat, Waistcoat, and best Laces, with which the mean Fellow gave himself most ridiculous Airs, for an Ape will be an Ape still, tho' never so well set out. You may imagine how much they were both surpriz'd. Mrs. *Stinkson* made a great Noise; *Corbe* was hooted at, like the Jay with the Peacock's Feathers; but he came off with only the Shame, if he had been capable of any, and restoring all those things, after having set himself off with them for six Months. As good Luck would have it, *Corbe* being shorter than Mr. *Stinkson*, had got the Cloaths cut fit for him, so that they could not serve the Owner; and the Linnen was worn. The Night-Gown was still worse us'd; it was all dirty, with a great Spot of Ink on the Right side before. Mr. *Stinkson* complain'd to Monsieur de *Argenson*: Would not you have worn them, said he to comfort him, if you had been abroad?

The Reader will give me Leave to make a short Digression, on Account of a little Piece of Knavery committed by *Rosarge*, the Major, which I was afterwards told, and which I here insert after the other, for Fear I should forget it, when it should come in elsewhere, according to the exact Chronology of the *Bastille*. *Rosarge*, who always us'd to be very slovenly accouter'd, and dress'd like a Drunkard, spending his own and the Prisoners Money in Drink, on a sudden appear'd richly clad, and went to show himself in all the Towers, in a costly Suit glittering with Gold like a Chalice. It was suppos'd, That some Prisoner dying, had been so mad as to give that Rake his Cloaths; or rather, That some Man of Quality, to whom the Major brought the News of his Deliverance, had in a Rapture of Joy, for that happy Intelligence, given him his Cloaths inconsiderately. There was nothing like it. An Officer had been seiz'd; his Valet de Chambre came to speak to him, he apply'd

apply'd himself to the Major, who understanding that it was to bring his Master a Suit of Cloaths just come from the Tailor's, took it, promising to deliver it to the Prisoner; and having dismiss'd the Servant, seiz'd it like an absolute Tyrant. A Year after, when the Prisoner had the Liberty of seeing People, the Major, who had Notice of it, caus'd the Coat and the Lace to be turn'd, and then gave it to the Officer, who protested, he had never worn any Coat turn'd. This made a Noise. The Major, to pacify the Officer, told him, *That he might cause his Cloaths to be valu'd, and he would pay for them when he had Money.* The Officer chose rather to take his Cloaths turn'd as they were, and give them to his Valet, than to leave them to be any longer worn by that unworthy Knave; reserving to himself the Liberty of thrashing the Major's Coat when he was at Liberty. When the Relicks were taken off the Asss, there remain'd nothing but his Ears and Pannel. It was said, that the Major had the Impudence to ask that Officer for the Money it had cost him to turn his Cloaths; which I am not positive in; but what I know is most certain, that he had no ill Return, and was not paid as he deserv'd.

Count *Brederodes* went on, and said; I was remov'd from Mr. *Stinkson* and the *Italian Abbe*, to be put into the third Room of the Tower of the Well, with a very handsome *Abbe*, and who seem'd to me to be a very honest Man, and well born. He is taller than you, said he, directing his Discourse to me, but crooked, and I must say, he is the handsomest crooked Man I ever saw. He has a Majestick Air, a fresh Colour, sparkling Eyes, all his Features very regular, and his Beard, which is very long, having let it grow ever since he has been in the *Bastille*, is very graceful; it is curl'd, and has large Buckles of a charming Black like Jeat. His Name is *Gonzelle*, and he is the Son of a Notary near *Dole*, in *Franche-Comte*. When the King of *France* conquer'd that

Country the last Time, that *Gonzelle* withdrew himself to *Vienna*, in *Austria*, where he grew very rich by Gaming. He bought a fine Estate, which Love made him bestow on a Lady of Quality he had taken a Liking to; having procur'd himself to be made a Count of the Empire, to be the more acceptable to her; but the Falshood of his Mistress prevail'd upon him in a pious Despair to become a Priest. Tho' he chang'd his Condition, yet he did not alter his Inclination. He continu'd to play deep, and won much Money. He took a Fancy to see the Court of *France* about the Beginning of the Year 1701, whither he came with a magnificent Equipage, a Coach and six, numerous Attendants, fine Liveries, so that nothing was wanting. Eight Days after his Entry into *Paris*, Monsieur d' *Argenson* caus'd him to be apprehended, seiz'd his Money, sold the fine Coach, and all the *Abbe's* Equipage, clapping him up in the *Bastille*, where he could never obtain the Favour to know what they would have with him, or what was laid to his Charge.

However, d' *Argenson* sent for him down one Day, whilst we were together, and observing that the *Abbe* gave him no Title but *Monsieur*, or *Sir*, and not *Monseigneur*, or *my Lord*, as he insolently requir'd of most of the Prisoners, d' *Argenson* reprov'd him, saying, he ought in him to respect the King's Minister. The *Abbe* told him, he respected all that belong'd to the King; but that a Count of the Empire was excus'd from calling his Majesty's Lieutenant for the Civil Government of *Paris*, *My Lord*; that for his own Part, he knew no other Lords but his Imperial Majesty, and the King of the *Romans*, his lawfull Sovereigns. D' *Argenson* was in such a Passion as to speak to him by *thee* and *thou*, saying, Friend, are not you a pleasant Count of the Empire? The Son of a Notary. Sir, answer'd the *Abbe*, I know you better than you imagine, and I know you were not always Lieutenant of the Civil Government in *Paris*,

Paris, any more than *Tamerlan* was always an Emperor, tho' he was one of the Greatest Princes of his Age. In short, tho' I was once whatsoever you please, the Emperor has thought me worthy to be made a Count of the Empire, and I will support that Dignity with my last Breath. Your Quality, reply'd *d' Argenfon*, will not hinder me causing you to be hang'd, when the Process against you shall be finish'd. Sir, said the *Abbe*, I am in your Power, you may put me to Death, tho' innocent, after what manner you please; but I am fully perswaded you will not do it without reflecting, that the Emperor is just, and powerfull enough to revenge the Wrong you shall do me, on ten *French* Counts. I am not at all concern'd for what you can do, I know that well enough; but I would gladly know, what it is that you lay to my Charge; do me the Favour to tell me, and I swear to you by all I think most sacred, that I will confess it, if I am guilty. You shall not have the Satisfaction of knowing it so soon, said that upright Judge to him; I charge you with being insolent, and will send you to a Dungeon naked, with Irons on your Hands and Feet. I am a Priest, Sir, said the *Abbe*, and God has taught me to pray for you there. Since you are a Priest, said *d' Argenfon*, return to your Chamber, where I will allow you Leisure enough to pray for me: Adieu. Let him be taken out of my Presence, said he to his Officers, who brought him back to our Room, where he gave me an Account of his Judge's barbarous Rudeness. We liv'd very friendly together, and it was easy for us to do so, on Account of the Resemblance in our Behaviour and Fortune; when six Weeks after our coming together, I was taken from his Company, to be put to his Brother, in the second Room of the Tower call'd, *la Bertaudiere*. He is also an *Abbe*, but as ugly and ill-contriv'd as his Brother is handsome and ingenious. I was a long Time with him, before he would tell me his Name, tho' he very well knew

that I was just come from his Brother, after whom he would not so much as vouchsafe to enquire; but one Day as I was reading in his Breviary, I found his Name writ in it. How, Sir, said I, are you Brother to the *Abbe Gonzelle*, with whom I was lately. Yes, Sir, said he, but I durst not make my self known to you, for fear you might be some Person sent by the Governor for to pump me. I so thoroughly convinc'd him of his Mistake, and he found I had such an Aversion for our Executioners, that he acquainted me with his Adventures, very near to this Effect.

I am Son to a Notary of *Dole*. My Father, at his Death, left many Children of us, with a very small Fortune. My Mother, who surviv'd him, took Care to breed up all the Boys at School, believing that Learning and Education is the best Estate that can be left to Children. My elder Brother, whom you came from, was at the Court of *Vienna*, where he made a considerable Fortune. The Fame of it reach'd us, and that he was a Count of the Empire. I hasten'd thither to partake with him, and arriv'd at the Time when he was newly made a Priest, and soon after he had given much Wealth to a Lady, whose Fallhood made him desperate. He put me into a Condition to appear at the Emperor's Court without disgracing him. I soon perceiv'd that all his Fortune depended upon Chance, and that the Cards and Dice were all his Substance. One Day he had a Thousand Pistoles, and two Days after never a Penny. He was never at Peace, but always restless and uneasy. One Day when he had been a vast Winner, I desir'd him to give me a small Stock, which I would manage better than he did his great Wealth; but he prov'd as covetous with me, as he had been generous towards the Lady. He advis'd me to be ordain'd Priest as he was, and he would assist me in it; after which he gave me enough to go Home, where, by the Help of our Friends, I got a small Benefice. It was a Cure, worth 100 Crowns a Year, besides my Masses, and an indiffer-

different good House. Behind it was a River, that had Abundance of Fish. I had got a little Boat, and Nets, and follow'd both *St. Peter's* Professions, as a poor Fisherman, and a vigilant Pastor; living free from Ambition, and so retir'd from the World, that I enjoy'd such Tranquility, as here occasions my greatest Grief. I had taken to me one of my Sisters, a very innocent and discreet Maid, who govern'd my House. At the beginning of the Year 1701, I was much surpriz'd to see my Brother, the Count, come to my House, with an Equipage fit for a Prince. All my Parish was not big enough to entertain his Retinue. I advis'd him, as a discreet Brother, to sell his Coach and Six, to dismiss all his Servants, and to make a Fund of the Money he had, in our Country; upon which he might live the rest of his Days, in the same Tranquility as he had found me; but that was preaching Abstinence and Moderation to a Court Prelate. His Design was to make a Figure at the Court of *France*, and to live with another Sort of Port there, than what he saw me reduc'd to, which he pity'd, and was asham'd of. He drew me, against my will, to *Dole*, with him. There one of my Brothers, who is profess'd among the *Carmelites*, seconded me in perswading him to settle in our Country; but all in vain. It was decreed in the Eternal Council, that he should come to the *Bastille*, and that his Misfortune should involve us with him. In short, he prosecuted his Journey to the Court, contrary to all our Remonstrances, being full of his own great Notions. At parting, he gave me 100 Crowns, to make good the Expence I had been at on his Account; because in three Days he and his People had devour'd all the Provisions I had laid up for a Year. About a Month after his Departure, I was strangely surpriz'd when an Exempt and six of his Followers came into my House, where they scarce allow'd me time to take my Cloaths and Linnen, and without permitting me to take Leave of my dear Sister, made me mount a Horse

Horſe-back, and carry'd me bound in the Miſt of them like a Criminal, without ſaying, whither they were carrying me, or why I was apprehended. When we were two Leagues on this ſide of *Dole*, I there found my Brother the *Carmelite*, whom another Exempt and fix of his Men had put into the ſame Condition I was in; and without allowing my Brother and me the Liberty to embrace one another, they brought us to this cruel Labyrinth, never permitting me to ſpeak to my Brother by the way, nor to eat with him at the Inns we came to, nor could I ever have the Satisfaction of ſeeing him ſince I have been here. This is the good Fortune we have had by the Count of the Empire. My Benefice, where I was happier than the King is at *Versailles*, the Functions whereof I perform'd as a good zealous Prieſt, is loſt to me; I ſhall never return thither; I ſhall never more ſee my poor Flock, and my Siſter, whom I lov'd, as ſhe did me, is dead for Grief of my Miſfortune. O my dear Country, why did you fall under the Dominions of the *French*! Or what can the King fear from a wretched Curate, who read nothing but his Breviary, and to whom his Solitude was all the World?

Having ended his Relation, he fell into ſuch a profound and melancholy Study, that all my Words of Comfort could not draw him out of it. He did not ſo much as hearken to me, but having fix'd his Eyes on the Ground, look'd as if he had been petrify'd, He continu'd in that diſmal Condition above two Hours, fetching ſuch Sighs now and then, as might have almoſt mollify'd our Dungeon, more ſenſible than the Hearts of our barbarous Tyrants. He every Day fell two or three times into thoſe profound thoughtful Fits, which I could not recover him from, even when they brought us our Dinner, which he often ſuffer'd to be carry'd away again, as well as I, without touching it; becauſe we eating together, I choſe rather to go without my Dinner or Supper,
than

than to make a Meal without him. When he recover'd from his Lethargy, he us'd to beg my Pardon, and reprov'd me for not having eaten without him. He was very exact in reading his Breviary, pray'd with Fervor, slept little, and fasted much. Which so much affected his Brain, that the poor unhappy Priest became so mad as to design to kill himself. This was about the beginning of last *Lent*. They had brought us Salt Fish for our Dinner, which I knew he was a Lover of. I plac'd the Dish of Salt-Fish exactly where he seem'd to have fix'd his Eyes; but the poor Man look'd on without seeing it. When come out of his Rapture, he begg'd my Pardon as usual. Then on a sudden falling on my Bed, into which I was gone, being indispos'd; Alas! my Lord, said he, pray for me. I did what I could again to comfort him, and represented the Danger he brought himself into of running Mad, by giving way to those profound Thoughts. What would you have me do, said he, I am not Master of my Reason, and nothing but Death can put an end to my dismal Sorrow. He went to Prayers, and so continu'd a long time; after which he lighted a Candle, and read till the Turn-key brought us our Collation. The *Abbe Gonzelle* had eaten nothing all that Day; he made a very good Supper, eat the Salt-Fish they had brought us for Dinner. For my part, I was satisfy'd with a little Salade, of which I am a great Lover, and which they had brought us for our Supper. He stay'd a long time after having eaten his Meal, preparing the Instruments of the fatal and dreadful Project he had form'd. In the mean Time I fell asleep, not imagining he would attempt any thing against his own Life. About Midnight I awak'd at the Noise he made with his Fall, and breaking one of our Chamber-Pots; I ask'd him, whether he found himself ill? It is nothing, said he, with a dying Voice. I started up, and hasten'd towards the Place, where I had heard him fall. I found him stretch'd out on
the

the Ground, wallowing in his Blood, and his Face as cold as Death. Alas! wretched Man, cry'd I, what have you done? But he was Senseless. I would have struck Fire, but he had hid the Flint, as well as my Knife and the Candle. I knock'd hastily at the Door, I call'd to the Sentinal, I cry'd out as loud as I could to the Guard, to come assist a Man who was bleeding to Death. Above an Hour after, the Captain of the Gates came with *Ru*. We found the unhappy *Abbe*, all over Bloody, having lost a prodigious Quantity, so that the Ground was three Fingers thick in Gore. Well, said the Captain of the Gates, there is one Man the less in the World; since he has murder'd himself we will cast him out to the Birds of the Air. He lighted our Candle, which the *Abbe* had hid in a Nook, that I might not come to help him. He ran for the Surgeon, whilst *Ru* and I search'd the wounded Man. I found his Heart was still beating; which made me look for the Wound, and which we could scarce find; for he was all over Blood from Head to Foot. We perceiv'd he had made a Ligature on his left Arm, as dexterously as any Surgeon could have done to let him Blood. By that time *Rheilb* came in, almost naked, he search'd the *Abbe*, and found that the excessive cold of the Weather had obstructed his dying, as he must have done naturally, for the Blood was congeal'd on the Wound, and that had hinder'd the rest of the Blood from running out. The unhappy *Abbe* had cut the Cephalick Vein, and *Rheilb* dress'd him so well, that he remain'd maim'd of the left Arm, as well as in his Intellects, for the Remainder of his deplorable Life.

They had enough to do to bring that miserable *Abbe* to himself, for he lay long before any Sign of Life appear'd, and the first he gave was the highest Piece of Extravagancy. He call'd for the Major about Eight in the Morning, when with much Difficulty they had drawn him from the Brandy-Shop, where he kept his Office, and brought him to the

Abbe;

Abbe; that dying Man took his Breeches, and without speaking one Word, made Signs to the Major to rip the Waste-band. As soon as the Major thro' the the Lining felt the Pistoles that were sew'd up in it, I cannot sufficiently express the Convulsions they put him into, the Agitation, the Haste he was in to get out that poor weak Man's Treasure. A Knife, quickly, cry'd he, Scissars! What a Pity it is! Has nobody any Thing to help me? At last *Boutonniere* gave him a Pair of Scissars, with which and shaking Hands he cut the Breeches, Lining and Out-side, whence he took eight Pistoles, which he dropp'd into a Pocket as deep as a Corn-Sack, and having search'd every Part of the Breeches, with such Niceness as sufficiently show'd how desirous he was to meet with such another Concealment, he return'd them very gravely to the poor Mad-man. Then taking a Crown out of his Pocket, Take this *Ru*, said he, let a new earthen Pot be bought for the *Abbe*, and some good Broth made him, for he needs it; but take special Care to make the most of that Crown, for you shall be accountable to me for the Remainder of it, and he never came again to see the poor distracted Person, who had no more Pistoles to give him. He recover'd of the Wound, tho' maim'd, but will never recover of his Madness, without a sort of Miracle. He daily play'd me some extravagant Pranks, which tir'd my Patience. Sometimes he said I was the Governor's Spy, or that I had advis'd him to kill himself. Sometimes he made me look under his Bed, to drag out a Soldier that was just slipp'd in; or else said I had found his Confession, and reveal'd it. He did not let me rest Day or Night. I press'd to speak to one of the Officers; after much suing for it, the Captain of the Gates came to me. I desir'd him to take Notice of what I was going to say to him, that he might report the same to the Governor. As long as I could any Way be assisting to that poor Man you see there, said I to him, I have

have done it with true Christian Charity; but now the Condition he is in will not permit me to continue with him, and makes me apprehensive of the same Fate; whilst I have still Sense enough to prevent that Misfortune, I have sent for you to protest to you, that if you do not within 24 Hours take him away from me, or me from him, as the Officers shall think fit, as I have sav'd his Life, I swear I will kill him, and my self afterwards; thus the Governor will destroy two Men, whose Death I charge him with before God. I utter'd those Words, which I did design to have made good, with such Earnestness, that they came two Hours after to take away that poor Man, and rid me of him.

The Reader will allow me to interrupt Count *Brederodes* in his Relation, to tell him what was the Fate of those three poor Brothers of *Franche-Comte*. The Eldest was in the Chamber of the Well-Tower; where Count *Brederodes* had left him, when one Day feeling his Stomach overcharg'd with the ill Diet they gave us, he sent to desire *Rheilbe* to give him a Vomit. *Rheilbe* sent him by the Turn key an Emetick Dose, which the Abbe *Gonzelle* took. About two in the Afternoon, the *Abbe* knock'd to acquaint *Rheilbe* that his Medicine had wrought no other Effect, than giving him a violent Pain in the Stomach; about Five in the Evening, *Rheilbe* sent him such another Vomiting Dose, which was so far from giving him any Ease, that it put him into violent Pains; which being told to *Rheilbe*, he sent him a third Dose about Seven of the Clock, which almost made the poor *Abbe* burst at Eleven that Night, in such grievous Anguish as made him roar like a Lion, and ended not but with his Life. I will not go about to re-criminate on Monsieur d' *Argenson*, nor to charge the Officers with that poor Man's Death, tho' in the Sequel of this History, they will be found to commit such enormous Crimes, that they may easily be thought fit for any Thing, and I my self was in ve-
ry

ry great Danger by Poisonous Pills, had not one *du Val* reliev'd me with some Treacle he had by good Fortune, I am rather of Opinion that the Antimony was ill prepar'd; but it is prodigious that *Rheilbe*, the good Surgeon, would never go up into the *Abbe's* Chamber, to assist him. He dy'd in the Arms of *Peter Bertrand de Juigy*, in the Province of *Beauvise*, Sollicitor, his Fellow Prisoner, who related it to me. The second of the *Gonzelles*, being he who had cut his Vein, and whose Madness Count *Brederodes* had given us an Account of, had recover'd his Senses, thro' the Care taken of him by one *Fontaine* of *Tournay*, a very worthy and brave Youth, whose Death *Bernaville* occasion'd after a cruel Manner, and of whom I shall have Occasion to speak several Times; but that unfortunate *Abbe* taking the Liberty to reprove *Bernaville* to his Face, for his insatiable Avarice, his horrid Hypocrisy, and his unbounded Cruelty, that barbarous Governor caus'd him to be thrust into hideous Dungeons, where he made him fast in so cruel a manner, that the whole Frame of his Intellects was disorder'd so as never to be recover'd, unless by a Miracle of Divine Providence. The poor Man became so mad as to be bound, and in Regard that he daily sang *Bernaville's* Praises, reciting all his Cruelties with such a loud Voice, as was heard by all the Neighbourhood, in spite of all the Precautions taken by that refin'd Tyrant, *d'Argenson* and he sent that poor Man to *Bicetre*, the cruellest Place in the World. The Gentlemen of the Reform'd Religion prove there is no Purgatory; but those who have been in the *Bastille*, have Reason to assert the contrary; for the *Bastille* is the Purgatory of *France*, from which all the Masses that are said in an Hundred Years cannot deliver one unfortunate Creature; and *Bicetre* is Hell: To that accursed Place may be apply'd this Distich,

Hic

*Hic Labirynthus adest, quod si delapseris intus ;
Non Labirynthus erit, sed Labor intus erit.*

These Lines depend upon a *Latin* Quibble, or Pun, and signify, That if a Man falls into that *Labyrinth*, it is not a *Labyrinth*, but Labour or Misery in him. The Reader may make the best he can of them.

Bertrand assur'd me, That the third of the *Gonzelles*, who was the *Carmelite*, and taken up at *Dole*, had strangl'd himself in one of the Dungeons of the *Bastille*; but that *Bertrand* being an extravagant Impostor, notwithstanding all the Circumstances he told me of that tragical Death, I will rather believe what other Prisoners have told me; who affirm'd to me, That his Order reclaim'd him, and engag'd to keep him safe, without suffering him to speak to any Person whatsoever, and to produce him, whensoever the King shall demand him of the Superiors.

Count *Brederodes* was about continuing the Relation of his Adventures, when *Ru* brought us our Dinner. I was very much surpriz'd to see a Man of such Worth as the Count, reduc'd to the little Bottle, and the mean Ordinary. But what will not the Avarice of the Officers of the *Bastille* do? They could not deny Count *de Brederodes* being a Man of Quality; his Person, his Air, his Behaviour, all discover'd such Grandeur in him, that he could not conceal it if he would. Monsieur *du Joncas* told me several Times, That he was particularly acquainted with him, and that he would willingly have been serviceable to him, as to an Officer who had distinguish'd himself. He was a very handsome Man, and tho' near seventy Years of Age, had not one Wrinkle. He had good Features, a fresh Colour, blew Eyes, his Hair of a curious Ash-colour, fair, scarce any being yet grey. He was of a middle Stature, but well set, and began to grow fat, having no other Distemper, than what Uneasiness was occasion'd by his Wounds. He was generous,
good,

good, franck, and, by what I could guess, and afterwards learn of People that knew him, he had always been reputed a brave Soldier, and good Officer. In short, he deserv'd a better Fate than the *Bastille*, under the oppressing Weight whereof he sunk, like the worst of Wretches, as I shall relate, when I have told what befell him with us. They brought him his Ordinary together with the *Abbe la Motte's*, to whom, notwithstanding all his Impertinences, I always allow'd Part of mine, which at that Time was still indifferent; but I redoubl'd the Dose in respect to the Count, tho' he refus'd it after a most courteous Manner; and he being a great Lover of Wine, I gave him most of mine, which I did as long as we continu'd together. We contracted a strict Friendship, and I protest his Death, which was in some Manner occasion'd by our Separation, touch'd me to the Quick.

After our Dinner, and that was very short for the Count, because the Meat and Bread could scarce pass down, which made me give him a Soup of steep'd Crusts, which he eat, and drank pure Wine, and then continu'd his Relation, as follows.

When the *Abbe Gonzelle* was gone out of my Room, I was left there alone, and tho' it is very dark, as is known to you, since you have been there, I found my self much at Ease. On the 21st Instant, at four in the Morning, when I was in a profound Sleep, two Men were brought into my Chamber, to bear me Company, one of whom is a Rattle-Brain'd Fellow, who would sooner be taken for the worst of Rakes, than a Church-Man, if he did not wear a short Cassock. That Priest, who sometimes calls himself a *Sicilian*, and sometimes a *Neapolitan*, takes the Name of *Abbe Papafaredo*. He is the most debauch'd of Mankind; the most leud, the most foul mouth'd, the most wretched, the most hideous, the most slovenly in his Cloaths, his Person, and Way of eating, that I ever saw in all my Days. He might rather be taken for an *American* savage *Huron*, than for an *European*.

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His Companion is a very good Man, a Peasant, his Name *Nicolas Sandro*, of the Village of *Fleury des Hayes d' Avenes*, in *Hainault*. That poor unfortunate Creature is Innocent, and a perfect good Mortal. He came to *Paris* to sell Box Spindles, and such-like Baubles, abundance whereof are made in his Village; where he unfortunately met one *Peter Pigeon*, a Man he was acquainted with, who ask'd him, Whether he would hire him his Mare, to help draw a Chaise to *Brussels*, he being to go thither with one. *Sandro*, who was about returning home light, desir'd no better than to make his Advantage of that he thought a favourable Opportunity. He agreed about the Price, and set out with *Pigeon*. This Man carry'd four Women in his Chaise, and a Man rode by as well as *Pigeon*. About ten Leagues from *Paris* some Exempts, attended by a Number of their Followers, fell in upon the Horsemen, the Chaise, the Women that were in it, and those who conducted them, and brought them back to *Paris*. It appear'd, that they were Persons of the Reform'd Religion, whom *Pigeon* convey'd out of the Kingdom. *Sandro* swore he had hir'd him his Mare, without knowing what his Business was, and tho' *Pigeon* affirm'd that the poor Man was most innocent, *d' Argenfon* caus'd his Mare to be sold, took away what little Money he had, and committed him to the *Bastille*, where, notwithstanding his Innocence was known, he was kept several Years. I shall have Occasion to speak of him in the Sequel of this History, and shall tell Part of what that poor injur'd Person suffer'd, as well as *Pigeon*, who was kept 13 Years in the *Bastille*. As soon as those two Persons were in my Chamber, Come, *Sandro*, said the *Abbe*, let us make a Search; and immediately the poor Man thrust himself under my Bed, to see whether there was no Iron Tool there. *Sandro* made his Report, That he had found an Iron Pin, which held the cross Pieces of my Field Bed. The *Abbe*, without any further Ceremony came immediately to me, and said,

said, Up, Sir, rise, I must have an Iron Pin that is under your Bed, I have Occasion for it to enlarge those Windows, which are too narrow, and to give Light to the Room which seems to me too dark. Monsieur l' *Abbe*, said I to him, let me alone; I am in no laughing Humour; and if you have a mind to divert your self, let it not be with me. Up again, said he, let me not bid you any more. Thou distracted *Abbe*, answer'd I, in a Rage, if you put me to the Trouble of rising, it shall be to thresh you after such a Manner, that you shall have Cause to repent your Folly. *Sandro*, said he, this Man does not seem to be very sociable; I perceive we shall not eat a Peck of Salt together. Then he crept close up into a Corner of the Room, and began to call to some Woman, as loud as he could cry, *Hey, Marton, Bondy, la Fleury*, some of the handsomest of you, speak to me. One Woman answer'd him, to whom he utter'd more Filthiness than the leudest Soldier in the Guards would have spoken in the most scandalous Place, at which those Women laugh'd heartily. Poor *Sandro* seem'd to be very uneasy as well as I, however upon the least Signal from the *Abbe* he fulfill'd his Commands. I bore with all, expecting till the Turn-key would bring us our Dinner. When he had open'd the Door, I got up in my Shirt, and laying hold of all the Dishes, threw them out upon the Stairs, railing violently against the Officers. How now, said I to him, does the Governor take me for a Scoundrel, to put all the Mad Men there are in the *Bastille* upon me? If I am guilty of the least Offence, let them chop off my Head, without making me endure so much, or else I shall know how to set my self free from the fatal Slavery my barbarous Tyrants keep me under. It was *Boutonniere*, who had brought our Dinner, the poor Man quak'd, and endeavour'd to appease me, saying, Dear Count, have Patience, I will go call up one of the Officers. The *Abbe* and *Sandro* were amaz'd at the Disturbance I made; and the *Abbe* especially

rav'd to see his Dinner thrown down upon the Stairs: *Boutonniere* brought *Corbe*, who did all he could to appease me, and swore I should be put into the first empty Room they had. I was gone into Bed again, and lay still when he came in. After having told him all my Reasons, which he listen'd to with some Sort of Attention, I said to him, You see, Sir, where I am, I promise you upon the Word of a Man of Honour, that I will continue here, without eating or drinking, and that I will not rise dead or alive, unless it be to go out of this Room, and be deliver'd from the Company of that gallant Man, pointing to the Priest, *Monfieur l' Abbe*, said *Corbe* to him, you know from whence you come, if you will not behave your self better, you shall be put in there again, for the rest of your Days. Friend *Corbe*, answer'd the *Abbe*, you pretend to be a Man of Note, and you are but a Scoundrel. Have not I told thee, thou scrap of a Man, that I will never be quiet till you have put me into a Room with some female Prisoners? Give me *la Marton*, *la Fleury*, *la Bondy*, *la du Bois*, or, in short, any other of yours, or the *Abbe Giraut's* leavings, and then leave me in your devilish Den, pare my Allowance with your sharp Nails as much as you will, and I will not speak one Word more. I can no more live without Women, than your self, you little Goat, or the Russian Chaplain, your Associate in Gallantry. Is that fair Discourse for a Priest? reply'd *Corbe*, ought not you to blush at your Leudness? By the Lord, said the *Abbe*, the Fox preaches to the Geese. And ought not you, Devil of an Officer, to be burnt alive, for having debauch'd all our female Prisoners? And if any one of them refuse, you thrust her into hideous Dungeons, where you make her fast, till she has satisfy'd your brutal Rage, at the Expence of what she holds most dear; for which the *Abbe* gives her Absolution, on Condition that she grants him the same Favour; after which Quails, Partridges, the most exquisite wild Fowl, the choicest Wines, Sweet-

Sweetmeats, and all other the most delicious Things in this World are at her Service, and you daily gorge your selves together, whilst you starve the poor Prisoners to Death. My little stinking Goat, you know I do not lie, and that I speak as an Eye Witness. He would have said more, when *Corbe* went out and shut the Door, assuring me that I should be remov'd from the Company of that infamous Fellow. The *Abbe* return'd to his Post, to give his female Neighbours an Account of what he had just said to *Corbe*, and to inform them he should have no Dinner that Day, because he was with a Count, with whom he perceiv'd he should not find his Account, for he did not delight in pleasant Tales, and had begun by throwing his Dinner down the Stairs; so that he and his faithful *Sandro* were like to dine that Day upon a Sign of the Cross. In short, during the five Days I was with that Man Eater (for he devour'd all that was given to *Sandro*, who eats apart, for a Swine that had been ever so nice would not eat with that beastly *Abbe*) never ceas'd belching out Impertinences prodigiously loud. Last Night *Boutonniere* perceiving that all he had brought me for five Days was still upon my Table, conjur'd me to eat, saying, I should be the Occasion of my own Death, and answerable for it before God. How, answer'd the *Italian*, does that Man eat? He is a petrify'd Man, he does not so much as open his Mouth, and only talks to God. Not so much as a Drop of Water has enter'd his Body these five Days. He is a *Cameleon*; he lives only by the Air. *Boutonniere* sighing, said to me, for he is a very good and tender hearted Waiter, and perceiving I would not answer him, That he would go give the Governor an Account; and this Morning they took me away from that impertinent Madman, to bring me hither, where, but for you, I was resolv'd to starve to Death. I take that Sort of Death to be easy enough, for after fasting five Days, I have felt no other Pain but Weakness. Do not deceive your self,

my Lord, said I, I have been told, That the great Pain of Hunger is not felt till the seventh Day, and I have read in some Book, that it is the most cruel of all sorts of Death. I did not then know, that during the rest of my Imprisonment, I should at two several times be five Days and five Nights without taking the least Nourishment; but that was not voluntarily, like Count *Brederodes*; I was oblig'd to it by the Barbarity of my Tyrants.

When we had a little chear'd our Hearts, and I had somewhat comforted the Count, making him drink one of the Bottles of *Champagne*, I had still left of Mr. *Linck's* Generosity, I desir'd him to be as good as his Word, and to tell me some one of the Stories of *Caen*, he had promis'd, which would serve instead of reading for that Day. With all my Heart, said the Count, upon Condition, that you shall do the like, and pay me in the same Coin, when I have told my Story. I willingly consented, and he did it in this manner.

I stopp'd one Day, to see a Sale of Goods of some Person that was dead. The Auctioner was upon a Table, where he sat on a Chair to be the better heard, it was a little Fellow, his Mien bad enough, and among other Perfections had very red Hair. He had the Art of playing the *Merry Andrew* very awkwardly: After having knock'd down several things to divers Persons, he expos'd to sale an Ivory Crucifix on an Ebony Cross. A Matron happen'd to be present, who had a mind to buy it. That Woman, who seem'd to be one of the meanest sort of People, however look'd very Grave, she had a Forehead Cloath, a flavinging Bib instead of an Handkerchief, a large Silver Girdle about her middle, at which hung a great Bunch of Keys, a Purse, several Bottoms of Thread, and a Case; she was tuck'd up like a *Frier* that goes a Questing. The Auctioner put up the Crucifix at Thirty Sols, and made a scurvy Description of its Beauties, to enhance the Price to the Spectators. The
aforesaid

aforesaid Matron, in a very grave manner, making the Sign of the Cross and a very low Curtsey deliberately, said 40 Sols for my good Saviour. No sooner had she spoke the word, than the Crier, avanc'd to Fifty Sols. Sixty Sols, said the Woman, for that good God, with a loud Voice, but very modestly. Four Livers, said the Crier. An Hundred Sols, answer'd the Matron, for my divine JESUS CHRIST. Six Livers, said the Crier. That Woman, without showing the least concern, took the Crucifix in her right Hand, and making the Crier kiss it. So, said she, kiss it again, and then deliver it up; I said before, that he who sold JESUS CHRIST was red hair'd, like him that was dead. All the People fell a Laughing at the Woman's Notion; only the Judas fell into a Passion, but not so great as to hang himself, when he had deliver'd it up. I thought the Jest so good, that I enquir'd after the Woman's Name, and her Qualities. Her Name was *la Tibrie*, a by-word which signifies little Noise, a Name Ironically given her, because she had a Masculine Voice, and made a dreadful Noise when she talk'd. She was by Trade a dealer in Herbs and Fruit, and had a Stall before the Shambles, where she us'd to catechise the Scholars, who made her fret, notwithstanding a Pint of Brandy, she took every Morning to answer their Ribaldry, and I was assur'd, that the Day she had put the Crier, whose Name was *Rougeval*, out of Countenance, she had doubled the Dose.

You have told me a Story, my Lord, said I, which I knew before; but which you have made new to me, by your Embellishments. I knew the two Parties mention'd, and I was, as a very arch Scholar, one of the Disturbers of the Matron *Tibrie's* rest; who in Winter had always a Pan of Coals between her Legs, into which I have thrown many Squibs, and many Crackers, as I was bargaining for her Fruit, and God knows how many Blessings she bestow'd on me, when

the Squib had set Fire to her Smock, or the Cracker had bombarded her Thighs.

To be as good as my word, now we are upon the Crucifix, I will tell you what happened at *Ville-Dieu*, a little Town, whither I withdrew to avoid the Bombardment of *Granville*, my Place of Residence, when the *English* and *Dutch* came to bombard that Place, and *St. Malo*, during the War, which ended in the Peace of *Ryswick*, which I was told upon the Spot. This Story will make you sensible of the Simplicity of the Townsmen, who would be the best People in the World, if Litigiousness were not crept in among, to feed on their Substance. They are most of them Braziers, but rich, active, laborious, and devout to Superstition, their Curate, who was Covetous, and Luxurious in the highest Degree, tho' Seventy Years of Age, and as white as a Leek, had a particular Gift of alluring the tenderest Pullets in his Parish; and more particularly to extract the Quintessence of the Pockets of those simple Christians, and ingage them to adorn his Church, which their Devotion has made magnificent, at the Perswasion of that crafty Fox; he preach'd to them one day, that their Crucifix being too old, God would not bless their Labour, unless they set up a new one in it's place. Immediately after his Sermon, the great Bell of his Church was rung. The chief of those *Cyclops* assembled, and plainly perceiv'd, that the last Storm which had beaten down their Apples, had been occasion'd by the Oldness of their Crucifix, and that the means to appease God, was to buy a very stately one. Three of the most intelligent of their Body were appointed to buy it, with orders to spare no Cost. Their Curate directed them to an able Sculptor in the Town of *Constance*, who made Crucifixes, so lively that they wanted nothing but speaking, the common Defect of that Country. The three Deputies left their Forges, from which the Noise of the Hammers is heard above a League about the Town, with a dread-
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ful Smoak, and set out with a good Sum of Money for their Purchase, and a Cart to bring the Crucifix, well furnish'd with Straw, to avoid bruising it. When they came to the Sculptor's, he show'd them Crucifixes of all sorts. It was charming to hear those three skilfull Men make their Observations on the Artift's Work. One Crucifix had a wry Mouth, another look'd a Squint, another made Faces, and would fright their Gossips Children. One of them said, a Crucifix wept uglily, and that he should not like that his Wife, who was big with Child, should pray before it. Another said, it was too fine and delicate, and might put ill thoughts into his Daughters, who were already but too forward. However, at last, after having made many Reflections, they pitch'd upon two, one of which represented JESUS dying, and the other JESUS dead. The Sculptor ask'd them, which they would have, the dying or the dead. Odds Bobs, said they, could not the Curate who knows all things, have told us, whither he would have JESUS CHRIST alive, or dead? He puts us to much trouble, for we must certainly consult him about it, and return to *Ville Dieu* to know his Will. They set out very much concern'd, for not having concerted things better, and railing at the Curate, who had not instructed them better. *Oblin* and his Gossip *Bataille* were foremost, discoursing about the good Workmanship of the Crucifixes they had seen; Gaffer *Engerrant*, the wisest of the three, who follow'd at some good distance from the other two, began to call after them as loud as he was able, Hey, Hey, Gossips, come back, come back; by the Lord *Harry*, we are great Fools, and poor senseless Fellows: Ods Bobs, let us take the living Crucifix and carry it so to our Curate, and if he is for a dead one, let him kill it.

Ville Dieu is a Commendary, belonging to the Knights of *Malta*, whereof the Knight and Marques de *Roche Chouart*, Cousin to Madam de *Montespan* was then Commander, and has been succeeded by the

the Chevalier *de Bellefontaine*. When I was there Monsieur *de Roche Chouart* made his first entry into the place. The Inhabitants of the Town resolv'd to have a Fishing Bout, to present him, together with their Town Wine, some Trouts, which are extraordinary good, and wherewith their River abounds. The three Gossips mention'd in the Story above, were appointed to preside over that Fishery, and went into the Water to fish themselves. The first thing that came into their Net was an Ass, which had been thrown into the River when dead, by certain Millers. Our Fishermen, by the Weight, fancy'd it had been a prodigious Fish. One said it was a Whale; another affirm'd, that it was impossible, for a Whale was bigger than all *Ville Dieu*. The third concluded it was a Dolphin, and that being a Royal Fish, it was not lawful for them to draw it out of the Water, unless it were in the presence of a Judge. The Notion was too good not to be follow'd. Gossip *Engerrant* therefore went out of the Water, and without waiting to take his Shirt, put on only his Drawers, to go call the Bailiff, and charge him to come to the place to see their Fishery. Whilst he went upon his Deputation, not over ceremoniously dress'd, but so as to set the Bailiffs Lady and her Daughter a Laughing, Gossip *Oblin* had the Curiosity to see what Colour a Dolphin was of. To that effect, he drew up the Net. The first thing the Dolphin shew'd was an Ear. By my Troth, said Gossip *Battaille*, I was in the right to say it was a Whale, for there are its Fins. *Oblin* drew the Nets a little higher, and discover'd the Ass's Snout, which showing its Teeth, seem'd to laugh at their Surprize; and at last up came all the Head, which convinc'd them, that their Whale and Dolphin were metamorphos'd into an Ass. *Oblin*, cry'd out hastily to his Gossip *Engerrant*, who had been already at the Bailiff's, who had only stopp'd to put on his Robe and Cap, that he might perform that Act with the more Decency, and began to appear like a Magistrate

gistrate in the Meadow, coming to the Place; Hey, Hey, Gossip *Engerrant*, go back and bid the Bailiff not to come, it is but an Ass, it is but an Ass. Note, that the Bailiff, whose Name was *Henry Maurice*, and who thought himself one of the smartest Doctors of the Civil Law, might very well have been matriculated among the Society of the long ear'd ones. I made the Marques *de Roch-Chouart*, with whom I kept Company, during his stay there, laugh heartily at this Story.

You see, my Lord, I have given you two Stories for your one. I understand you, said he, I owe you one, and will discharge it by telling you a true Thing, which happen'd to me not long since, and perhaps you may know the Persons concern'd.

Soon after I was marry'd to the Marchioness *de Bois-Roger*, I bore her Company in a Journey she took into the Lower *Normandy*. Being somewhat indispos'd at *Caen*, she stay'd there, and desir'd me to go to *Vire*, to receive some Money of her Creditors. I was alone in my Chaise, with my Coachman and one Footman, when about a League out of the City, I spy'd a Man walking afoot before me. He stopp'd to ask me very courteously, whether I was going to *Vire*? Having answer'd, I was, he entreated me so handsomely to afford him Room in my Chaise, that I could not refuse him, notwithstanding his scurvy Mien. I found he did not want for Wit; but it was wicked; and he told me he was an Advocate at *Cerance*, and his Name *Antony Folain*, *Sieur de la Pille-vestiere*. *Cerance* being a Place unknown to me, he was fain to describe it, that I might understand his Meaning. It is, said he, a Viscounty, whereof the Count *de Montgomery-Chantelou* is Lord. It is a Borough three Leagues from *Contance*, a Bishoprick in the Lower *Normandy*; but there is so great an Antipathy between the Inhabitants thereof and ours, that we cannot endure one another. We are continually at Law with each other; and if an Inhabitant of

Cerance

Creance should happen to have eaten with one of *Coutance*, he would never dare return to the Borough, without running the Hazard of being ston'd to Death; and in like manner, if an Inhabitant of *Coutance* should happen to talk to one of *Cerance*, that would be sufficient to make all his Fellow Citizens look upon him as if he had the Plague. We never go to *Coutance*, unless it be upon Tryals, tho' we are most certain to be cast; but then we immediately appeal to the Parliament of *Roan*, where we are look'd upon as the Pillars of the Hall, where we push Things on against them as far as the Law will go. The Hatred and Law-Suits are perpetuated from Father to Son among us, and I know some that are so far intail'd upon the Family, that there were some which were commenc'd by the Great Grandfather of the Chief of the Family, and will not perhaps be decided by the Grandson of him that is now in Being; so skilfull are we in multiplying Entities. A good Attack and a good Defence. When we have no Law-Suit depending with them, we soon find Means to commence one, and then, whether they will or no, we contend with them till Death. I cannot conceive, said I, how it is practicable to draw a Man into a Law-Suit, whether he will no; for my Part, I would defy the most litigious Man in the World, to contrive commencing a Process against me in Form. Alas, Sir, answer'd he, if you were an Inhabitant of *Coutance*, I would soon make you change your Tone; but you are too worthy a Person to be of that Place; besides that, I would not be ungratefull for the Favour you do me of carrying me in your Chaise; but if you would lay a small Wager with me, I would bet two to one, that I would to Morrow Morning commence a Process against you, which you would find Trouble enough to get rid of. I do not in the least question your Ability, Sir, said I; but I cannot perceive which Way you would attack me, unless you would find fault with me for having given you
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the Left instead of the Right Hand in my Chaise; Fye, Sir, answer'd he, I do not regard those Trifles; I go upon what is real, essential and solid; what is solid, solid by the Lord; and if you will but tell me your Name, I will to Morrow give you a cast of my Office. I am call'd, Count *Brederodes*, said I. That's enough, Sir, answer'd he; where did you lye last Night at *Caen*? And where will you lodge to Night at *Vire*? I lay, reply'd I, at the Sign of the *Cross* at *Caen*; and shall lye in the best Inn at *Vire*, if you will show it me. Sir, said he, the best is good for nothing, but the most tolerable is the *White-Horse*, whither I will do my self the Honour to conduct you. Which I accepted, and we arriv'd there, after he had sufficiently tir'd me with Litigiousness all the Way. As soon as we alighted in the Court of the Inn, he vanish'd, after having desir'd the Hostler to remember, that he had seen us come in together, which my Footman told me the next Morning. The Host seeing me alone, and having ask'd my Servants who I was, ask'd me, Whether I would sup in Company? I desir'd no better. He led me into a large Room, where there were eight or ten Covers on a Table, another was brought for me, and the Meat serv'd up. We far'd well, and those I eat with, did me Honour, as a Stranger, new come, and good humour'd. They were all Citizens, Men of the Pen, who had met there, to devour some Country Gentlemen, that were come to the Town upon Law-Suits. One *I' Isle Chapedelaine* seem'd to preside among the Throng of Clients. I was inform'd, he was the most able Advocate in ten Leagues about, who understood all the Wiles of Litigiousness, and might have writ Commentaries on *Godefroy* and *Banage*, had he not been so great a Lover of the Bottle, for he was oftner at the *White Horse* than at Home, where his Wife was far from keeping a Table, as Living on the Presents of her Husband's Clients, and sold three Parts of them. That *Chapedelaine* was reckon'd a Devil at a Process; he

he quoted the *Code* and Common Law so readily, that it plainly appear'd he had study'd them better than the Lord's Prayer, or the Apostles Creed. He listen'd to himself, and talking well enough, caus'd others to give Ear to him; for he was the Oracle of the Country, and that is no small Matter, for the Town of *Vire* has the Reputation of producing many good Wits,. He ask'd me what I came to do in their Town? Whether upon Law Business? in which Case he freely offer'd me his Service. I thank'd him, as I ought, for his obliging Offers, and protested that I had never been at Law in my Life. Good God, said he, what Countryman are you, where the Goddess of Justice is so little regarded, and where perhaps the Ignorance of the Laws is look'd upon as Merit. I told him, I was a *Dutchman*, and went about to show him how much *Mercury* was preferable to a blind Deity, whose Worshippers generally liv'd so miserably and generally dy'd in an Hospital. I had to do with a dreadful Adversary; and yet I defended my Cause so well, that tho' all Judges were Parties against me, they thought fit, out of Complaisance, to give the Cause on my side. Wine was call'd for after Supper and we chatted till the Night was far advanc'd, telling the most diverting Stories. They protested I pleas'd them to Perfection, and that I should have been worth my Weight in Gold, had I been call'd to the Bar. My Company and I parted, so mutually pleas'd, that we promis'd to dine together the next Day in the same place. I went to Bed very well satisfy'd with my new Acquaintance, and slept soundly, when in the Morning, I was awak'd by one Monsieur *Loyal*, who came to beg leave to serve me with a Summons, a little Summons regarding my Person, and having writ three or four words on a Scrap of Paper, laid it on the Table, and making two or three low Bows, went out of the Room. When I had rubb'd my Eyes, and was sure I did not dream, I ask'd my Footman, who had shut the Door after that Messenger

ger of ill News, what the Man wanted. It is Sir, said he, a little Summons, a little Summons he gives you, and having brought me that Knaveish Fellow's Scrap of Paper to the Bed, I descypher'd, as well as I could, that which I afterwards thought fit to learn by Heart, it appear'd to me so ridiculous that I shall never forget it, and was a Summons, as follows Word for Word.

I, the underwritten, Yves Griffon, Matriculated Sergeant of the Rod in the Presidial Court, Bailywick and Viscounty of Vire, and living in the Pilory-Street, summoning throughout all the Extent of the Jurisdiction of Vire, assisted by my two usual Witnesses, do certify, That on Thursday, such a Day of such a Month, in such a Year, about Nine in the Morning, at the Request of Master Anthony Folain, Sieur de la Pillevesiere, Advocate in the County of Cerance, and residing and being at present in this Town of Vire, where he has appointed for his Attorney Master John Monlien, Attorney in ordinary of this Place, in whose House he had made Choice of his abode, only for 24 Hours; I went to the Inn, at which hangs for a Sign the White Horse, where I summon'd Count Brederodes, as he told me he was call'd, when I talk'd to him in Person, to be and appear to Morrow at ten in the Morning, as in a provisional Affair, at the Hour prefix'd before the Lieutenant General of the said Presidial Court, or his Deputy, to see himself condemn'd, and that Bodily, to pay to the said Plaintiff the Sum of Ninety Nine Livers, Nineteen Sols, Six Deniers Tournois, which he lent in good and lawful current Coin, some Days since, to the said Lord, Count Brederodes, in his urgent Necessity, in the City of Caen, at his Inn, at which hangs for a Sign the Cross, where the said Lord Count lodg'd; all which he offers to prove and make out by good and sufficient Witnesses, in Case he shall disown the same. The said Plaintiff protesting, that he will remain in this Town, at the Expence of the said Count Brederodes, till the Actual Payment of the said Sum; without any Impeachment to the Expences, Interests, and other Demands of the said Plaintiff,

Plaintiff, and his proceeding farther as shall be found requisite. This Relation given and left, to the Effect as above, pursuant to the Ordinance. Sign'd, Folain Advocate, Griffon, Brisemiche, and Frisecorde, with their Marks.

I could not forbear laughing at first, at my Knave's Prank, but then reflecting, that he was too Impudent to stop there, and that by the Help of his good and sufficient Witnesses he would make me pay Ten Pistoles, for having taken him into my Chaise, I resolv'd to be gone that Evening, to avoid the Persecution of that Forger. At Noon, *Chapedelaine* and his Friends did not forget to come to the Inn. I acquainted them with my Adventure, at which they laugh'd heartily, and assur'd me, that was one of the least of the Tricks of that gallant Fellow, whom they knew perfectly well. I told them, I would put him to the Trouble of coming for the Ten Pistoles he demanded, to *Bois-Roger*, where there was no Want of Wood to pay him with Interest. Take heed of that, said *Chapedelaine*, he would desire no better than that you should suffer your self to be cast here by Default, to run up the Charges, which he would find means to make you pay, without exposing himself to your Wrath. What shall I do then, said I, shall I give a Knave Ten Pistoles, for being his Cully, who will laugh at me, and be applauded by his trusty Companions? You are at a Stand, answer'd *Chapedelaine*, in a plain way; but I oblige my self to quit you of this Affair, if you will promise to give this Company a Bottle of *Champagne* to Morrow in the Afternoon, when you have gain'd your Cause. The Proposal was too fair not to be admitted, and I freely consented to it. Upon Condition, answer'd he, that you shall let me speak, and whatsoever I shall urge, you are not to interrupt my Pleading. This I also agreed to. The next Morning I repair'd to the Court, with my Advocate *Chapedelaine*, follow'd by his Gang, where I found *Folain*, who saluted me smiling, as if

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I had been oblig'd to be one of his best Friends ; but I look'd upon him with a threat'ning Countenance, which made him resolve to implore the Protection of the Judges against the Sallies of an ungrateful Debtor. Our Cause was call'd, and my Adversary having ask'd leave of the Lieutenant-General to speak, pleaded thus. My Lords, there is no need of long Speeches, to tell you, that being four Days ago with Count *Brederodes*, in an Inn at *Caen*, at which hangs the Cross for a Sign, he told me, he could not tell how to come away, having no Money, and knowing that he was coming hither to receive some, of his Debtors, I lent him 99 Livers, 19 Sols, and six Deniers, to ease him of the Trouble he was in. To requite my Civility, he brought me hither from *Caen* in his Chaise; but I was very much surpriz'd, when two Days ago in the Evening, praying him to be as good as his Word, and return my Money, he had the Boldness to say, he ow'd me nothing; and having by the greatest Fortune in the World Witnesses to the thing, I desire to make Proof of it, in case the said Count denies it, with which I conclude, and refer to my Breviat: I have said. *Chapedelaine* having saluted the Judges, said, My Lords, I plead for the Count *de Brederodes*, my Client, here present, who owns that the said *Folain*, in the most obliging manner in the World, lent him at *Caen*, not only 99 Livers, 19 Sols, and six Deniers, but the full Sum of Ten Pistoles, which the Ordinance forbids Master *Folain* to demand again of the said Lord Count entire. When I heard him begin after that manner, I thought he had combin'd with my Pickpocket, and could not forbear pushing of him, and saying, God is my Life, Sir, you spoil me; he never lent me a Penny. Hold your Peace, said he to me, haughtily, and then going on with his Discourse, But, my Lords, I am much more surpriz'd at Monsieur *Folain*, who is for having two Crops of the same Ground; for I offer to prove, and to make appear by good and sufficient Witnesses, whom I am ready to produce, that two

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Days

Days ago, soon after the said Lord Count arriv'd in this Town, he repaid the said *Sieur Folain* his Money, in the same Specie he had lent it him at *Caen*, with the Gratification of a Bottle of Wine, which he gave him here at the Inn, where hangs the Sign of the *White-Horse*, and where I, who am speaking to you, drank my Share of it. After that fine Pleading, *Chapedelaine* and his Company fell a laughing heartily, seeing *Folain* in a Rage, who could make *Chapedelaine* no other Answer than, Fye, Master *Chapedelaine*, you spoil the Trade, and so went away in a Passion from the Court; *Chapedelaine* protesting, that Charity and his Duty oblig'd him to favour Strangers. I return'd to the Inn, with my Advocate and his Admirers; I presently scrupulously perform'd my Promise; I made them drink as much as they would; then I made an end of my Business, and got as fast as I could into my Chaise, to fly from *Vire*, and never to return thither as long as I liv'd.

When the Count had told his Story, I said, I was thoroughly acquainted with those Advocates, and knew several of their Tricks; that neither of them was a Whit better than the other; that *Chapedelaine* being the Baron *de Montbray's* Advocate, and in Confederacy with that Lord's Attorney, they had found means to strip the poor Baron of his Lands, and make even with him for their Proceedings. *Chapedelaine* had for his share the Barony of *Montbray*, and the Attorney the Estate of *l' Acherie*, which they are actually possess'd of. I my self, who am talking to you, lent a private Person of *St. Vigor de Monts*, *Chapedelaine's* Kinsman some Money; my Debtor play'd me a Cheat, whereof I complain'd to *Chapedelaine*, and plainly show'd him, that it was in my Power to cause his Kinsman to be shamefully and corporally punish'd, which I would have done, had it not been for his sake. *Chapedelaine* thank'd me with the most specious outwards Signs of Gratitude; protested he would make him pay me, or he would do it himself for his

Cousin,

Cousin, and when he had got my Papers, he made me lose my Debt, and I could never get any Satisfaction from that Mediator, who has ruin'd above thirty Families. He is also encourag'd by his Wife, who seems to be an Original, not a perfect Copy of Avarice. A right *Megeva*, whose crooked steel'd Talons will rake something from an Egg, and who carries a Tin Pocket under her Petticoats, as *Tardieu*, the Lieutenant Criminal's Wife at *Paris* did, to carry off all the Scraps she can convey into it at Feasts, whither she is invited out of Fear of her Husband. That sort of People are Plagues in a Commonwealth, when they apply to the Destruction of it, the Learning they acquir'd to maintain the Laws. *Montlieu* whom you mention'd in your Summons, was formerly a Plague Carrier, and enter'd as such in the Register Books of the Town of *Vire*, which allow'd him Fifty Livres Wages for that honourable Employment, and for the Conveniences of his executing it, they had allow'd him to make a little Shed twelve Foot high, near the House of Health, for him to lye in. After having follow'd several of the meanest Employments, he found means to become an Attorney, or Solicitor, and in that Preferment has robb'd so prodigiously with his Pen, that he has got immense Wealth. Lastly, the King has ennobled him and a Fear of Horses of the same Town, who had got a like Fortune by the same means, each of them having given 2000 Crowns to obtain those Titles of Honour, and *d'Argenson* wonders that the Emperor should make the Son of a Notary, a Count of the Empire. *Odor lucri ex re qualibet optimus*. Gain smells Sweet, whatsoever it comes from. Very few have such refin'd Wits as the People of *Vire*, which has occasion'd the following Distich;

*Viria Viripotens varia Virtute virefcit ;
A Magnifque Viris Viria Nomen habet.*

That is such another quibbling Distich as that we had before, and will bear but a wretched Interpretation.

But since they have made Litigiousness their favourite Deity, being inspir'd by its Genius, they are for the most Part unfortunately become Cheats and Knaves. We had a fine Demesne upon that Town, which was worth to us 2000 Livres a Year. One of my Brothers, who understood the Art of War better than the Custom of *Normandy*, went to let a Lease of it to a Farmer, who under Colour of getting him to sign a Lease, was so cunning as to make him sign a Sale, which we could never retrieve; tho' the Fraud was evident, we lost our Demesne, after much Money and Time spent to recover it by Law. *Chapedelaine* is a great Lout, who is continually chewing Tobacco.

The Advocate *Pillevesfiere* is all of a Colour, which is that of sweet Cyder, his Hat, his Peruke, his Eyes, his Face, his Cravat, his Cloaths, are all of the same Colour; even his very Behaviour seems to be all sweet; but at the Bottom it is all the sharpest Vinegar; no Aqua Fortis is more astringent. When he falls upon any one, it appears. I was particularly acquainted with one Monsieur *Lucas*, a Trader of *Granville*, and a very pleasant Man, who told a Story of *Folain Pillevesfiere*, before his Face, without knowing him. Talking of the Aversion the Inhabitants of *Coutance* had for those of *Cerance*, he said, That the Advocate going in to Breakfast with one of his Clients, into an Eating-House at *Coutance*, where all the merry Fellows of the City us'd to meet. The Man of the House, who knew neither *Pillevesfiere*, nor his Client, because they were both of *Cerance*, serv'd up their Breakfast on a little Table by his Fire. That very Moment one of the merry Blades, who went oft'ner to that Eating-House than to the Cathedral, spying *Pillevesfiere* at Breackfast by the Fire. What hast thou done, said he to the Man of the House, unhappy Wretch? How comest thou to have
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the Impudence to entertain *Pilleveffiere*, the Advocate of *Cerance*, do you think that any Youth of this City will come any more to your House? Go thy Way, said he, thou art excommunicated ipso facto. The Man of the House in a Consternation, turn'd *Folain* out of his House, without taking his Money, notwithstanding which, none of the merry Rakes would come near his House. The Host to bring them back, consented to cleanse it himself, and to pay a Fine, for having entertain'd *Pilleveffiere*, and his Client, unknown to him, at his Table. The House was smoak'd with Juniper; the Host was oblig'd to pass three times through the Smoak, detesting *Pilleveffiere* and all the Inhabitants of *Cerance*. This done, he treated all the merry Youths, and this sort of honourable Amends, or voluntary Satisfaction, made the Man's Fortune, by means of the Concourse of the Citizens of *Contance*, of the good Feeders, who went thither in Swarms to make merry. It is observ'd of *Contance*, that there are in the Town Twenty Eating Houses, and all those who keep them are rich, and only one Sword Cutler who is very poor, a Sign that those People are more affected to eating than fighting. *Pilleveffiere*, who had permitted Monsieur *Lucas* to tell his Story, without interrupting him, when he had done, took those for Witnesses, and su'd the poor Historian in such a manner, that he had like to ruin him, notwithstanding the Proofs Monsieur *Lucas* could so easily bring to the Truth of the Fact, which had happened in the Sight of all the People of a great City. Nay, it went so far that the People of *Cerance* were fain to send one of their Townsmen to *Contance*, to keep an Inn for them only, there being no Man in the City that would entertain them, and no other being willing or daring to let his House to that Inn-keeper, they were oblig'd to buy one, where none lye but People of *Cerance*. The Inn-keeper so deputed, has made a Publick Instrument, importing, that he did not go to settle at *Contance*, on any other Account than for the Service of the Publick, which should not be

any way Prejudicial to him, in case he or his Children should desire to return to *Cerance*, where they are not to be molested by their Fellow Townsmen, since it was done upon a good Design; but on the contrary, they should be receiv'd like Men who had sacrific'd themselves for their Country.

All the meaner People of *Cerance*, live by being Evidences; they go to the Courts, appear boldly before the Judges, and for a small matter they depose what they are requir'd to say, after having learn'd their Lessons well. It is true, that if any one happens to falter, they have not Sense enough to make good his Deposition, without flinching, but he receives a very sensible and dishonourable Chastisement (Whipping) but the Evil being almost Universal in the Borough of *Cerance*, it is not afterwards regarded.

That *Folain Pillepeffiere* grew at last so tricking in his Profession, that becoming litigious with the very People of *Cerance*, they expell'd him their Sanctuary; which oblig'd him to go settle at *Granville*, to the great Misfortune of that pleasant Place, which is free from Imposts, and the Inhabitants the best People under the Sun, liv'd in the greatest Simplicity imaginable; but since that *Folain*, *Quesnel*, *le Parce-Couroys*, *Tnor*, *l'Anglois*, and a Numerous Train of Natives of *Cerance*, and other Rabble, are settled there, they have so strangely possess'd the meaner sort with the Spirit of Litigiousness, that it is to be fear'd they will become as bad as the very People of *Cerance*; which would have been brought to pass already, were they not withheld by the Awe and Example of several Persons of singular Worth, as Monsieur *de la Ferriere*, their Governor, Messieurs *Piquelin*, Lieutenant General, *le Sauvage*, Lieutenant of the Admiralty, *Baubriant*, *l'Evesque*, Captains of Ships, *St. Pair*, the King's Solicitor, *le Cocq*, *Loiseliere*, and several others. I mention them here to do Justice to their Virtue, with which I have been very much edify'd; whilst I abhorr'd those Wretches, who glory'd in being reckon'd the Disturbers

bers of the Publick Peace. I have seen a Suit preferr'd there for having taken a Hen out of a Hedge on the Road, and let her go immediately, which had already Cost above 10000 Crowns. Above an Hundred Witneses had been examin'd on both sides. Excepting against Judges as partial; Writs of errors; Disabling of Evidences, no Litigious Trick had been omitted; the very Vicars and Curates have been drawn in, who had been oblig'd to pronounce Censures, and yet could not forbear exclaiming against those Abuses, and doubtless that Affair will not be decided, till it costs the Lives of several, who will be hang'd for their Forgeries, and others sent to the *Galleys*, who will have cause to curse *Simon's Hen*.

I must tell you a Prank of the Men of *Cerance*, which will make you acquainted with the Genius of that devilish Nation. Monsieur *Piquelin*, Lieutenant General of *Granville*, who is a very worthy Man, and rich, has several Lands about *Cerance*, and one which unfortunately happens to be within the Territory of that Place. The Inhabitants of that Concourse of Villains, had broke the Bell of their Church. The Business was how to get it cast again, without being at any Expende. Thus they went about it: One Day as Monsieur *Piquelin's* Father was passing thro' *Cerance*, to go to his Estate, they stopp'd him, under Pretence of doing him Honour. They made him alight from his Horse, which they carry'd to the Sindick's, pretending to give him Oats. The Sindick's Wife was newly lain in. They desir'd that reverend old Man to name the Child, and seemingly the more to honour him, they begg'd of him, as a Favour, to choose himself a Gossip, the most beautiful, and of the best Quality in the Place, to stand God-mother with him. The good Man yielded to their Importunity. After the Ceremony of Baptism, it is the Custom of the Country, and of the greatest Part of *France*, for the God-father and God-mother, to go themselves to ring the Church Bells, and give Money to have

them rung. For it is an establish'd Tradition, the Truth whereof is verify'd by all old Women, who have us'd above a Pail of Holy Water to cleanse themselves, that the longer they are rung, the better the Infant's Voice will be. No sooner had the good Man taken the Rope into his Hand than they charg'd him with having broken their Bell. The Sindick, notwithstanding the Kindred he had newly contracted with him, was the first that depos'd against his Gossip. They secur'd him, and protested they would not restore him his Horse, till he had paid for their Bell. In fine, to get clear of those Harpies, Monsieur *Piquelin* was oblig'd to give them Fifty Crowns; resolving never to pass through *Cerance* again, for fear of such another fatal Adventure.

Those worthy People of *Cerance*, the Debauchers of the Inhabitants of *Granville*, have ruin'd one of the Curates of that Town. He is a Man of Birth, of Piety, Zeal, and Worth, and not remote from the Kingdom of God. His Name is *du Hommet*, of the most ancient Gentry. That good Prelate being weary of instructing them, without being able to amend them, bethought himself to have a Crucifix engrav'd, about which he caus'd those ravenous Wolves, rather than Sheep, to be represented in several Postures. *Champion* was piercing our Saviour's Side, and under it was writ, *Alas, wretched Champion, do you pierce the just Man?* *Le Hognais*, *Parcouroys*, and *Tnor*, were throwing Dice, at the Foot of the Cross, for our Saviour's Garment, next to them were these Words, *Hazard, provided I get the Booty.* *Folain* was mounted on an Ass, with his Lawyer's Gown, and the Inscription was, *It is written that one must dye for the People.* *Quesnel* and *l'Anglois* presented our Saviour with a Sponge dipp'd in Vinegar, and by them was writ, *Let us see whether any one will come to deliver you out of our Hands.* Several other Inhabitants of *Cerance* were about the Cross, blaspheming against the Son of God, under whose Cross were engrav'd these Words in large

large Characters. O Soul of Cerance, conceive the Excess of my Sufferings by the Excess of your Malice, which is more cruel than the Spear that pierces my Side, than the Nails that run thro' my Hands and Feet, and than the Thorns wherewith my Head is crown'd, for your sake.

He thought such a moving Picture would bring them to themselves, that they might detest their Sins, and be converted ; but it only serv'd to furnish them Matter to go to Law with their zealous Pastor ; and joyning all together, they prosecuted him to the utmost ; at which that good Curate's Colleague was well pleas'd. His Name is *Gautier*, and his Soul being altogether of *Cerance*, he blew the Coals those Furies were kindling, to make them torment his Associate ; for the Church of *Granville* is serv'd by two Curates, who are like Rabbits, a fat and a lean ; that is, one good, one bad.

When I had concluded the Praises of those illustrious Persons, *Ru* came in with our Supper, which made us alter our Discourse. We made a light Supper, for several Reasons, the first of which was because we had nothing good ; and the second, the Count's Indisposition ; after which, we went to converse with the Prince, and our other Neighbours, to whom the Count gave Proofs of his Capacity. The Prince told us, he was to appear the next Day before the Officers, and if we had a Mind to see him through the Crevices we had made for that Purpose in the Wall, he would stop some Time before us. I ask'd, how he would be clad, that we might the better know him. He told us, he would that Day put on a fine Stuff-Coat, with Gold Lace, and have a white Feather on his Hat ; which made his Companion *Tozain* laugh out heartily, the Cause whereof I could not guess at, but we shall see it in the Sequel.

In short, we continu'd our Conversation, the Pleasantness whereof, and particularly the Count's, much alleviated the Uneasiness occasion'd by the *Abbe la Motte*,

Motte, who was nevertheless become much more tractable, since the Count came into our Chamber. I every Day contriv'd the most pleasing Scenes. I caus'd the Count to tell us those Parts of his Life, which concern'd them both respectively. I ask'd the Count, what he would have done to the Curate of *Lery*, if he had found him. I design'd, said the Count, to begin by compelling him to give the Certificate of my Marriage with my Wife in due Form; and had he refus'd it, I would have kill'd him, without Quarter; and if he had given it me, that he might suffer for having made me run after him, and to reward him as he deserv'd, I had resolv'd to put him into such a Condition, that he might, for the future, be a good Curate; for having been inform'd, that he was a most dissolute Scoundrel, I would have cut off the Occasions of his Gallantries, with his Nose and Ears. During this Discourse, the *Abbe la Motte* was in a Sweat, and made as many Contorsions as if he had been possess'd. I took the Curate of *Lery's* Part against the Count, that he might talk the more. I told him, what a Crime it would have been to dismember a Priest, and then how impossible it would have been to execute his Design; that besides the Curate's being able and strong, who consequently would have defended himself, it would have been impossible to have made an Eunuch of him in a strange Country, where that Priest would have had Help. If he had defended himself well, answer'd the Count, I would have chose to kill him, that I might have him the more at Command, and more easily execute my Resolution. And to the End I might not be surpriz'd at my Work, I would have caus'd him to be enticed into some private Place by a Lady of Pleasure, where he would have been at my Discretion, without my running the least Risque. Sometimes I ask'd the Count, what a Parsonage that of *Lery* was? I said, I had been told, he was a Prelate of Note; that his Benefice was equal to some Bishopricks; that

that I remember'd I had read in a *Gazette*, when that Abbot abjur'd the *Roman Religion* at *London*, that the Bishop of *Lery* had renounc'd his Errors, and that I had always heard it said, that his Family was one of the best in the Country, and very honourable. No Man can inform you better as to that than my self, reply'd the Count, I have been upon the Spot, where I was inform'd, that the Parsonage of *Lery* was not worth above 400 Livers, or, at the very best, 500. As for his Family, I saw his Father and Mother; I examin'd them several Times; they are honest poor People, who would have been reduc'd to Beggary, were it not for their eldest Son, who is a plain labouring Man, and maintains them out of the Profit of the Land he farms of the Cardinal *de Bouillon*. The last Time I saw him, after having waited for him long in his own House, I saw him come with his Plough, having been a Ploughing, with a Linnen Frock on, over a coarse Coat, to keep it from the Dirt, with above two Pound of Nails about his Shooes, and Linnen Stockins on his Legs. All the while this Account lasted, the Curate of *Lery* was under dreadful Convulsions, and pretending to sing an Antiphon out of his Breviary, in plain Song said, *He certainly imposes on you, he lyes uncorrected, uncorrected, uncorrected, Hallelujah.* To make Tryal of the Count's Sincerity, I ask'd him about some positive Facts which I knew of the Curate; as for Instance, How much he had given the Curate for performing the Ceremony of his Marriage? What a Place the Castle of *Bois-Roger* was? To which he answer'd agreeably to what the Priest had told me; that he had given him ten Pistoles, for coming from *Lery* to *Roan* to marry him. That *Bois-Roger* had formerly been a very fine Estate and Lordship, but quite decay'd and going to Ruin, through the Carelessness of his Wife. That the Walls of the Castle were half fallen, and that there was neither Order nor Oeconomy in that House. From this, and all that *Sorel* himself had told

told me, I conjectur'd that the Count's Report was true.

That Year the Heat was excessive, which occasion'd the Count and the *Abbe* to walk about the Room in their Shirts. The *Abbe*, to carry that Gallantry higher, was for taking off his Shirt; but I protested I would not bear with it, and declar'd I would make Application to be parted from him, if he would exceed in his Impudence. He was so enrag'd at it, that the same Night, being the first of *July*, he gave the Turn-key a Note. The Consequences made us guess at the Contents of it; for the very next Morning, the Prisoners in the *Calotte*, or upper Room, were search'd; but they had stopp'd their Hole so nicely, that tho' the Officers protested they knew for certain, that they had a Communication with those in the fourth Chamber, and with us, they could not prevail upon them to confess it, and certainly had our Neighbours in the fourth Room us'd the same Precaution, the Officers finding nothing, would have charg'd the *Abbe* with Imposture and Calumny. But going to visit the two Prisoners in the fourth Room, they found their Hole open, they having wanted Time to stop it up. The Officers spoke at the Hole, to discover what Place it had Communication with, and the *Abbe la Motte* ran immediatly to the Chimney to answer them. They came next to our Chamber, where they made a great Noise, which the Count and I heard with so little Concern, whilst the *Abbe* express'd much Joy, that they were still doubtful of the Business. However the very next Morning, the Prince and *Tozain* were remov'd out of their Chamber; we did not question but that it was to put them into a Dungeon, and we expected the same Fate. Being sensible whence those Misfortunes came upon us, the Count was for Rewarding him that had occasion'd them, had it not been that I hinder'd him, by representing the ill Consequences thereof. Two Days after, on the sixth of *July*, the Prisoners of the *Calotte*, or upper Room, under-

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went the same Fate, and were shut up in the Dungeon of the same Tower, which is very hideous and filthy, and which *Bernaville* has render'd still more accurs'd, by stopping up all the Vents of that dark subterraneous Place, so that at present no other Air comes into it but what passes through the Common Sewers. In that pleasant Place *Gringalet* was kept near seven Months, and would have been there longer, had not I gone to take his Place. There he became fully perswaded, that he had receiv'd Philosophy infus'd from Heaven, like *Solomon*, tho' he had pass'd a Course of Philosophy at *Geneva*, in a Book-Binder's Shop, whose Trade he could not learn; but had it in that *Sybil's* Den. It is likely he there form'd the Design of his Reflections on four Questions. *Who am I? Where am I? Who has put me in here? And Why?* For all which he gives not one single Reason, throughout his whole Book, and his *Philosophical and Theological Essays* are so sublime, that I know of no Man that has been able to find the Sense of them, and so ridiculous, that it is become a Proverb, That a Man *Gringalises*, when he runs into extravagant confus'd Notions. Thus the Count and I were left destitute of any Company, besides the *Abbe de la Motte's*, which we would have been glad to have spar'd. We two diverted one another agreeably, which enrag'd the *Abbe*, as always believing that we talk'd of him, tho' we would both of us gladly never more have thought of him.

The Count had been with us near a Month, when the Major came on the 24th of *July*, 1703, to bid him put on his Cloaths, without telling to what Effect. He also suffer'd me to embrace him, and take Leave, without vouchsafing to tell us, he will soon come again. Three Hours after, the Major brought back Count *Brederodes* to our Chamber, but he only sigh'd, without being able to utter one Word. At length recovering from his Astonishment, O God! said he, What cruel People are the Managers of the *Bastille*! Do you know why they make me groan in this Hellish

lish Den? Why they treat me like an Outlaw? Why they have made me the most wretched of Mankind? It is, proceeded he, for having had the Curiosity to see a Treasure found, or rather for having desir'd to see how far a young Girl of 17 Years of Age, would proceed in her Rashness. Then he took me to the Window, to avoid being heard by the *Abbe de la Motte*. Give ear, said he, to one of the most prodigious Things you ever heard in your Life, it is thus.

I was passing one Day over the *Greve*, when a Prior, who was of *Caen*, his Name *Pinel*, whom I had been some Time acquainted with, call'd to me from a Tavern, where he was drinking with a *Turk*, whose Name is *Achmet*. Having entreated me to drink with them, he said, he would make my Fortune; and ask'd, Whether I should be frighted at the Devil? I had a Curiosity to know what he meant, and what his Questions tended to. He told me, they were to discover a Treasure, which was in a Cave at *Arcueil*; that all Things were provided to bring it to Effect, and that I should have no reason to doubt of it that very Night, if I had Courage enough to be a Witness to it, and that I should share with them the immense Wealth there was in that Treasure. I was for making a Jest of it. I have long since heard, said I, that there is a Treasure in the Cave of *Arcueil*; but I cannot conceive for what Reason, or how the Devil comes to be in Possession of it; much less since he has it to himself, why he should be so mad as to deliver it up at the Command of a Priest, or a Magician. All that is a meer Cheat, and I give so little Credit to it, that instead of being afraid of those pretended Exorcisers, I could see you perform all your Mummery without the least Concern. For do you verily believe that the Virtue of a Stole, of a little Water, of the Sign of the Cross, or of some Grains of Salt, are of Force to compel the Devil to enrich you at your Pleasure? Dear Count, answer'd the Prior, do but come with us, be stanch and resolute, and you will no longer doubt
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of your own and our good Fortune. Who are the Magician and the Priest, reply'd I, that are to perform the Ceremony? I am the Priest, said he, and you will be surpriz'd at the Magician, when you shall see him here, where he will be within an Hour. In short, before the Hour was expir'd, I saw several Persons come in, most of them I knew. One of them, a crooked Man, was call'd, the *Chevalier Breteur* of *Paris*, a bold Man; another was *Dinaux*, a Sergeant in the Regiment of *la Chatre*; one *Picot*, a Shepherd, of the Village of *Vau-Girard*, near *Paris*. It was he who had given Intelligence of the Treasure, and gain'd *Madame d' Arcueil's* Gardener, who was to open the Garden Door, and conduct them to the Cave; *Madam Daligni*, Wife to a Captain in the Royal Regiment, it was she who furnish'd the Ceremonial, or Book to raise the Devil. I was for opening of it, but they would not give me Time to read, it was a little old Book in *Gothick* Letters, which *Madam Daligni*, trembling, snatch'd out of my Hands.

They also had with them a young Girl, between Sixteen and Seventeen Years of Age; she was brown, very pretty and pert, her Name *Mary Anne*; she was of *Bourdeaux*, or that Neighbourhood. When the *Chevalier* had saluted me at his first coming in, he ask'd the Prior, whether he had taken care to provide them a Supper. All things are ready, said he, and they will serve it up whensoever you please. Let it be done quickly, answer'd the *Chevalier*, for we cannot be less than two Hours at Table, and it is a good Step from hence to *Arcueil*, where we must be precisely before Midnight. Those who did not know me, ask'd, who I was. He is a brave Man, reply'd the *Chevalier*, for whose Courage I will answer. At first, I thought the Shepherd had been the Magician; for there are great Talents commonly attributed to those lazy Clowns; but I was much surpriz'd, when the Prior embracing the *Gasconne* Girl, and setting her on his Knee, said to me, Is not this fine Girl, a fit
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Object to fright any Body? She would rather make me in Love, said I, than fright me. For all that, said he, she makes the Devil quake, and commands him with her Wand, as you shall see anon. Then that is your Magician! added I. Where did you learn so much, my pretty Child? This, said she, is an hereditary Science in us; and my Father was one of the ablest Men about *Landes de Bourdeaux*, tho' but a Shepherd. He has brought down the Moon an Hundred Times, which I saw my self, and the Sun dance, as also such Girls as he lik'd best stark-naked. He had a very particular Gift for finding of Treasures, Springs, and Things lost. It is likely, answer'd I, that he soon quitted the Employment of a Shepherd, and dy'd President of the Parliament of *Guienne*, at least. Not so fast, reply'd she, you banter now, but when you shall see anon what I can do, you will be of another Opinion, and talk otherwise. A good Supper was serv'd up, at which every one play'd their Part very well, and particularly the little Magician. The Prior, whom I soon discover'd to be that *Amida's Rinaldo*, and very much enchanted, took Care to furnish her Plate, and she to unfurnish it with wonderful Celerity. As well as she fed, she still out-did it in Drinking, and continually kiss'd the Prior very impudently, whilst he idoliz'd her. The *Chevalier* ply'd Madam *Daligni*, and I was but a Looker on. When we were ready to set out in Hackney Coaches, provided for that Effect, I sent the Boy of the Tavern to buy me a Steel, Spunk, Matches, and some small Wax-Candle; which I try'd, and then we set forward. We arriv'd at *Arcueil*; the Gardener open'd the Garden Door, and conducted us to the *Sybil's Cave*. It was a very dark and deep Den; where I struck Fire, lighted my Candle, drew my Sword, and search'd every Corner, whilst *Mary Anne* stripp'd herself. She went in naked to her Smock, her Hair dishevell'd, with a Link in one Hand, and the mysterious Book in the other. I would

would have follow'd her. Halt, thou rash Man, said she to me in a furious Tone, and take heed how you offer to come in, till I call you; it would cost you dear. She call'd the *Chevalier*, and order'd him to stay me. We both remain'd at the Mouth of the Den, from which our Company kept at a Distance, either through Fear, or Respect; about a Quarter of an Hour after she went into the Cave, we heard her distinctly talking to some one, and command him in an Imperious manner, with Courage and Resolution. I perfectly distinguish'd that she said to him. You have now put me off several times; it is my Will, I am resolv'd, and I ordain that you deliver them to me now. You shall not prevail over me this Night, answer'd the pretended Devil, do not press me any more, there are too many with you, and if your *Prior* or any other comes in, I will ring his Neck before your Face. I shall hinder that, said she to him. Quake for yourself, reply'd he, go make much of your *Prior*, get out, and do not press me any more. She would have answer'd; we heard him strike her severely, which made her cry out as loud as she could. I would have gone into the Cave with my Sword in Hand, to relieve her; but the *Chevalier* hinder'd me, saying, I was a dead Man, if I advanc'd four Steps. Go, said the Voice, which spoke to *Mary Anne*, bid your Bully come in; but be sure you do not return hither till I give you Leave. She came out in a Rage, crying, Go thou Deceiver, go thou wicked one, I will never more rely on you. Her Link was out, for which reason I would have lighted my Candle; but she pray'd me not to do any such thing, saying she was quite naked, for she had left her Smock in the Cave. I would have seen whether it was true, but she slipped away in the Dark, so nimbly, that I had soon lost her. She ran towards her *Prior* and having put on her Petticoat call'd us, and bid me light my Candle, to see how she was hurt. We saw terrible Bruises on the most delicate Body of a Woman that can be imagin'd;

gin'd; she bled at the Nose and Mouth, and her Eyes sparkled, & after having put on her Gown, she had the Courage to go again into the Cave, to fetch her Smock, her Book, and her devilish Link. The *Prior* weeping, rubb'd her Bruises with the Queen of *Hungary's* Water. This is prodigious, that she did not shed one Tear, nor give one Groan, besides the Cries we heard. We got into our Coaches again, and return'd to *Paris*. The *Prior* carry'd away the she Magician to his House; perhaps to apply a better remedy to her Sores. At parting we appointed to meet again three Days after.

I went to Bed at my Inn, without being able to make any thing of what I had seen and heard. On the appointed Day, I did not fail to be at the Place of Meeting. All our People were there, and particularly *Mary Anne*, as sprightly as a *Greek*, without remembring that the *Devil* had beaten her, and two other Faces unknown to me. After a good Dinner, we got into Coaches, about Noon, to go to a Park which belong'd to one of the Persons unknown, whose Name, if I mistake not, was *des Marets*, being three Leagues from *Paris*, where the Scene was to be acted: When *Mary Anne* had made the Owner swear, there were none but we in the Park, which she also made us search nicely; she posted us at several Distances from one another, with very ridiculous Ceremonies; drawing Circles about us, and forbidding us to go out of them, upon any Account whatsoever. This being perform'd at three in the Afternoon, and the Day very fair, no Circumstances escap'd me. Our *Medea* took her Post in the midst of us, on an Eminence, whence we all saw her distinctly. She began with taking off her Headcloaths, and combing her Hair, then she stripp'd her self stark naked, took her Book, read in it, with terrible Agitations. She prick'd her Arm with a Penknife, and with her Blood writ on a Piece of Paper. Then we saw at a Distance some Horsemen appear, clad in red, green, and blew, who seem'd to vault. Then she stood up, with both her Feet on the Book, stark naked, her Hair which was very thick
and

and beautiful, spreading on her Back, holding the Paper she had writ on in her Hand. We saw her rise several times four or five Foot above her Book, and continue some time hanging in the Air, and agitated, as if the Wind would have carry'd her away, which at the same time made her Hair flutter violently, she making no Motion with her Body. At last, she was rais'd higher, and on a sudden a Whirlwind took her up into the Air, and in a Moment she vanish'd. This was about four of the Clock in the Afternoon, in fair Weather. We were near an Hour without seeing of her. I began to be out of Patience, as well as the *Chevalier* and my other enchanted Companions, when the Prior *Pinel* began to cry to us, as well as the Shepherd, that we should not move out of our Places, as we valu'd our Lives. We rail'd heartily against *Mary Anne*, when we again saw the same green, red, and blew Horsemen vaulting at a Distance, as we had seen before, and on a sudden a Whirlwind brought back *Mary Anne*, who fell upon her Book, calling us to her Assistance. We ran to her, but she was not to be known. All her Face and Body were bruise'd; she had two Swellings on her Forehead over the Eyes, as big as half an Egg. She bled at several Parts of her Body, and her Shoulders and Thighs look'd as if they had been scourg'd. It was requisite to carry her into the Park-House, to cure her. The Prior was inconsolable, we left our Company to take Care of her, and took leave of them. Going out of the Park, above 500 Paces from the Place where the Affair had been perform'd, I found the Pen *Mary Anne* had writ with, still dy'd with her Blood. The *Chevalier* and I got into the Coach, to return to *Paris*. We could scarce believe what we had seen; nor could we sufficiently admire the Impudence of so tender and so beautiful a Young Girl. But we could never discover to what end she had acted that Tragical and Bloody Scene, tho' the *Chevalier* affirm'd to me, that *Pinel* had told him as a Secret, that the Devil was to appoint the Day and the Hour, when he would deli-

ver him the Treasure ; a Possibility against which our reason found an infinite number of Obstacles.

I was also present at such a Piece of Mummery, which was acted at the *Salpetiere*, and at another under *Montmartre* ; but I would not return thither, when I perceiv'd that all those Spectacles ended in hideous Discoveries, wherein the poor *Armida* seem'd to be beaten for the dismal Satisfaction of seeing her *Rinaldo* Weep.

The most dismal Part of this Tragedy is, that it cost the wretched *Chevalier* his Life. I was inform'd, that the said resolute Person, had drank Pot upon Pint, one Night they went to *Arcueil*, in Hopes to get the Treasure. That Chevalier would needs go into the Cave, in Spight of *Mary Anne* and her Associates, to compel the Devil to deliver his Treasure ; but the Fable, or the Story says, the Devil strangl'd him. The Truth of it is, that the Gardener fled, after having given *Madam d' Arcueil* an Account of the Disaster which had happen'd the Night before in her Garden ; she gave Notice to the Magistrates, who carry'd away the dead Body, and stopp'd up the Cave.

I saw *Pinel* several Times after, who would have dragg'd me along with him ; but I would not so much as listen to him.

And that is the Reason why I groan in this Hell. *D' Argenfon* has just now examin'd, and would have had me tell, what I knew as to that Affair ; but I am too much a Man to bring my self into Depositions and Confrontations, which would keep me here as long as that Affair lasts. *D' Argenfon* has told me, That we are 18 of us here Prisoners on that Account, and that the Prior *Pinel*, *Mary Anne*, *Achmet*, *Madam Daligny*, *Divaux*, *Picot*, and all the others, accus'd me. I answer'd him, Sir, They may lay as much as they please to my Charge ; but I do not design to accuse any Person ; for I would not see any other Follies. I only saw a very young and beautiful Girl perform some Monkey Tricks to divert a Prior, who was her Fool ; that rather

rather mov'd my Compassion than gave me any Inclination to be an Actor in the Comedy, whether I would not return any more after the first Act. Call it a Tragedy, said he, since the Scene was Bloody ; he would have oblig'd me to tell what I knew, as to the Circumstances of the *Chevalier's* Death, caus'd me to read several Depositions, and nam'd those who charg'd me most home. I pretended to be much amaz'd, as if I had not known of that Wretches Death. To all his Interrogatories, and protested I knew nothing of what he would have me confess : And he, on his part protested I should rot here, if I would not confess the Fact. He had also the Insolence to threaten he would cause me to be put into a Dungeon. Whereupon I made bold to tell him, how great a Piece of Injustice it was in the *French* Minitters, to Imprison for a Trifle, an old Officer, who has carry'd Arms for the King Threescore Years, who has ruin'd himself, and is grown gray in his Service, and whom they cast into an abominable Hell, all over cover'd with Scars, which I would have shown him. By the Lord, Sir, it is too little to cast me into a Dungeon, cause me to be flead alive, and you will have my Blood and my Skin. When he saw me in a Passion, he grew calmer, and protested, that since I was Innocent, he would procure the King should do me Justice, and that I should not be dismis'd without a good Pension.

I with'd the poor Count Joy, and highly commended him for his Discretion, in not confessing any Thing of what he had seen, which would only have serv'd to prolong the Proceedings, and to make him be look'd upon as guilty in some measure ; and for having taken me apart, to tell his Story, from the *Abbe de la Motte*, who was a dangerous Person, and might have betray'd him, as certainly he would have done. I concluded he would soon be discharg'd, and I took the proper Measures to have something known of me Abroad in the World by his Means, which he

would certainly have done, had he gone out of the *Bastille* in a Condition to write.

The Count went down several Times, to be examin'd by Monsieur *d' Argenfon*; but he always deny'd having any Knowledge of the Fact.

I was long in Doubt, whether I should relate this Story, in which there are some Particulars that seem incredible, and which I own I don't believe my self; but, in short, I am not answerable for any more, than repeating a Fact which was told me by a Man of Quality, my Fellow Prisoner, and for which he was Prisoner with seventeen other Persons. Some Time after, I was put into the second Room of the Well-Tower, with *John Alexander van der Burg*, a Dutch Man, and *Henry Francillon*, a Physician, from whom the Prior *Pinel* was just departed, and in whose Place I succeeded, and they told me the Affair, as the Count *de Brederodes* had related it, with other Circumstances, which seem to me so fabulous, that I will not insert them in this History. This is certain, that *Mary Anne* was condemn'd by *d' Argenfon* and his Counsellors of the *Chatelet*, chosen by him to try that Affair, to be shut up the Remainder of her Days between four Walls, after having been shav'd, and clad in a grey Fröck, which was all her Cloathing, and Bread and Water for her Sustenance. The Prior *Pinel* was degraded from his Benefice, which was a very fine Priory near *Fontainbleau*; declar'd incapable of enjoying any Benefice for the future, and turn'd over to the Bishop of *Bayeux*, his proper Judge, to be condemn'd to such corporal Punishment as he and his Court should think fit. Another Priest that had a Hand in that Business, was adjudg'd to two Years Pennance at *St. Lazare*. *Madam Daligny*, and the Shepherd *Picot*, to remain two Years longer in the *Bastille*; the Officers and Soldiers of the Gang to serve the King the rest of their Days, others to a Year's Imprisonment in the *Bastille*, besides the Time they had been there before; and the Count *de Brederodes*,

rodes, and another, who had confess'd nothing, were discharg'd, as shall soon appear in the Conclusion, relating to the Count. This Judgment was attested to me by several Prisoners ; by *Monsieur du Joncas* himself, as well as by the Major, *Corbe*, the Captain of the Gates, and all the Turn-keys, who, at that Time, made no Difficulty of telling us such Things, as they afterwards did. *Bernaville* put out Turn-keys for having told Prisoners Matters of less Consequence than that. I was afterwards inform'd by the same Officers, that the Priest *Pinel* had been condemn'd by the Bishop and his other Judges, to the same Punishment as his dear *Mary Anne*, with whom he had committed abominable Crimes, with which I will not defile this History. Soon after, when I was in the first Room of the Well-Tower, with Mr. *Hugh Hamilton*, a Scotch Gentleman, and *John Christian Schrader* of *Peck*, a Gentleman of *Hanover* ; Mr. *Schrader* being naked, in the Dead of Winter, without Coat, Breeches, Stockins, or Shooes, *Bourgouin* brought him an old Night-Gown of strip'd Linnen, to cover him, and affirm'd to us, that it was *Mary Anne's* Gown, she having been shav'd, a Cap put upon her Head, and cloath'd in a Frock of coarse grey Cloth ; which the Hangman had cut off above her Knees, and conducted her bare-footed and bare-legg'd to *Bicestree*, to undergo the Rigour of her Sentence.

All the while the Count *de Brederodes*, the *Abbe de la Motte*, and I, continu'd together, without any Communication with the other Prisoners, that base Priest could not forbear expressing how much he was incens'd at the Friendship there was between the Count and me. That Count entrusted me with the Secret, that he had been before two Years confin'd at *Vincennes*, being accus'd of endeavouring to make Gold, where *Bernaville* had made him endure unheard of Miseries, through that Barbarian's Hypocrisy, who would have oblig'd him to change his Religion, and through his Avarice, which starv'd him to Death.

In short, the Count had some very notable Secrets, and perhaps knew as much as Count *Gabalis*, whom all the World knows to be the *Abbe* of *Villarcieux*; he was throughly read in *Raymundus Lullus*, *Albertus Magnus*, the Count *de la Mirandola*, and all other Authors of that Sect. A Prisoner as he was, he show'd me some prodigious Things, and he had promis'd to communicate very notable Secrets to me, as well as Mr. *Linck*, had our common Liberty afforded us the Means.

The *Abbe de la Motte* us'd all possible Means to cause the Count and me to be parted. The Count having told him the mischievous Prank of the *Abbe Papassaredo* of making a Hole in all the Bottles they brought him his Wine in, so dexterously at the Bottom, that the Turn-keys could not perceive it, so that when the Butler went to fill them, the Wine ran out, he never gave over praying the Count to show him how he did it. The Count, to get rid of his Importunity, told him, he must have a Nail to make a Hole in them. The *Abbe* soon pull'd one out of the Wall, wherewith the Count one Morning bor'd all our three Bottles.

The good Priest did not let skip that Opportunity to do the Count a good Turn. He writ a Note as usual, and when *Ru* came in the Afternoon to take away, he slyly clapp'd it into his Hand; but as low as he thought he had whisper'd it, I plainly heard him say, Read it on the Stairs. In short, *Ru* return'd in a Moment with the three Bottles in his Hand, and ask'd, which of us had bor'd them. Not one of us would answer; and *Ru* perceiving I pretended to read, without so much as taking off my Eyes, thought it had been I, and began to reproach me as guilty, which I bore with Patience, notwithstanding my Innocence. When the *Abbe* starting up on a sudden, and running hastily to his Breviary, laid his Hand on it, and swore, *On the Word of a Priest, as my Hand is on this Breviary, it was not I, Ru.* Well, *Ru*, said I, since

Since Monsieur l' *Abbe* swears on the Word of a Priest, that it was not he; I also protest it was not I; but I will tell you how it came about. Then the Count interrupting me, spoke and said, *Ru*, on the Word of an honest Man, it was I that bor'd them; but it was at the Request of that honest and good *Abbe*, who has been several Days importuning me to do it. Yes, if I had no more Respect for your Character than your Person, thou wicked Priest, I would this Moment lay hold of the Bottles, and break your Head with them, like a Rascal as you are, who have just now given Notice to *Ru* in Writing, that the Bottles were bor'd. The good Priest fell a Weeping, and Swearing bitterly, that he had not writ the Note, which *Ru* took out of his Pocket and gave us to read, it was much to this Effect: *If you find three Bottles bor'd to Day, do not accuse me, Ru, you know whom you are to call to an Account.* *Ru* said to him, You are a Villain, and deserve to be sent this Minute into a Dungeon, but I will not make my Report to the Officers, on Account of the Respect I have for the Count and for your Character, which you so unworthily disgrace. Gentlemen, said he, the worst Prisoners we have here are the Priests; but bear with this here out of Charity, and I promise you I will do you both all the Service I am able.

The *Abbe* blush'd this first Time, and being full of Confusion, withdrew into a Corner of the Room, crying, Good God, whom may a Man trust after this? He fell on his Knees, and shedding Crocodiles Tears, began to pray, or to make show as if he had. I said, he shed deceitful Tears; for some Days after he betray'd us more cruelly, which sent me the first Time into a frightful Dungeon, and cost poor Count *Brederodes* his Life. This happen'd on the 20th of September, 1703, when *Corbe* coming to see us, as he was going out after his Visit, we plainly perceiv'd that our *Abbe* slipp'd a Note into his Hand. Presently after, *Corbe* open'd our Door again, call'd out our

trusty

trusty Companion, and talk'd to him a long Time upon the Stairs ; after which, he again put the Reverend Priest into our Room, and he was very merry all the rest of the Day. The next Day, about eight in the Morning, *Ru* came to bid him put on his Cloaths, and then carry'd him out of the Room, whither about two Hours after, he and another Turnkey came for the *Abbe's* Bed, and the other small Remains of his Equipage, protesting we should never see him again, for which they congratulated with us, because he was a wicked Man. I pray'd *Ru* to tell me truly, whether he spoke sincerely, because the Consequences were greater than he imagin'd. I swear to you, answer'd *Ru*, that he is at this very Time shut up in a Room whence he will not get out in Haste, and he will have Leisure enough to lament the Loss of this. When *Ru* had shut the Door again, and the Count and I were left to ourselves,

Well, dear Count, said I, embracing him, do you know who the Man is, that they have taken from us, He is, answer'd he, the greatest Rascal and the greatest Villain that ever was. You are in the right, reply'd I, but you will be farther convinc'd of it, when you are inform'd, that he is *Sorel*, the Curate of *Lery*. What, the Curate of *Lery*, cry'd he, in a Consternation ! Yes, said I, it is *Antony Sorel*, Curate of *Lery*, who marry'd you to the Marchioness of *Bois-Roger*, in Quest of whom you have travell'd so far, and who had told Mr. *Linck* and me your Story, before we knew you were in this cursed Den ; and that is the Reason why I told you several Times, that your last Adventure was much more extraordinary than all the rest, and that your self could not comprehend it. Alas, Sir, said the Count, why did you not tell me so whilst he was with us ? I will never forgive you for it. And then going off abruptly from me, he went away to think at the Window. I left him there some Time, that he might have Leisure to vent his Spleen, after which I said to him : It had been
better

better done of me, dear Count, to have made your Enemy known to you whilst he was with us, that I might have had the cruel Pleasure of seeing you tear out his Eyes; than to conceal him with extraordinary Trouble, to preserve Peace, and prevent your doing an ill Turn, for which you would certainly have been punish'd: For, in short, you are shut up here in a dreadful Place, where Innocence is oppress'd, so that a Criminal cannot hope for Mercy. The Count coming out of that Dream, clasp'd me in his Arms, and said, No, dear Friend, your Discretion has prevented me pushing on my Folly to Extremity; for I had certainly us'd all means to destroy a perfidious Man, who is the Cause of all the Misfortunes that oppress me. Do you know what you are to do, said I, whilst you have him in a Place where he cannot make you travel far to find him? *Monsieur du Foncas* seems to me to be a very honest Man, and has told me, he would be glad to serve you. You must desire him to prevail with *Sorel* to give you a Certificate of your Marriage. This we both endeavour'd to obtain after we were parted; but in vain; *Sorel* refus'd it to *Monsieur du Foncas*, as that Officer told me himself, having try'd all Means to oblige that vile Priest to do the Count so much Justice, assuring him, he was to be soon set at Liberty; but neither Prayers nor Threats could move that Barbarian's Heart, who persisted in his Obstinacy.

Ru brought us our Dinner, which was very splendid. That was a Fish Day, but we had never been so well serv'd since I came into the *Bastille*, nor did we ever see any thing like it during our Imprisonment; for when we were under the covetous Direction of *Corbe*, and afterwards under the extream and solid Misery of *Bernaville*, they have left us seven Days in the Week to the Care of Providence. The Count had three Dishes of Fish, and I had six; I never could guess upon what Frolick. The Count had a Soup of Muscles, and I one of Crawfish, but
both

both of them excellent, among my Fish was a curious Turbot, a large Sole fry'd, and a Perch, all well season'd, and three other Dishes. The Count and I din'd at our Ease, not imagining that would be the last Meal we should ever eat together. We swore a mutual Friendship, and were still in those agreeable Transports, when *Ru* came to bid me go down into the Hall, where Monsieur d' *Argenson* expected me; and without affording me time to put off my Nightgown, and dress me, or scarce allowing me to embrace the Count, he conducted me into a large Room, where I found *Corbe*, attended by the Turn-keys, and six Soldiers, who after upbraiding me with Crimes, *Sorel* had falsely laid to my Charge, without permitting me to justify myself, he commanded me to strip myself naked, in such an haughty manner as he would have soon been divested of, had we been Hand to Hand. I told him, I would not do any such thing, that I would speak to the Governor, or to Monsieur du *Foncas*, who alone had Authority to command me. Strip immediately, said he, and you will save these Gentlemen the Trouble, pointing to the Soldiers, who desire no better than to do you that Service, and will not do it so gently as your self. I consider'd, whether I might not wrest one of their Swords from them, to run it through my Tyrant's Body, who I thought would have me to be insulted; when *Bourgouin* drawing near me, whisper'd, Obey that Scoundrel, rather than cause your self to be torn in Pieces; for to please him, the Soldiers would desire no better than to execute his cruel Orders. I thought fit to undress myself. I sat dawn to that effect on a Chair, and *Ru* gave every thing I took off to *Corbe*. In this my dismal Affliction which pierc'd my Heart, said I to him, *God hath deliver'd me to the ungodly, and turned me over into the Hands of the Wicked. Job 16, 10.* Perhaps, God will one Day put me into a Condition to complain aloud, or to be reveng'd of your Injustice. It may be a Satisfaction hereafter to remember

remember this barbarous Usage. All the while he did nothing but shake his Head, making hideous Grimaces. Whilst I was undressing, they brought all my Equipage, my Papers, and my Books. When he saw me naked to my Shirt, leave him his Shirt, said he, and carry him where I have told you. After *Ru* had put his Hands upon my Armpits, and other parts, which ought to have made him blush, had he been sensible of Shame, he made me cross the Court in my Shirt, and go down into the Dungeon of the Well Tower; where I found that Justice was very ill furnish'd, for there was not a Stone for me to rest on. This was on the 21st of *September*, the Day of the Equinox, when we begin to feel the Sun's removing at a Distance from us. I enter'd the Jakes, where his Rayes were never defil'd, about four in the Afternoon, and I continu'd in that Place, naked to my Shirt till Seven at Night. My naked Feet sinking into the Mire of the Dungeon, which is a subterraneous Vault, began to fail me, as well as my Body, and my Heart to faint, when *Ru* brought me my Night-Gown, and my Slippers, and my Bed, which sav'd my Life. I will relate what befell me in that place of Despair, when, and how, I got out of it, in the Second Volume of this History. Before I conclude this, I think my self oblig'd to tell the Reader, what became of the Count *de Brederodes* and *Sorel*.

As soon as I was gone from the Count, he was carry'd down to the second Room of the Corner Tower, and put to *John Bonnean*, Physician of *Aubusson*, in *Auvergne*, an old Man, above Seventy Years of Age, whose Senses were quite lost, *Mr. Samuel le Pouilloux*, a Gentleman of the Province of *Poitou*, very well qualify'd, who was one of the Faithful, fearing God, they were all of the Reform'd Religion; and one *Matthias Wall*, an *Irish* Pilot, and most bigotted Roman Catholic. He grew visibly devout, and pray'd when he was taken Notice of; a Man as crafty and subtle as ever I knew; for I was put among them, some time after,
and

and they told me, what befell Count *Brederodes* after he and I were parted ; at which he was so concern'd, that he would have starv'd himself to Death. He was five or six Days without eating or drinking, notwithstanding all his new Companions could say to him, and this gave him a dreadful Strangury. They were oblig'd to probe him, which was excessive painful ; perhaps, the Surgeon gave him some hurt, tho' one was afterwards sent for out of the City, *Rheilbe* confessing that Business was beyond his Skill. An Ulcer came in a very dangerous part, which occasion'd the poor Count's Death. Whilst he was in the Height of his Pain, his Discharge came. The Governor gave him Notice of his Liberty, and his choice of staying in the *Bastille*, where he offer'd to take most particular Care of him ; for we must do Justice to *St. Mars* and *Foncas*, that during the Count's Sickness, they treated him extraordinary well ; Surgeons and Physicians came every Day from the City to visit him ; those Officers sent him from their own Table plenty of the most delicious Meat, wild Fowl, Sweetmeats, choice Wines, he wanted for nothing ; whereas *Bernaville* would have let all the Counts in the World dye, for want of giving them the Wing of a Pullet, to save their Lives, or else he might go to the *Charity* in the Suburb of *St. Germain*, where a Prisoner who dy'd in the *Bastille*, had made a Foundation of four Beds for poor Prisoners, where he would be treated with Distinction, and suitable to his Quality. I think I must tell what that Foundation is. A Stranger, whose Name I could not learn, nor his Country, was accus'd at *Paris* for being at Work upon the Transmutation of Metals, and making of Gold. He was put into the *Bastille*, and dy'd there, a little before I was put in. When he was near his End, he sent for the Governor and told him, he had conceal'd a considerable quantity of Gold in a Cave, to which he directed him. Monsieur *d' Argenfon* caus'd it to be dug up in the Presence of Messieurs de *St. Mars*, and

Foncas.

Foncas. The Major told me, there were 100000 Crowns; the Captain of the Gates said but 100000 Livers, and *Ru* protested to me that there were 200000 Crowns. Which of them shall we believe; tho' they were all three Eye Witnesses, yet they did not agree, as appears, about the Sum, which *d' Argenfon* and the Officers divided among them. That it might be believ'd the Dead Man had dispos'd of it, in Case of any enquiry, they allow'd him to make a Foundation of four Beds in the Hospital, call'd the Charity, for Sick Prisoners; for instead of the Prisoners, *Bernaville*, who turns all things to his Profit, has those Beds commonly fill'd by his Servants, when they are sick, or by the Soldiers of the Garrison, whose Pay he keeps to himself. The dying Man also erected a Library in the *Bastille*, for the use of the Prisoners; those Pick-pockets bought a few scurvy little Books, and kept the Founder's Money; and never any Prisoner, since *Bernaville* is Governor, could obtain of those Tyrants any Book, the Reading of which might ease their Misery and Sorrow. The Count *de Brederodes* did not hesitate a Moment, and chose rather to go end his Days in an Hospital, than to dye in a sort of Hell. The Governor lent him his Coach to carry him to the Charity, in the Suburb of *St. Germain*. Monsieur *le Pouilloux* understanding that *Corbe* would not return the Money he had taken from the Count, when he came into the *Bastille*, gave him four Pistoles. Eight Days after his Arrival at the Hospital of the Charity, tho' all possible Care was taken of him, he dy'd like a true Christian, forgiving his cruel Enemies, and particularly his dear Wife, whom, false as she was, he lov'd to the last Moment of his Life. Thus miserably dy'd the Count *de Brederodes*, a Sacrifice to the Avarice of his Directors of the *Bastille*, and to the Capriciousness of Fortune. A Man who certainly deserv'd another Fate, and whose Days were doubtless shortned by the Malice of *Anthony Sorel*, alias the Curate of *Lery*.

As

As for that Reverend Priest, when he went from us he was put to the Prince beforemention'd in this Story, who was no other than *F. Florentius* of *Brandenburg*, a Capucin; of whom I had the rest of his Life. Mad-Men are generally a long Time doubtful what Sort of Madness they shall take to, they commit many various Extravagancies, before they fix upon one, the Curate of *Lery* by Degrees became a settled Mad-Man.

His Madness did not rise at once to Perfection; but he first gave some Indications of it. At last he fix'd in the Notion that he was to be hang'd, because it was certain he had deserv'd it an Hundred Times. He prepar'd himself for it daily in the most solemn Manner. He pray'd his Companions to try, whether he should take a Frisk in the Air with a good Grace. He would put a Rope about his Neck, which *F. Florentius* charitably lent him, knelt down before him, and would not let them rest, till one of them formally accepting of the Office of Executioner, made show of Hanging him in the usual Manner. He sang the Psalm himself very orderly, made his monstrous Confession, and a most ridiculous Exhortation to his Spectators, and when he perceiv'd his Companions could not forbear laughing out, he fell into a great Passion, and ask'd them, whether it was good Manners to laugh when People were going to be hang'd? Sometimes when he saw the Dinner was not quite so bad as usual, he would fall a Weeping bitterly, and took Leave of his Companions, as if he were just taking his Journey into the other World; and when they ask'd him the Reason of it, Alas! said he, don't you see they are going to hang me in the Afternoon, and there is the King's Dinner they give me? Because he had heard it said, that in some Countries, as in *Holland*, they make much of the Criminals before they are put to Death. Sometimes he would rise very early in the Morning, and go in his Shirt to make his Confession on his Knees by the Beds
Sides

Sides of his Fellow Prisoners, and would not leave them till they had made show of giving him Absolution. I had this from one of his Companions, who told it me several times, and was one of the principal Actors in that Farce. At last, Monsieur d'Argenson being mov'd to Compassion, the first time, pretended to pardon him, and swore to him that he should not be hang'd; which brought him a little to his Senses; but the Confidence he repos'd in Monsieur d'Argenson's Word, cast him into another Extremity. Being satisfy'd, that he should not be hang'd, he fell outrageously upon one of his Companions, whose Name was *Lustick*, of *Mentz*, and handled him so furiously, that he had 32 Wounds, thirteen of which were look'd upon as Mortal by the Surgeons that dress'd him. However, contrary to all Expectation, the wounded Man did not dye; but the unhappy Curate, who expected nothing but a Rope, which he was most sure of, if his Adversary had dy'd, was chain'd up in a dreadful Dungeon for Eighteen Months; during eight of which he was fed with only Bread and Water, which compleated the turning of his Brain. When I came out of the *Bastille*, I was there told, that he was in the Tower call'd *de la Comte*, with one *du Plessis*, who call'd himself *Marques Daremberg*, of *Brussels*, a Prisoner who has been blind seven or eight Years, through ill usage, and especially through the Dampness of Dungeons; however, that Infirmary, which renders him incapable of doing harm to any Body, has not procur'd him his Liberty. I saw him in a deplorable Condition, and more ragged than the common Beggars, tho' I have been assur'd that he is a Man of Worth and Quality. I know not how he came by an Harpsicord; I believe it belongs to his Highness the Prince *de la Riccia*, who endeavour'd to oblige all Persons he could, that gave it him. I have been told, he plays well enough on it, and he has the Patience to teach *Sorel* to put it out of Order, to engage that mad Curate to take care of that deplorable Blind

Man. Some have also told me, that *Sorel* was somewhat recover'd of his outrageous Extravagancies, and his Madnefs much declin'd. I pray God, through his Grace, to grant him a good and sincere Conversion, and the fame to all wicked Men.

In the second Volume of this History, and the rest that follow, dear Reader, you shall have the rest of my Adventures, and those of several other unfortunate Persons, whom *St. Mars*, *Corbe*, *Bernaville*, *St. Sauveur*, and *de l' Aunay*, put to Torments, that might make the Antient Tyrants blush. I hope I shall there present you with more Variety of Facts, at least they will be as engaging as those contain'd in this first Volume. I shall begin the Second with my Sufferings, when first put down into the Dungeon, where I had reason to say to my barbarous Tyrant, with the Prophet *Jeremy*, *He hath set me in dark places, as they that be Dead of old.* Lament. Jerem. Chap. 3. v. 6.

F I N I S.

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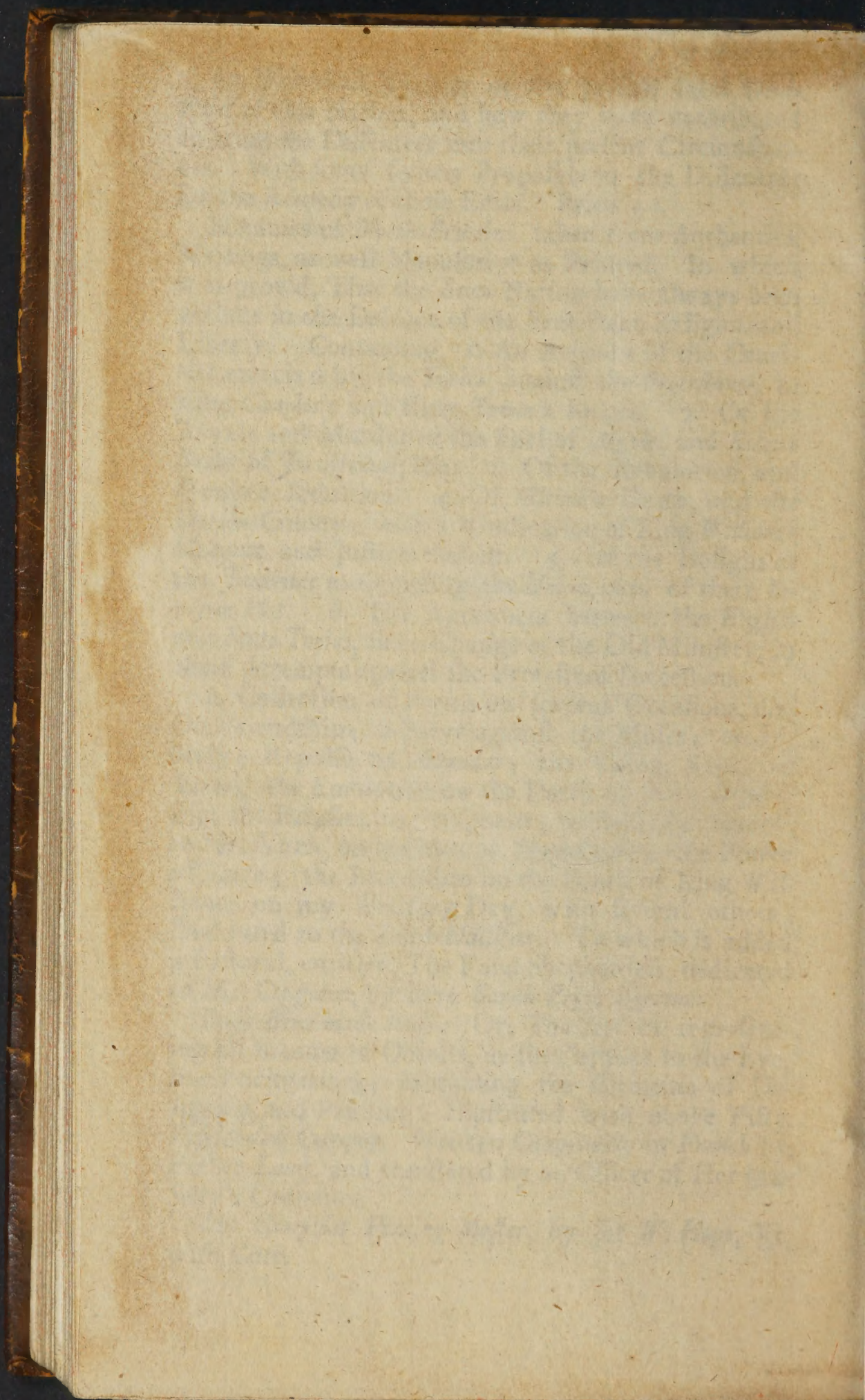
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